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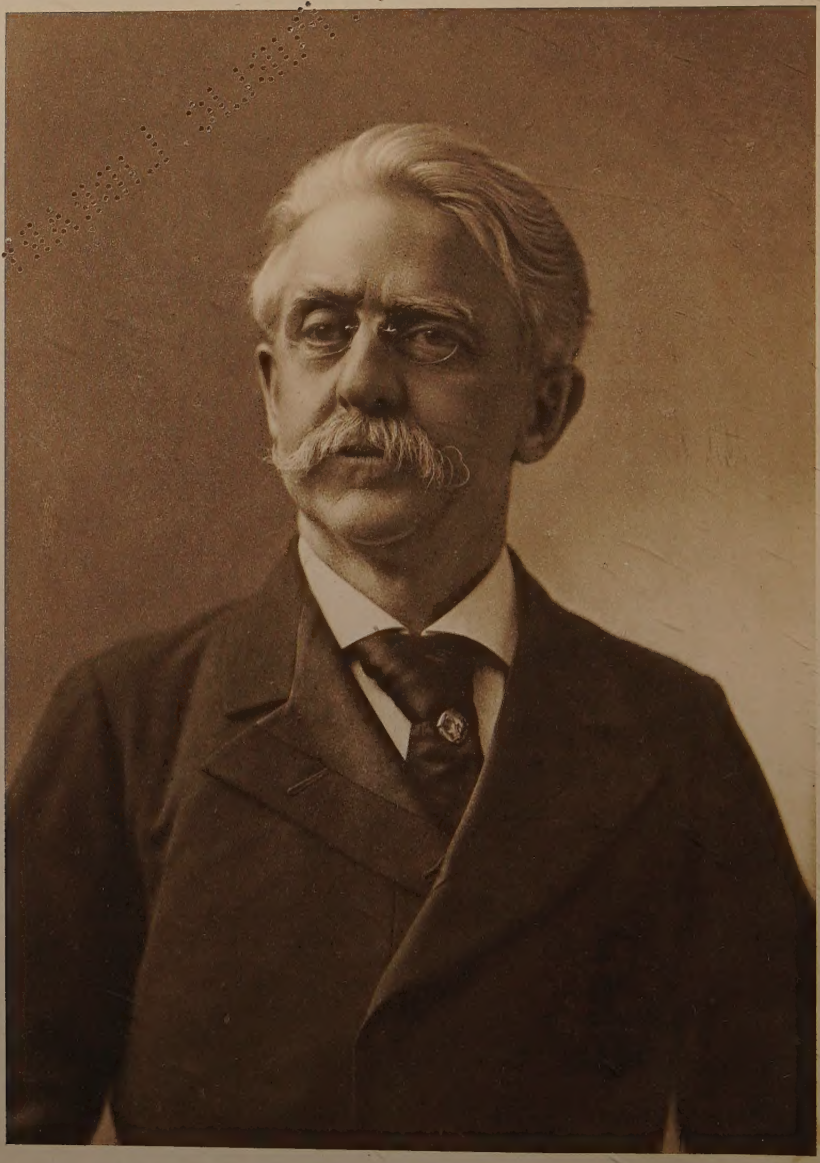

Henry Demarest Lloyd

Henry Demarest Lloyd

1847—1903

A Biography

By

Caro Lloyd

With an Introduction by

Charles Edward Russell

In Two Volumes

Volume One

Illustrated

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"... thy golden dream
Of knowledge fusing class with class,
Of civic Hate no more to be,
Of Love to leaven all the mass,
Till every Soul be free;"

"Freedom," by Tennyson.

INTRODUCTION

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD was the pioneer and leader of the great movement that has disillusioned Americans and probably has saved them from an abominable industrial despotism. He began at a time when the deadly spirit of complacency and self-satisfaction (which for some reason is supposed to be patriotic) was most upon us; and after he had lighted up the situation as it really was, his countrymen were never again able to ignore it. He planted the seed; his fortune, very unusual in such men, was to see the tilth in a thousand places and in ways of which he had never dreamed.

One could hardly reconstruct in one's mind now the conditions that existed when Mr. Lloyd came upon the stage. The belief in the loveliness and perfection of everything was almost universal and unchallenged. All the records (and results) of rapid fortune-making were joyously accepted as so many evidences of the country's greatness and superior qualities. Strange as it may now seem, we actually looked upon the swelling monopolies with pride; they were evidences of American "smartness"; and we were prepared to resent any reflections upon the methods of sacred business as implying a lack of the proper devotion to one's country. No man, therefore, could have addressed a more unpromising audience than that to which Mr.

Lloyd first spoke and no man could have addressed it more wisely.

His equipment for the work he was to do seemed to me almost perfect, and one of its strong elements was his admirable and invariable poise. No one saw more plainly the imminent peril that threatened republican institutions in America, and no one felt more deeply on the subject; but he never allowed himself one extravagant nor unwarranted expression, speaking always with the calm assurance, and therefore with the full weight, of authority. For this reason he was always far more convincing than the man of excitable temperament can ever be; you felt that every sentence of Mr. Lloyd's had been weighed, considered, and fortified, and that however revolutionary might be its import it was founded upon ascertained fact. He never had anything to take back nor to reconsider; and from his conclusions the only road of escape lay through not reading them.

My own acquaintance with him and his cause was made in a way both sudden and summary. I was a student at St. Johnsbury Academy, in Vermont. One day in March, 1881, I strolled into the Public Atheneum, or town library, picked up the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and began in a careless way to read an article about the Standard Oil Company. Only a year before, an officer of that company had been seriously proposed and advocated as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States, and I felt a slight curiosity to see what kind of a corporation it was. Thus I began to read, but once launched upon that historic article, like all others that encountered it, I was swept by an increasing and irresistible interest to the end, arising thence with an entirely

new sense and conception of the forces at work in my country and the first glimpse of an American's duty thereto. Yet I had been reared in an old-time Abolitionist family where opposition to the corporations was held to be the next great work after the destruction of slavery, and my father had carried on a lifelong struggle against the growing power of the railroad companies. I knew then, in a general way, something of the menace of accumulated wealth, but it had never been made clear, vital, and personal to me until I read that article, and from that time I could never question the author's own conception of what lay before us. Moreover, the man's evident candor and sincerity, his convincing and intimate style, the lucid and sure arrangement of his facts, and the charm of himself that shone through his pages were qualities that made an indelible impression and thereafter no other name was more familiar to me, and few other men seemed better known.

No doubt, my own experience merely duplicated that of thousands of others. That article in the March *Atlantic*, 1881, was a turning-point in our social history; with it dawned upon Americans the first conviction that this industrial development of which we had been so proud was a source, not of strength, but of fatal weakness; and that the Republic could no more endure an oligarchy of capitalists than an oligarchy of slaveholders. We saw then for the first time that these methods by which the overshadowing corporations had been built up were not different in any way from the methods by which a pirate accumulated his fortune; not different and not more admirable. From the beginning of the country, its standard of achievements had been expressed in terms of money; for the first

time, we began to suspect that the process of accumulation was the process of wresting it from other men always and usually from the needy; that what we had called "great business enterprise" might be after all no more than greed preying upon need. Not for years thereafter were any of these things made perfectly clear to all by accomplished facts; Mr. Lloyd's great article was a note of profound warning and the first provocative of thought upon the greatest problem of the times.

This is to look somewhat ahead. For the time being, the practical effect of Mr. Lloyd's work was to concentrate public attention upon the growing power of the corporations, to reveal the huge evils of railroad rebates and discriminations, and to arouse a spirit of revolt that from that time to this has never ceased to grow, and will not so cease until the nation has found the one end of all this situation, the end to which Mr. Lloyd thirty years ago indicated the way.

This is a monumental work for any man to do for his country; he was serving her better than all the fervent orators of the Fourth of July that seemed thrown into tarantelles of rapture at the thought of her greatness. Lloyd loved her too, but loved her far too much to be willing to see her wrecked on the rocks of capitalism. The means by which such a man produces effects so profound and enduring are worth our considering; other men attacked the corporation octopus without securing a tithe of Lloyd's audience or results. He was, then, first, the most patient and conscientious of investigators, and when, his facts all weighed out, tested, and verified, he was ready to convey them to another mind, his vehicle was so clear, so interesting and sympathetic, that no reader could fail of his one conclusion. He had

also a great function in supplying facts and arguments to soldiers in the same cause that were not so well equipped. As an active newspaper man in the West at the time the fight was beginning against corporation rule, I had good opportunities to observe this. I remember, for instance, that when Mr. Lloyd wrote a powerful and convincing article against the practice, then common, of cornering food supplies and dealing in grain futures, most of the editorial writers in our part of the country made free use of his material, and months afterward were bombarding the question with ammunition that he had furnished and was now appropriated without a label. Thousands of editorial pages have been brightened similarly from other work of his. As the Standard Oil article in the *Atlantic* became the armory of every person willing to fight for industrial freedom, so *Wealth Against Commonwealth* in later years became the great storehouse of information to which numbers of able campaigners habitually resorted for their facts. Probably millions of men read or heard Mr. Lloyd's ideas without being aware of the real authorship. But I judge that with this condition he was well content. No man ever entered such a fight with a smaller share of personal vanity to gratify. He desired that his countrymen should be informed of existing conditions, but not that he himself should gain fame or rewards.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

CHICAGO, January, 1912.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE story of this life is offered to the people for two reasons: because of its relation to the great issues of the day, and because it depicts an inspiring personality. The period of my brother's life was co-incident with the industrial revolution whereby competition has given way to the great new basic principle of combination. A pioneer in revealing that the marvellous power of this new principle was being selfishly captured by a few, he endeavoured also to inspire the people to develop a system which should turn it to the good of all. Believing that in the labour movement, the great counter-force to capitalism, lay justice and the principles of the new system, he entered its ranks, and became, on the one hand, the active champion of the workers, and, on the other, the most dangerous, because best-informed, foe of the trusts. Since the troublous struggles of his day seemed to him nothing less than the genesis of a new era, he projected his thought along all its avenues of progress, social, political, industrial, religious.

He was temperamentally a practical idealist; therefore, not from his books alone, but from the picture of his life with its remarkable interplay of thought and action, can we gather his full message to humanity. I have tried to tell the story so that it may go forth with a mission, that it may offer the guidance of a clear and honest thinker on the vital problems pressing each day more

urgently for solution, and by noble example may help to spread righteousness among the people.

To the many friends, comrades, strangers, who by generous and efficient help at every point have made of this work a co-operative labour of love, and have alone made the chronicle possible, the author's heartfelt gratitude is hereby tendered.

My special thanks are due to Margaret Morley, Henry W. Goodrich, Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, Edwin D. Mead, Caroline Stallbohm, William Bross Lloyd, and Florence Kelley, who have criticised the entire manuscript.

For criticism of separate chapters, thanks are due to William Dean Howells for the first chapter, to Robert H. Howe for that on the Chicago Anarchists, to Charles B. Matthews for *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, to Victor Berger, Thomas J. Morgan, and Robert H. Howe for "The People's Party," to George H. Shibley for the chapter on "The Winnetka System," to Albert Kimsey Owen and Theodore Gilman for "The Money of the New Conscience," to Henry Vivian for the chapter on "Labor Copartnership," and to Robert Hunter, Charles Edward Russell, Robert H. Howe, Thomas J. Morgan, Nicholas Kelley, and John Spargo for "Why I Join the Socialists."

CARO LLOYD

NUTLEY, NEW JERSEY
March, 1912

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Henry Demarest Lloyd

Henry Demarest Lloyd

CHAPTER I

A PICTURE OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD, born on May-day, 1847, might be described as a typical American. In him commingled the blood of the many European races who sought a refuge in the New World. On all sides he was descended from those who, loving political or religious liberty above all else, broke ties of home and country to establish freedom. For the institutions which budded in this springtime of humanity he had the deepest love. No man held dearer that precious achievement in the world's political experience —the American Republic. Realising that its freedom was imperilled, he set his lance and never laid it down except with his life.

He was the first child of Aaron Lloyd, minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, and of Maria Christie Demarest. He was born at the home of his maternal grandfather, David Demarest, at 56 Sixth Avenue, New York City, in one of the red brick gambrel-roofed houses still to be seen standing derelict in the old French

quarter. Looking back over the lives of the men and women who form his ancestral vista, one sees many a picture of pioneer struggle, and a forecast of many of the qualities which were to equip him for his mission.

On his father's side the strains were those of staunch resisters to tyranny. Here he sprang from some of the same lines as George Washington, a great-great-grandmother, Rebecca Ball, being a cousin of Mary Ball, Washington's mother. Through a great-grandmother, Mehitable Goff, he was descended from Goffe, one of the English Regicides who decreed the execution of Charles I. Mehitable was a notable figure in the pioneer settlement of McKean County, Pennsylvania, whither she and her husband, Lemuel Stancliff, also of Connecticut Puritan stock, had migrated in 1799. Stancliff served in the Revolution, wintering, it is said, with Washington at Valley Forge, and later doing guard duty when Perry's fleet was building at Erie.

Through the Lloyd line, there ran that passionate devotion to freedom developed by their race in the fastnesses of the Welsh mountains. The annals of their resistance to the British reveal their love of liberty and the Republic. When the War of 1812 broke out, Henry's great-grandfather, Aaron Lloyd of McKean County, Pennsylvania, sojourning in Canada, refused to swear allegiance to Great Britain. To escape capture, he and his eldest son with five other aliens hid in the adjacent mountains, naming their camp Fort Madison after the President. A younger son, John Lloyd, Henry's grandfather, then seventeen, acted as messenger. After several months of successful hiding, a hunter saw their smoke. The militia captain, surmising that Lloyd's camp was at last found, planned to capture it. A friend

informed John, who bore the news to his father. Back of the camp was a hundred foot precipice, the descent of which the refugees had practised in idle hours. Accordingly, knowing every step of the way, they quickly descended before dawn and disappeared. When at daybreak the British closed in on the camp with loaded muskets, they found it deserted. The Captain burst into a laugh as he read a notice: "Ye shall seek me and shall not find me and whither I go ye cannot come." "Boys," he said, "we may go home and hang up our guns, we shall never catch that old fox." The refugees then made a second camp, Fort Defiance, in a cave hidden by pines. Hearing that amnesty had been granted, yet fearing the report a ruse, they arranged that John should investigate, and if he did not return by a certain morning that they should come out of hiding. He found the report to be untrue on the afternoon before they were to come out. To reach them he walked fifty-seven miles across country and in the morning fell fainting at the camp. Finally they were captured and imprisoned in "the Hulks" with a hundred other aliens. After three months of intolerable conditions, all were persuaded to take the oath of allegiance and were freed, except the three Lloyds and their partner Paul Cool. Aaron, managing to procure some paper, wrote to the Commander protesting: "If it is a crime," he said, "to be true to one's country, then I am guilty." As a result the four prisoners were released and conducted over the border under guard. Once in their country, they figured in many of the severest conflicts, notably at the storming of Fort Erie and the battle of Bridgewater. Under the fields of both the Stancliffs and Lloyds in McKean County, there lay undiscovered one of the two greatest oil deposits of the country; and

not conceived of was the industrial tyranny it was to embody, against which their descendant was to protest.

In striking contrast was the confluence of qualities and experience on Henry's mother's side. Here he sprang as well from resisters, the Protestants of the Reformation, but between them and him there stretched at least two centuries of peace. His mother was the offspring of French Huguenots and of the first Dutch emigrants. She was descended by many lines from David Demarest who as a boy in 1620 had fled with his Huguenot father from the village of Beauchamp in Picardy and travelled in peril from city to city until at Middelburg, Zeeland, he married Marie Sohier and settled at Mannheim. Thence, twenty years later, finding the Palatinate threatened by the Catholics, they sailed with their children in the *Bontekoe* (Spotted Cow) and landed at Perth Amboy, April 16, 1663.[1] The next year David Demarest served in the Privy Council of Peter Stuyvesant. He bought from the Tappan Indians several thousand acres in New Jersey between the Hackensack and Hudson rivers, where his family intermarried with the Dutch. Here, wearied from their European struggle, and free to worship in their Calvinist faith, the Demarests rested peacefully in the community of Schraalenberg, "the bare hills."[2] Their protesting fervour was transmuted into contentment as they tamed the wild woods into farms. By the soothing rumble of their mill and among fertile fields they lived in peace unbroken save by the Revolution, in which they bore their part. Their land was one

[1] See the *Documentary History of New York; A Frisian Family*, by Theodore M. Banta; *The Huguenots on the Hackensack*, pamphlet, by Professor David D. Demarest, late of the Theological Seminary, New Brunswick.

[2] Perhaps a name for the Palisades.

smiling in pastoral repose, noted for widespread comfort and democracy. They seem to have conserved the spiritual impulse of the Reformation, were godly in conduct and unambitious, building their castles not in Spain but in Paradise. Among Henry's forebears on this side was "the apostle of the Dutch Reformed Church in America," Dominie Guiliam Bertholf.

There was, therefore, a wide diversity in the atmosphere of the homes in which Henry's father and mother were reared, and which formed the background for his own childhood's experience. His grandfather Demarest had brought his family into New York City in 1825 to be educated. At his home, in what was then the village of Greenwich, there was unbroken harmony of affection and religious belief; the family treasury was an open drawer from which each drew according to his need. The youngest child, Maria, was a fair, imaginative girl, so shy that she became suffused with blushes when addressed. She received the polite feminine instruction of the day at Miss Arabella Clarke's Select School on Mercer Street, but being delicate was allowed to dream away much of her time in the study of her brother William, a divinity student. Here they read Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Cowper, while Maria made romantic water-colour sketches of castles beside lakes, of arched bridges and ruined mills.

The home of the grandfather John Lloyd, on the contrary, was one of turmoil and struggle. After his adventures in the War of 1812, he removed to Belleville, New Jersey, where as a tailor and lawyer he passed his entire life. Reared in stress, he expected others to be as rugged. His great energy is shown in his winning a wager to fell a tree, cut it into four-foot lengths, and pile it into a full cord in fifty-five minutes. He was an

original thinker, full of intense convictions which he promulgated with dogged persistence and a fiery temper. His ruling passion was to spread the principles of democracy. There were only two Democrats besides himself in the village when he came, and he passed a stormy life trying to swing public opinion to his side. His anonymous political posters, which appeared mysteriously nailed to the village trees in the early forties, called upon the working men to unite against monopoly.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE WORKING MEN TO THEIR BRETHREN IN ALL THE LAND

. . . Brother, union is thy antidote, then let union be thy motto, and say to thy brethren in all the land under that sacred name the cause of justice will triumph and the working men obtain their rights. . . .

. . . Behold the fiend exclusive privilege and monopoly standeth on the pinnacle of the temple power, grinding the face of the working man. . . .

Now the Lord sent abundance on the . . . earth and these were the locusts that swept it from before the face of the working man; and behold the judges of Gotham held their peace, for it only becometh the rich to trespass: verily they have their price.

If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and the . . . perverting of judgment . . . marvel not . . . for he that is higher than highest regardeth. . . .

Wherefore, my brethren, I say unto you, the produce of the field cometh by labour, and the holy one sayeth the labourer is worthy of his hire; take ye heed of this and be as men knowing their inheritance to be the sweat of their brows. . . .

His ability and integrity kept him continually in public positions which he never sought but accepted as a

Maria Christie Demarest.

Aaron Lloyd.

Stanford Library

means of spreading his principles. He was postmaster, justice of the peace, coroner, and judge. No decision of his was ever reversed by a higher court. The last act of his life was to vote the straight Democratic ticket. On returning home he sat down in his chair and died. His only child, Aaron, Henry's father, had a lonely childhood. In his babyhood domestic tragedy separated him from his mother, and to her great sorrow they never met until, when he was seventy and she ninety, he journeyed to California to look upon her face for really the first and last time of his life. He was brought up on a frontier farm near Erie with nature for his companion, learned his letters from a grain scoop, and practised them on the big hearth with bits of charred wood. He went to school through the forest along a trail which his uncle blazed. When he was ten his father brought him to Belleville, where with scant food and abundant floggings he was apprenticed as a tailor in his father's shop. While he was stitching, he was planning other work. He determined to be a minister, and so in spite of his father's bitter denunciation, he took the course at Rutgers College and Theological Seminary, meanwhile supporting himself by selling books and writing for the newspapers. He emerged as a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, and married Maria Demarest.

In Henry's early years, the father's various charges moved the little family from one country parish to another, and memory flashes its whimsical light here and there on his young life. It pictures him receiving from his gentle mother his first vivid impressions of Jesus—learning first of wickedness when robbed of his errand money—striving to earn his way, and with the little brothers, John Calvin and David Demarest, planting

an eleven-acre lot with corn—making his first speech, when a lady whispered to his mother, "he is like a young prince"—but, above all, writing his first book. It is on his father's sermon paper:

A Note Book Containing an account of Natural Philosophy; Of birds, beasts, phenomena. And other Miscellaneous Matter.

The author takes pleasure in presenting the following Miscellaneous Pieces in the hope that they may prove useful to some persons. The critical world will please remember that they are the productions of a young person and not of an old and experienced, who is well acquainted with all the different customs of the world. Therefore they will please excuse all errors in precision, conciseness, and propriety. I hope to improve. Many valuable hints are contained in the following productions. As that has been the principal aim of the author he has paid more attention to the collection of useful facts than to his style of which is another reason why Critics should make allowance. Indeed the book was not written for the ordeal of Criticism but to distribute among men thereby to promote the knowledge and happiness of mankind.

Life proving too hard in the pioneer village of Pekin, Illinois, it was decided to return to the shelter of the New York home. As they came through Ohio, they passed the strange derricks at the oil wells, for it had recently been discovered that oil could be drilled for like water, and wells were being driven at the rate of three a day. Railroad transportation was still in its early stages, and to cross New York State the party changed cars and rechecked baggage at least a dozen times.

Thus the little family returned to its starting-point, David Demarest's home, now at 27[1] West Washington

[1] New number, 88.

John Calvin. Henry Demarest. David Demarest.
The Lloyd Family Group Taken before Starting West.

Place, in one of the group of ten houses he had built. The quarter was no longer the village of Greenwich with its green fields, as when the mother played there in childhood, but a quiet neighbourhood of city residences clustered around the gentle shade of Washington Square. This was a wonderful change to Henry, the eager boy of thirteen. The vista of Sixth Avenue presented an absorbing sight after the stretch of silent prairie. He used to stand on the corner of the Avenue and watch the horse-cars tinkle out of sight. In later years when life had opened its opportunities of travel, he recalled this. "How I used to long for five cents," he said, "so that I might go out and see the world!"

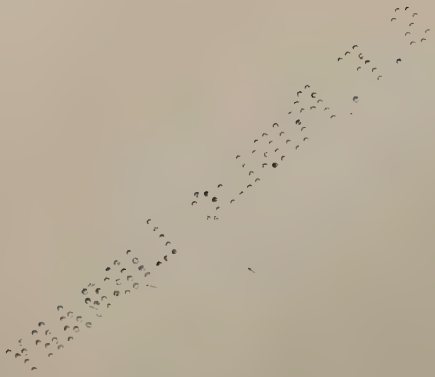
Here all his youth was passed. What memories cling around "No. 27"! There was the dark mysterious "room by the clock" —the ancestral clock on the stair landing—where in the recesses of a vast wardrobe were stored our aunt's rustling silks, and in some unexplored region of which was the tin-box of wonderful fruit cake brought out only on New Year's day and other festive occasions. Then there was the sacred twilight of the unused parlors, with their rose carpet and tambour curtains, over the mantel the engraving of John Knox hurling his anathemas, and on the table Baxter's *Saints' Rest* and *The Flower Garden*, by Charlotte Elizabeth. To us children the rooms were full of special treasures,—the long haircloth sofa which made a pew when we played church on Sundays, the prisms of the candelabra, the vase with the scent of attar of roses, the scarlet and green birds brought from South America by Uncle James, the coffee merchant, the old piano with its queer odour and its spinet-like notes as the boys sang beside it "Upidee, Upida" and "There 's Music in the Air." Our elders occasionally spoke the Dutch language, and

at our grandfather's table there were still Dutch dishes, such as *roeliches* and pumpkin *suppaan*.

The atmosphere of the home was somewhat solemn and rigidly Calvinistic. The family assembled daily for worship and on peaceful Sunday afternoons we recited the Ten Commandments and the Heidelberg Catechism and sang hymns until as twilight cast its strange glamour over the well-known room the world was steeped in gentle melancholy. The same mournfulness tinged the Sunday devotions in the old Dutch Reformed Church at Lafayette Place and Fourth Street, when the voices of Dominies Dewitt, Vermilye and Chambers resounded over the half-vacant pews of the few loyal Knickerbockers who had not migrated "Up-town." Our imaginations were full of supernatural visions. God was too dazzling to be pictured. I at one time thought he was elected, confounding the Sunday talk of the doctrine of election and week-day politics. We believed in the six days of creation and the miracles. Heaven appeared as one long Sunday, where there was a shining throne and the gleaming river Jordan, and we used to sing "I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand, A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand." We puzzled over the Trinity, learned of the "total depravity" of our race, and believed in the Devil who with his dominion hell had not yet retreated from the family creed. Not for generations had our race gone to the theatre, although our aunt used to claim weight for her arguments against the drama by saying that she had once seen *The Green Monster* at Niblo's. Our greatest treat was to be taken to the menagerie or to the panorama of Pilgrim's Progress in the church.

A religious fervour overbalanced every other quality

The Middle Dutch Church, Lafayette Place, New York.



and was so intense that relatives of unspotted lives were sometimes plunged in deep melancholy, declaring that they had committed the unpardonable sin and were not among "the elect." Such a one was the uncle for whom Henry was named, who, when he joined the church as a young man, had walked weeping all the way to the pulpit. So absolutely honest was he that for fifty years, as cashier of the Manhattan Gas Company, it was his custom to carry two pencils, one of the Company's, and one of his own, reserving each for its proper use. As he lived next door, he contributed not a little to the family atmosphere. I remember how our mother, whose joy it was to indulge her imagination by flights into realms of new religious fancy, had become interested in her spare moments in a book called *Adam and the Adamite*, which accounted for the different races on the theory of several simultaneous Gardens of Eden with newly created Adams of varying complexions. Naïvely thinking that her brother would also enjoy a détour which had refreshed her, she deputed me to take him the book as a gift on Christmas morning. To my amazement he glanced at it, opened the door of his Baltimore heater, as if it had been the gate of the infernal regions, and consigned the wicked volume to the flames, remarking as he did so, "Maria is in a very dangerous state of mind." Henry, who was already at thirteen trying to find out "how it is," expressed to him some doubt concerning the Calvinistic creed. Thereupon, wishing probably to impress upon him for ever the sin of heresy, he ordered him to leave the room in disgrace.

The daily assembling of the family for worship was omitted not more than three times in Henry's youth. He never left home without the prayers of his father,

or the exhortations of his mother, to whose rare spiritual quality he was much akin. The table talk was not petty, but turned on a high plane around great questions. Indeed it was the mother's frequent custom to arrange beforehand some subject to talk over, for no matter how onerous her household duties, she never lost sight of the task of training the young souls entrusted to her care. Added to this was the influence of our good father, whose political sympathies were broad and democratic and who possessed a highly imaginative mind of a decidedly literary cast. The presence of our benign old grandfather was a continual benediction. Under these conditions Henry's young mind was equipped with a deep reverence for life's duties.

When he was transported from prairie to city he was entering his teens, and the Civil War was breaking out. At the home of his grandfather Demarest, he heard the politics of the new Republican party discussed, and sympathy with the North quietly expressed. But on his visits to Belleville he heard another story, for there "Squire Lloyd" was denouncing the war and so openly expressing his sympathy with the South that had he been under the jurisdiction of New York, he would have found himself locked in Fort Hamilton. As it was he had the village about his ears. After the Dutch Reformed Church, of which he was a member, floated a flag to celebrate a Northern victory, he never entered it again. Upon the election of Lincoln he resigned the office of postmaster which he had held for the five successive administrations from Van Buren to Buchanan. At all times he seemed full of a sleeping wrath, which we feared to awaken. Unhappy was it if we mentioned any unusual expenditure; there came a flourishing of

his cane, a flashing of his piercing eyes, and a storm of wrath filled the room: "That 's it. Spend all your money. Get a coach and six!" These scenes always marred our delight in "the country," but our mother used to lead us away to the "Summer House," and read Pollock's *Course of Time* until we saw visions in the limpid river and in the clouds sailing over it.

While the little family enjoyed under the grandfather Demarest's roof a home of dignity and refinement, their independence compelled them to confront their own problems. The father having no pulpit had set up "Ye Olde Booke Store," first in Nassau Street, and later on the corner of Broadway and Waverly Place. What a mingled aroma of dust and old books pervades my memories of Saturday mornings spent there in voyages of discovery! I remember stopping there on our way to Belleville, when our father, looking much worried, took a bundle of unbound books and sold them for old paper to get money for our railroad tickets. The struggle of life was indeed very hard. When Henry needed a pair of rubbers I remember our mother sold the sugar tongs. She had now developed from a dreamy girl to a practical housewife, working so hard that I recall several times seeing her drop on the floor, rest a minute, and fly on again. She made all the boys' clothes. I suppose the fit was not very good, for the boys had unhappy moments when the school children made fun of them.

The three boys attended the 13th Street Public School. In view of the financial straits of the family they took positions in the Mercantile Library in their out-of-school hours, which gave them intervals to indulge in omnivorous reading, and also met the outlay needed for school-books and clothes. They were

already taking up the burdens of life resolutely and with superb energy. The youngest, Demarest or Dave, passed his examinations for the New York University at twelve. "I almost studied my little head off to do it," he said later. John valiantly started out at thirteen to be a merchant. Henry set his heart upon going to Columbia College, and listening to his passionate pleadings, his mother applied to Dr. Charles Anthon of the Columbia Preparatory School, and eventually obtained a scholarship. At sixteen he stood ready to enter the college, but with the problem before him of securing the necessary tuition fee. He and his father called upon several men having scholarships at their disposal. Mr. Andrew Mills of the Dry Docks Savings Institution accorded him one for the entire course, and he entered the class of '67.

His legal bent here showed itself, notably on the occasion of a clash between his class and the President of the college, F. A. P. Barnard, the distinguished editor of Johnson's Cyclopedia. This resulted in a victory for Henry, on account of which he won renown in the traditions of Columbia as "the man who threw Prex." One day the class, finding a door hitherto open to them locked, "followed their usual route," said Henry, "with results to the door." President Barnard then served notice that he would hold the class financially responsible. As it declined to be so held, the President proposed that the case be tried before a court of seniors. The class selected for its counsel Nicholas Fish, son of the Secretary of State under Grant, George G. DeWitt, later a prominent lawyer in New York, and Henry. At the opening of the court, Henry raised a constitutional point which he argued as "a plea in bar of trial," that the college never having

recognised the class as an agent in its discipline, nor invested it with police powers over its members, could not now hold it responsible or even subject it to trial. The court sustained the plea. "The witnesses remained unheard," said Henry, "the eloquence unpoured and the audience unwrung." Following this, President Barnard, whom, as Henry had now learned shorthand, he often assisted in secretarial work, pointed out his eminent qualifications for the law.

He began also to show literary promise; on one of his compositions his professor wrote: "A most excellent composition. I do not hesitate to say that in liveliness of fancy the author excels all his class fellows and with practice will become a most popular writer." Upon his graduation he received an honour of the second degree and edified the commencement audience at the old Academy of Music with an "oration." "How well I remember the night when he stepped out erect and debonair," wrote a friend who followed his career from beginning to end, "to deliver his graduating address on 'Soda and Society.'" It treated of monopoly and in it he could plainly be seen taking the first steps in his life-work.

> Exploring expeditions and missionary stations cost money [he said] and British gold generally comes to the assistance of British benevolence only on the specie basis of a safe return of 5 per cent. When the materials for soap making were found to be exhausted in England and known to be abundant in Africa, then, when Capital saw profit in African civilisation, it invested largely in African missions, it paid and equipped such noble men as Livingstone to go forth and explore the country in the double character of missionaries and commercial agents, with a Bible in one hand and a contract for fat in the other.

His classmate, Julius Sachs, the eminent New York educator, says:

> The general recollection of him from our college days that I retain is that of his cordial helpfulness to fellow-students who were not as quick to appreciate the difficulties of a new subject as he was; I recall more than one visit of mine to your father's home, west of Washington Square, when he patiently solved difficulties that I had experienced.

One of the strongest formative influences of these years was the preaching of Henry Ward Beecher. When Henry and his brothers ceased to find inspiration in the fossilised precepts resounding through the half-deserted recesses of the Dutch Reformed Church, they went enthusiastically every Sunday to Beecher's Plymouth Church. But our mother, to whom a united family on the Sabbath was a great joy, and who was moreover of an original and experimental temperament, had the courage to break away from the stately aristocracy of the congregation of her forefathers, and took us all to Dr. Deems's Church of the Strangers. Here, except in the case of old Commodore Vanderbilt, then living in East Washington Place, whose family had a seat reserved, there were no ancestral pews, but a curious variety of creeds and nationalities united in a common worship under a rule of friendly democracy. This brought a new social element into our family circle, and on New Year's day, our time-honoured greeting day, our Knickerbocker cousins hobnobbed with a new set of strangers.

My memories of the early days are those of one of two little sisters who caught the fringe of the stirring events discussed, to whom names of national fame were as familiar as their games, who were playfully asked

to decipher Horace Greeley's handwriting, or consulted as to a title for the new paper just starting, *The Nation*. My eyes were wide with wonder at this magnificent big brother whom I never doubted to see some day president.

I once asked my mother what I should say about him as a child. "Say," she answered, "that he never did anything that was not obedient, affectionate, and noble."

Thus stands this youth at the outset of life, already in the beginnings of his character and experience prefiguring his life's trend; bearing in his veins the blood of the European champions of liberty, Roundhead, Huguenot, Welsh rebel, Quaker, Scotch Covenanter, Italian Waldenses, and Frisian reformers whose motto he liked to quote: "A Frisian is free as long as the wind blows out of the clouds." Their spirits living on under American skies had for generations by numberless devotional services been striving to build a free race and an enduring republic. How was he to prove faithful to the charge they handed down and re-apply to new crises the old piety and protest?

CHAPTER II

BUCKLING ON THE ARMOUR

LIVING in a great metropolis young Lloyd could at once apply his energies to important issues, and whenever he appeared before the New York public in his brief career there from 1869 to 1872, it was as one of a band of young reformers, full of the crusader's spirit. The cause which he was so valiantly to champion was now developing simultaneously with his own unfolding manhood.

The contending interests of capital and labour were only in their inception. Before the Civil War the country's problems had been mainly political and provincial. That conflict awoke the nation industrially and brought it into international prominence. It was now well started on its career of enormous expansion in the acquirement of wealth. To meet the first encroachments of this growing wealth, the American labour movement was struggling into existence. In 1869 a small secret society of garment cutters in Philadelphia formed the nucleus of a union, but a decade was to pass before it was to assume great proportions as the Knights of Labour. In the world of capital as well, despite the teeming prosperity, strange perturbations began to be felt, especially in the oil fields,—hints that free competition was not to be the final basis of industry.

In 1872 beside young Lloyd's free trade articles there appeared in the papers indignant letters against a certain South Improvement Company, and in this year a conversation is said to have occurred in a refiner's office in which an unknown Cleveland man named John D. Rockefeller told of a scheme he had for a combination of refiners. He said he did n't want to have the market overstocked. As a rule, workers and capitalists were still meeting as individual competitors.

Such was the field into which stepped Henry Lloyd, a modern knight ready to combat the dragon of evil in its nineteenth century form. His personal bias sent him directly to the questions then germinating, and he began to equip himself with a thorough knowledge of economic science and history. The titles of some of the articles in his scrap-book of 1869 are, "No Monopoly," "The Working Man's Ideal Society," "Co-operative Industry Abroad." He was reading Brougham's *Political Philosophy*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Russell's *English Constitution*, Cobden's political writings, *Sartor Resartus*, whose "everlasting yea" doubtless thrilled him as it did other youths of that day. That a high purpose possessed him was apparent. Even a chance remark would draw out his ardour. A hostess mistook him for a young doctor. "No, not a doctor," he said, "but one who hopes to be a lawyer and to right some wrongs, even if he cannot heal disease."

By continuing his work at the Mercantile Library and teaching, he earned his way through the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the New York bar in 1869. The mother's hope had been to see her sons ministers, but they went naturally to journalism and reform. The youngest, Demarest, now nineteen, was

writing for the *New York Tribune*, lavishly spending his youthful strength in night work. His lack of thought for his health was a great anxiety to Henry. It was a relief, therefore, when he received a call to be the private secretary of Chief Justice Chase. I can see him now, about to start for Washington, standing before our grandfather Demarest, "the grand old grandfather," Henry called him, then ninety-one, who had risen to give him his blessing.

The scene of Henry's first skirmish was in the Mercantile Library, whose governing body, the Clinton Hall Association, was found to be controlled by a corrupt "Ring." Out of its six thousand members, a group of young men, including Henry and his brother John, arose in protest, forming the "Reform party." They met the "Regulars" in combat at the 56th annual meeting in May, 1871. On that evening, the "young democracy," arriving early, found the hall in possession of a squad of fifty policemen and several hundred hired opponents and non-members. Only a few Reformers managed to get in, among them Henry. Full of indignation, he maintained a spirited single-handed fight during the entire meeting. In the minutes a motion which had been lost was recorded as "carried." He raised a storm by moving to correct this. But the chairman was a leader of "the Ring" and the minutes were adopted amid great excitement. He then called for a division and was greeted with a pandemonium of catcalls, hisses, and cries of "Sit down." "I refuse to take my seat," he shouted above the din, "unless a division is had. I appeal from the decision of the chair." More hisses, groans, cries of "Dry up," "Go home to your mother, Sonny," followed, but he refused to be silenced. Every effort to proceed was met with his

resistance. "I rise to a point of order . . . I protest . . . We will be heard." On all sides came the cry, "Put him out." The chairman called upon the police to remove him from the room. Whereupon they forced him half-way down the aisle. He returned, however, and continued his fight, but in vain.

The Reformers were much mortified at this disgraceful meeting in their time-honoured institution and the home circle said that Henry looked as if he had been ill for a week. The Reform Committee made a formal protest, and held a meeting in which Henry gave a statement of the Association's finances, showing an increase of expenditure for "etcs." of over $11,000, accused the "Ring" leaders of fraud, and closed with an appeal for Sunday opening. The meeting, which was orderly and described by the press as "a credit to the young men," endorsed his action at the stormy annual meeting.

The campaign for Sunday opening of this and other city reading-rooms was continued with enthusiasm. As a climax young Lloyd arranged a meeting in Cooper Union, heading a list of several hundred members who requested Henry Ward Beecher to deliver the address, saying: "We feel solicitous that this matter should be decided so as to advance the best moral, intellectual, and social interests of ourselves, our associates, and all the young men of New York." The meeting was a great success. After Beecher's address,[1] Henry Lloyd's resolutions were unanimously adopted:

In the belief that the Sabbath was made for man, not

[1] Beecher's address, "Libraries and Public Reading-Rooms—Should They be Opened on Sunday?" was published as a pamphlet by J. B. Ford & Co., N. Y., 1872.

man for the Sabbath, and that it is right to do good on that day,

Resolved, That in order to add to the Christian's uses of the Lord's Day, in order that it may not be broken as now, but the better kept, in order that there may not be less, but more of Sunday, that our social, moral, and intellectual manhood may be suffered to develop on every day of the week, we earnestly call upon managers of the Mercantile, Cooper Union, the Astor, and all the great libraries not only of this but of all the great cities of this land, to throw open their reading-rooms upon the Sabbath day, under regulations which they may deem suitable; and,

Resolved, That we hereby offer the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher our heartfelt thanks for the noble eloquence with which he has once more established the harmony between Christianity and humanity, and has pleaded in behalf of homeless young men for humanising resorts on Sunday.

Before its close, the chairman, Abram S. Hewitt, announced that the trustees of Cooper Union had that day unanimously decided to open their reading-room, then the only free one in the city, on Sunday for a year of trial. Following this the directors of the Mercantile Library unanimously voted in favour of Sunday opening, and elected Lloyd a director and recording secretary of the Board. Thus was inaugurated the opening of New York reading-rooms on Sunday.

But a larger field of corruption was engrossing public attention. The city was completely under the rule of Tammany Hall, which controlled the municipal government, the State Legislature, and was grasping for national plunder. In the spring and summer of 1871 the exposure of its gigantic frauds appeared in the *New York Times*. The young reformer was thus getting his first view of political corruption, and in an address before the

Political Science Society on "Economic Problems of the Day" urged young men to unite and educate themselves to combat the ignorance and dishonesty which characterised American politics.

As the autumn elections approached, New York organised for its first heroic battle with Tammany, and it was in connection with this famous campaign that Lloyd made his entrance into the political field. The people were worked to a fever heat. No New York election had ever created so much excitement. Press, pulpit, bar, labour, and commerce all took part. Among the forces arising was a group of seventy young men, including the Lloyd brothers, who formed the Young Men's Municipal Reform Association, and acting not as Democrats or Republicans, but as citizens determined to have a good government, spared no effort to insure a full and honest vote. They made themselves masters of the machinery of city politics; they distributed circulars and canvassed from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil, securing the name and address of virtually every voter. Seeing the need of available information concerning election laws Lloyd compiled a manual. This he presented to the Association, and declining payment placed it at their disposal as his contribution towards the finance of the campaign. It was adopted by the Association and under the title *Every Man His Own Voter* was published and scattered broadcast. He headed the pamphlet with Burke's saying: "When bad men combine the good must associate." It was printed in full by the *New York Times* with an editorial comment:

A few earnest and clear-headed reformers like Mr. Lloyd are precisely what we want at the present juncture,

and the Young Men's Association has already deserved public gratitude for bringing his abilities into the sphere of active politics.

The result of this memorable struggle was the first overthrow of Tammany. Subsequently a meeting of great enthusiasm gave testimony to the brilliant work of these young men, ascribing the victory to them more than to the "Committee of Seventy," or to any other single organisation.

Tammany was killed for the first time in 1871 [said Lloyd many years after]. I was one of those who patriotically determined that Tammany must die, and in the hackneyed phrase of Artemus Ward, we saw to it that the corpse was ready on the day appointed for the funeral. . . . It was one of those deaths which it periodically suffers, but which never succeed in extinguishing all its lives.

In contrast with this picture of corruption, was his good fortune in becoming associated with men of pure political ideals. In 1868, while he was completing his law course, a group of public spirited men, persuaded of the injustice of a protective tariff, formed the American Free Trade League. This included, among others, Alfred Pell, senior, Robert B. Minturn, Carl Schurz, Judge Hoadley, ex-Governor Jacob D. Cox of Ohio, Horace White of the *Chicago Tribune*, David A. Wells, Anson Phelps Stokes, Edward Atkinson, William M. Grosvenor, E. L. Godkin, editor of *The Nation*, ex-Governor Randolph of New Jersey, David Dudley Field, William Lloyd Garrison, Samuel J. Tilden, O. B. Frothingham, and Howard Potter. One of the members in San Francisco was a young printer named Henry George, not yet known to fame. William Cullen

Bryant was its President, Charles M. Marshall, Treasurer, Mahlon Sands, Secretary, and Henry D. Lloyd, Assistant Secretary. It made every effort to inform public opinion through lectures and literature. It issued a paper called *The Free Trader*, and Lloyd edited a number or two of an illustrated monthly called *The Pictorial Taxpayer;* they published a book by William M. Grosvenor, *Does Protection Protect?* A campaign of public meetings averaging in 1870 more than one every two days extended from Maine to Minnesota, and free trade had a hearing which it had not received for a generation. All this led young Lloyd at once into vital work with men and affairs. In the preparation of *The Free Trader*, of newspaper articles and tracts, he was obliged to survey market statistics and to interpret them in the light of a broad democratic principle—the greatest good of the greatest number.

He added to this work a class for men in political economy in the newly established Evening High School in 13th Street, in which he treated the origin, development, and functions of the State and the Constitutional Law of the United States. He arranged for this class a series of addresses on the tariff question, endeavouring to have the protectionist argument as fairly presented as his own. Horace Greeley, editor and founder of the *New York Tribune*, and Francis Lieber were among the lecturers. He also discussed the tariff on the platform of the new Liberal Club of which Horace Greeley was President and he Vice-President. This lecture was in answer to that of Greeley at the previous meeting, in which he had combated the free trade letter written to the club by John Stuart Mill.

Greeley [said one of the audience, recalling the lectures

thirty-five years later], harping on the old beet-sugar question, and Lloyd answering on the broad ground that the people paid dear for the sugar that the monopolists might get richer, and we know by this time that Lloyd was right.

This was a period of great political unrest. Alienated Republicans and angered Democrats were leaving their parties and coalescing in the Liberal Republican movement.

I do not know what day I may not be ordered to Washington myself [wrote Henry to Demarest, still at the Chief Justice's in March '72]. The times are ripening. A new party must be formed to unite those elements which Grant has driven out of the Republican Party and which fear of Tammany and remembrance of Repudiation and Copperheadism have cut away from the Democratic Party. That body of men which to-day is neither Republican nor Democratic is the largest and best in the country. The League may send me to Washington . . . to assist Col. Grosvenor and then we will run, between us, the politics and the law of this great Republic. . . .

From its infancy the ablest promoters of the new movement were the zealous Free Traders. In the hope of raising it to a party of sufficient importance to hold a national convention, with "free trade," or revenue tariff, as its policy, they devoted years of effort. With the opening of the presidential campaign of 1872 their opportunity arrived. The Liberal Republicans of Missouri issued a call,—"The Missouri Call,"—for a convention in Cincinnati, May 1, based on a platform advocating a restoration to the States of the powers usurped in the war by the Federal Government, general amnesty, civil service reform and tariff reform. Responses came from all parts of the country. "On to Cin-

cinnati" became a watchword. But consternation filled the ranks when Horace Greeley, the bitter enemy of the League and known the country over as the apostle of protection, signed the New York response endorsing its platform. Through this rift the corrupt New York political ring entered. Thomas Nast, who had been caricaturing the movement in *Harper's Weekly*, came out with a cartoon of a Trojan horse in the streets of Liberal Republican Town. The wisest of the Free Traders began to have the feelings of a hen who has hatched a duckling. Lloyd was working hotly in the new ranks. At New York's mass meeting in response to the Missouri Call, where he could be seen on the platform among the men of years and distinction, he had been appointed secretary of the State committee.

It was a unique assembly which gathered in Cincinnati on May 1. Most impressive was the scene as with bands playing and flags flying, each State delegation marched to take its place under its banner. Rarely had a convention gathered so many men of mark. Secret forces were at work, and not even the keenest observer could foresee what a day would bring forth. The Free Traders had come from New York, New England, and the Ohio Valley pledged to support as presidential nominee Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts. The contest between them and the supporters of Greeley brought the storm centre of the convention into the New York delegation. Here the young reformer won the first contest for the Free Traders by bringing it about that the selection of delegates from the three hundred who had come be left to each congressional district; while Whitelaw Reid won a position for their opponents by presenting an ingenious and non-committal revenue plank as embodying Mr. Greeley's views on the

tariff issue. A crisis was precipitated when a resolution was offered providing that the vote of the delegation be cast as a unit for Greeley. One hundred and twenty-five members supported it, while twenty-seven, "led by Mahlon Sands and Henry D. Lloyd," insisted that delegates be permitted to vote as individuals. Lloyd, or as the papers described him, "young Lloyd who first showed fight in the New York Delegation," arose against the resolution:

> Mr. Lloyd[1] while expressing kind feelings toward Mr. Greeley . . . was not in favour of him for the presidential nomination, because if elected he would ably advocate and support a policy to which the speaker was unutterably opposed, as being unwise for the country. He was of course understood to refer to the policy of protection. For this reason the speaker was opposed to the adoption of the pending resolution, and also because its effect was to assert what was not true—to wit, that the delegates here are unanimous on this question. He raised a storm of dissent by claiming that they had abandoned the regular republican organisation because the majority in it had overruled the minority. He renewed the proposition in stronger terms saying, "This is a rebellion, instituted because those who control the regular republican organisation have used its machinery to force upon us their policy regardless of the views of the minority." [Cries of "No," "Never," and hisses.] Mr. Lloyd continued reading from the Missouri Call, and charging that in forcing the pending resolution, the meeting was doing just what the platform denounced in the old organisation, as its demand "for the surrender of political freedom, in order that the pleasure, practice, and creed of some shall be made that of all." He had been urged by one whose fame was continental to resist this as he would any other form of tyranny, and stated that in the Ohio delega-

[1] *New York Herald*, May 1, 1872.

Mr. Lloyd in 1872.

Photograph by Rocher, Chicago.

tion the single vote found there for Mr. Greeley was going to be respected, and the Chairman would cast it as long as the delegate desired. He had felt it a duty thus to protest, though necessarily it would result in defeating the formally expressed wish of his Congressional district, that he should represent them in the delegate convention.

The resolution in less drastic form was passed amid scenes of confusion. When at its next session the committee read the list of the sixty-five delegates selected to represent New York, Lloyd's name was among them. A delegate arose and asked Mr. Lloyd through the Chair, whether he intended to obey the instructions adopted by an overwhelming majority that the New York vote should be a unit for Greeley. Lloyd was silent. Here and there a member objected to catechising, but the delegate claimed the floor until he should be answered. Still no answer came. Theodore Tilton sprang to Lloyd's defence in this trying moment.

Mr. President, if any gentleman were to rise and question me, either directly or through the Chair, as to how I would vote as a delegate, I would remain silent until the day of doom.

Later in the meeting, however, Lloyd reiterated that he could not conscientiously vote for Greeley, and the delegation struck his name from its membership.

The pertinacity of the small knot of Free-Traders, [said the *Tribune*] greatly annoyed the majority, and although nothing could exceed the courteous demeanour of Messrs. Lloyd and Sands, they several times came near being hissed down.

An editorial in the *Evening Post* said:

The scheming New York politicians have carried to Cincinnati the violence and tricks which they are fond of using in our ward meetings. We refer to the Greeley protectionists, who were not originally comprised by the call for the meeting, which was for revenue and other radical reformers, but were allowed to come in on their confession of penitence and amendment. Because the minority refused to be compelled to vote for Greeley, they are threatened with expulsion. One of their number, indeed, Mr. Lloyd, who is not a politician, but a gallant and upright devotee of principle, and who deserves the thanks of all genuine reformers for his persistency, has been already silenced, and the others would be, if they had his daring and determination.

An appeal was made to the Committee on Rules. Here there had been felt at the beginning a sympathy for the silenced Free Traders, indeed their passionate appeals for a voice had made this general throughout the convention. "Sands and Lloyd," said the *New York Tribune*, "had borne themselves admirably and barring their pertinacity and youth had made everywhere the most favourable impression." This committee decided for them, and denied the right of any delegation to enforce the casting of its vote as a unit. Yet so skilfully was the "machinery" manipulated that the entire New York delegation with the exception of Lloyd was apparently standing solid for Greeley. He was overwhelmed with persuasions to give at least one vote on the first ballot to Greeley "as a compliment," so that he might go before the convention and the country with the unanimous vote of his State. But he resolutely refused.

When, finally, all preliminaries were arranged, the balloting began. These were exciting moments. One

ballot quickly followed another with Adams always ahead, until suddenly on the sixth an enthusiasm for Greeley flared up like a mischievous fire, and sweeping from one State to another, inflamed all, even many of the true reformers. In the midst of the wild excitement another appeal was made in the New York delegation for a unanimous vote, but in vain. To the end every ballot showed votes in the New York delegation for Adams, at first two, then increasing to five. One of them was always Lloyd's. Amid uproarious cheers, the convention nominated Horace Greeley, and thereby with vociferous enthusiasm voted itself out of history. It was a bitter moment for the small group of uncompromising Free Traders as they saw the betrayal of the movement they had fostered. In the delirious excitement, they stood utterly disheartened. "Wait till to-morrow," said Lloyd to a reporter, "and you will hear the funeral guns of this convention."

A group of the New York Free Traders, however, rallied. "This is no time for despondency or inaction," they said, and in the hope of still reuniting the reform movement, held a meeting in Steinway Hall on May 30. The speakers were Professor Perry of Williams College, William Cullen Bryant, David A. Wells, Edward Atkinson, Simon Sterne, and Henry D. Lloyd. The latter said in part:

> The two things to which is to be attributed the nomination of Mr. Greeley by a convention which I firmly believe to have been opposed to him even while it nominated him, were, First: The weakness of Free Traders in surrendering the platform; and, second, the fact that Mr. Greeley was the only candidate who had behind him an efficient, skillful, well-trained, energetic working force. The real contest was between Adams and Greeley. Adams had the major-

ity, but the Greeley minority had the mastery of political machinery, which will overcome the strongest undoubted majority.

Allies were secured the night before in the various delegations and preparations duly made for a grand Greeley rally—purely spontaneous—at the proper moment. The balloting began. Greeley showed considerable strength, but Adams more. As the voting wore on, Adams strengthened, and by the time the fifth ballot was reached Greeley was plainly on the decline. Then came the 'spontaneous' rally which had been carefully planned the night before. The hall was filled with a mechanical, preordained, stentorious bellowing. Hoary-headed, hard-eyed politicians who had not in twenty years felt a noble impulse, mounted their chairs, and with faces suffused with a seraphic fervour blistered their throats hurraying for the great and good Horace Greeley. The noise bred a panic. A furore, artificial at first, became real and ended in a stampede, which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Greeley. And now the question is—What are you going to do about it? No Free Trader is bound to support the Cincinnati ticket, and no Free Trader should do so. We have no hatred of the man. It is the Protectionist Greeley on a platform mutilated by the omission of Free Trade principles that we combat and shall combat to the end. . . . We are bound only by our principles, and will follow them though they lead us far away from Cincinnati. . . .

It was decided to hold a private conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on June 20, and invitations were sent to two hundred of the original advocates of the Cincinnati gathering. As secretary of the committee Lloyd plunged enthusiastically into the work of preparation. "To-night is the eighth I have robbed myself of, 'pro patria.' . . ." "Some days I did not eat," he said later, "and some nights I did not

sleep." This conference, "a bolt within a bolt," coming at a period of nervous uncertainty, awakened great public interest. There was a possibility that it might furnish a candidate for the forthcoming Democratic presidential convention in Baltimore. Its policy of secrecy likewise stimulated curiosity, and when reporters saw that they could gather no news except an occasional non-committal interview, they found a vent in playful sarcasm. No subject seemed better fitted for this than the young secretary, "the magnificent Lloyd," "the inevitable Lloyd," "the young and innocent Mr. Lloyd," who so sternly refused them information, and "who was evidently labouring under the delusion that he was carrying the nation on his young shoulders." Now they referred to him as "the beardless youth recommended to take his mind off of free trade and apply it to the public school curriculum," and now "the young agitator nibbling his nearly visible moustache," and again "the juvenile representative of the whole free trade sentiment of the nation according to the sober conviction of himself and his brother."

On the appointed June 20, over one hundred men of affairs gathered in the Fifth Avenue Hotel rooms. Newspaper men were forced to dally outside, unable to penetrate the sanctum of invited members. Demarest had come on from Washington to help, and the prominence of the Lloyds in barring the way led reporters to dub the affair "the Vario-Lloyd Conference," and to sharpen their wits at the expense of the "little boy Lloyds, chief buglemen."

The two Lloyds [said one account] figured in the prominent rôles of secretary and doorkeeper. Demarest Lloyd, the younger of the two, is a good-looking, fair-skinned,

brown-haired boy, of affable, dignified, and confident address. . . . This elder Lloyd is also fair-skinned, brown-haired, cool, and good-looking, with more than ordinary aplomb, suavity, and primitive character. He is not above twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, tall, mannerly, and good-tempered. He is said to be a fine sophomoric political economist; to have good clerical and promising executive ability, and to be thoroughly bound up in the fortunes of the Free Trade League.

Sympathisers built high hopes on this gathering. The *Evening Post* (June 20, 1872), to which Henry Lloyd was now a contributor, said in sentences which ring like his:

It will be a real conference of men, not a brokerage of votes. There will be no more delegates with States in their pockets; there will be none of those quiet little meetings in anterooms in which "the heart of the great North-West" sells itself to some equally vital part of the Atlantic Seaboard or the Mississippi Valley. There will be no States. There will be no one there who "controls" any one except himself.

It was a singular scene when the Conference gathered, [said a sportive reporter] the severe and venerable Bryant, the serene and bullet-headed J. D. Cox in the chair, and the good-looking, fluent, cranky, and utterly immeasurable Judge Stallo, . . . the boyish Lloyd, like a juvenile performer on the tight rope, and the little Lloyd peeping in at the door, curiosity overcoming dignity; the apostate free-traders Brinkerhoff and Dorsheimer laying for Atkinson and Atkinson himself coveting the glory of martyrdom, . . . Ik Bromley looking more like a poet than a humourist . . . and Horace White with his pale student face, . . . Randolph of New Jersey presiding at this half-baked meal of mischief.

The meeting was called to order by ex-Governor

Randolph; Jacob D. Cox was elected President, William Cullen Bryant and General John A. Dix Vice-Presidents, and Lloyd Secretary. A resolution was passed that the Chair proceed to a call of the States and that each delegate, under seal of confidence not to report the proceedings, express his individual opinion as to the future course of the Grant opposition. When New York was called, a stormy debate ensued, and Carl Schurz, emerging from his period of indecision and silence, made a two hours' speech said to be one of the finest he ever delivered. He maintained that it was too late for a third ticket, that in order to defeat the corruption in power, the best policy was to unite in supporting Greeley, whose election by an overwhelming majority he predicted. "I realised that it was a fine chance to make a protest and a declaration of principles," said Schurz to me years after, "but loyalty to the bolting South forced me to support Greeley." This speech swept the conference before it. Indignation over the Cincinnati fiasco disappeared like morning mist, and by 1 A.M. the second bolting convention adjourned sine die. "The new Vario-Lloyd not catching," said the facetious reporters in the morning papers, and their frivolous glee was an expression of the serious relief to the politicians who had been watching with disquietude the mysterious conference.

There still remained, however, out of the Cincinnati thousands a handful of men who were determined not to compromise their principles. "There is something in the world better than success," they said, "and it is for this that we are struggling." They had left all party ties to go to Cincinnati, they had left Cincinnati to find their expression in the Fifth Avenue Conference, they now left this undaunted, and before separating ar-

ranged to meet again. There were only twenty-five in all who assembled the next morning. Young Lloyd was among them pleading for "an immediate nomination," as a duty to the people. A platform was adopted re-affirming the principles of the Missouri Call, and William S. Groesbeck of Ohio and Frederick Law Olmsted of New York were nominated as candidates. Thus ended the bolt from the bolt from a bolt. "My brother, the great bolter," said Demarest of Henry at this time, and it is no wonder that later in his first play, *For Congress*, he made "Josiah Limber" say as he drew his sweetheart to the rustic seat under the painted trees: "Let 's talk about something soothing. Let 's talk about the tariff."

The collapse of the Liberal Republican movement and the sad drama of Greeley's downfall endorsed the wisdom of these persistent opponents. Very swift were the blows which fate dealt to Mr. Greeley; his overwhelming defeat at the polls, the appearance in the *Tribune* on the morning after the election of a mushy editorial, "Crumbs of Comfort," apparently written by him, his indignant repudiation of this, the ignoring of his request to have this denial published and the consequent realisation that his beloved *Tribune* was no longer his—all this following closely the death of his wife, broke the heart of this proud man. Before the month was out he had died.

This political experience was Lloyd's first great disappointment. It revealed him as already possessing that courageous conscience and that fervour of resistance which were later, as he foreshadowed, to lead him "far away from Cincinnati." In occasional lectures and articles at this period there can plainly be seen the beginnings of those broader interests which were to possess his soul. In Free Traders he saw en-

folded "free producers and free consumers." He was already calling to strike down monopolies and those laws which were taxing the necessaries of the working people for the benefit of a few. He discerned in society an enforced inequality "as potent if not as patent" as under feudalism. He made special pleas for the equality of women at the bar and in the pulpit, and in the heat of the Tammany excitement cried: "Our political liberty is gone and how rapidly our personal liberty and our property shall follow rests with our rulers. We must come to bay at some time—now, say I." His letters to his friend, the brilliant young journalist, Henry F. Keenan, contain the outpourings of his youthful soul.

STRONGHOLD BOLT, June 24.

And now, my dear Henry, for a conference with you. . . . This Free Trade business has drained my vitality. From the day I first began to work in the Cincinnati Convention till now . . . I have been in a web of toils, distractions, pains, and scant profits. . . . The outside history of our recent conference which has consumed all my time till now and has nearly wrecked my health you know. The inside history is most of it secret and uninteresting, but I have learned from it the last lesson of its kind I trust that will be necessary. Cincinnati might have been less imposing in numbers but of greater strength in its unity had the elements therein been concordant. We would have done better with our Conference if, without waiting to "tail" ourselves to some great and dangerous man like Schurz, we had been bold enough to strike out on our own path. We tried once more to unite fire and gunpowder without an explosion and succeeded as well as we deserved. I had all the while I was rushing back and forth from Washington and Morristown a clearly defined notion that we could not graft a Groesbeck or Adams branch on a Greeley tree. . . .

The Convention and the Conference have I think taught me the whole lesson. No more of these false guides for me; no more thimblerigging in politics—I am going in (if at all) for a straight persistent fight, with homogeneous elements and in utter disregard of political compromises. I will make success come to me—I will not run after it. . . .

In the long run, says somebody, brains win. I propose to take a hand in the game that is to ensue. My nature may change but if it remains constant to its present ideals you will never see this Free Trade party of the future coquetting with its enemies. . . .

We must have a new party and new men to run it. Theodore Tilton said to me the other day, "You and I will soon be in the same party, the Equal Rights Party."

CHAPTER III

IN JOURNALISM

THE defeat of the free trade forces brought young Lloyd to a turning-point. It was now necessary for him to choose his life-work. To his intimate friend Henry Keenan, he wrote, with the absorbing egotism of youth:

You say there is a destiny for me. If there is one, it is political, that I have felt from my boyhood. . . . The tendency of my mind is towards politics, Free Trade, minority representation, woman's suffrage, etc. . . .

My ambition is daily becoming more clearly defined. I long to be—of course—as symmetrically developed a man as can be produced within the shell given me. Sympathies, intellect, the æsthetic faculties, physique, all that is musical, humanitarian, muscular, imaginative, brainy, poetic, powerful with man and material I would develop to the highest point. As for the particular service to which I must devote myself in order to benefit by the services of others, the most grateful to me with my need for powerful incentive and my strongly grown approbativeness is some form of public work. What little ability I may have runs I am confident in that direction. I never had anything but dislike for the physical sciences, mere literary culture is irksome to me as not being sufficiently practical, all forms of money making I despise as pursuits in themselves for themselves, the Law is too technical and traditional, I could take

no pleasure in a system that bent my will to those of preceding centuries. I am too unconventionally and unaffectedly pious to be a minister; I can do what ministers can't do, I can be right without being religious; and finally with my taste for Political Science and yearning for public distinction I cannot brook the idea of so far endangering my independence and truckling to other will—single or multitudinous—as to become a seeker for office and a subservient, crawling, chronic candidate like Andrew Johnson or John T. Hoffman. I want power, I must have power, I could not live if I did not think that I was in some way to be lifted above and upon the insensate masses who flood the stage of life in their passage to oblivion, but I want power unpoisoned by the presence of obligation. Can you think of any avenue to power, more independent, . . . more in consonance with such tasks as I describe than Journalism? I can think of no profession which offers to the ambition a greater career than that of a man like Bowles or White or Greeley or Bennett. I had rather be one of those men than the most successful lawyer or richest merchant or most brilliant author in America. I had rather raise myself to their height than be raised by others to the Presidency.

He was loath to desert the League at a moment of defeat, but time seemed to his youthful impatience "unspeakably precious." He was eager to finish his apprenticeship in time to be active in the contest that he saw coming against the granting of special privileges, and for "equal rights in the legislature." "One thing is certain, I shall always be a Free Trader." But he believed that his influence for the cause would be greater as an independent journalist than as a paid advocate.

When he at last decided to take the journalistic leap he passed from high hope to a self-distrust very characteristic.

I am tortured by doubts as to whether . . . I have

selected the fittest profession. . . . When I turn upon myself and find seated within a brooding, self-conscious, propulsive, far-thrown soul, I doubt whether happiness is to be mine ever. . . .

He conferred with Horace White, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and Parke Godwin, of the *New York Evening Post*. As the *Post*, to which he occasionally contributed, now espoused Grant as a candidate, he withdrew, and although Godwin invited him to write articles, saying that his doing so might result in an engagement, he refused. Mr. White then offered him a position on the *Chicago Tribune* which in view of his youth and inexperience was indeed brilliant. Therefore, in September, 1872, he followed Greeley's famous advice to young men and turned westward. Chicago, recovering from the great fire of October, 1871, was in a chaotic state. Business was starting anew, hammer and trowel were reconstructing a city on the ashes of the old. From the stable and conservative East, where, in university and lecture room, he had studied the principles of political economy, he was now transported to a vast commercial hive, where the practical side of life was uppermost. The *Tribune* was at that time Liberal Republican in bias and ranked as the leading paper of the North-West and one of the best in the country. He entered upon his apprenticeship with misgivings. His first post was as paragraph writer, and his letters to Mr. Keenan, then editing the *Indianapolis Sentinel*, reflect his doubts, his gleams of mastery, and his painful growth.

Smith has kept me writing . . . sample paragraphs all day, so that I have time only to . . . say God bless you. . . . I am quartered at 840 Wabash Avenue . . . everything is quiet, neat. . . .

After three weeks, came the following:

Horace White stepped up to me to-night and said in a voice which gave my marrow-bones a premonitory chill—"Mr. Lloyd, I have decided that you have not sufficient experience to fill the position you now occupy. . . . You have commendable zeal and application, but need further practice." . . . I told him simply that I had done my best . . . and should do the same in whatever else he assigned me. I feel a trifle cut up . . . because I accepted your judgment, and that of my brother, that I was really doing good work. I am by no means, however, dispirited. I feel as skittish as the untamed steed of the prairies, and will yet show H. W. how to write and run a newspaper. . . . P. S. It is a little consolatory to find myself figuring in two editorials this morning.

I am working like a horse, . . . have been put in charge of the literary department, and . . . re-assigned to the night work of which I was relieved about a week ago. I shall have to write every night from 7 to 12 and during each day enough to supply several columns of book and other literary notices a week.

Horace White told me yesterday I had done very well so far. He is going to relieve me of the make-up. He seemed appalled when I told him that I did not get to bed till four.

Middlemarch was among the new books placed on his desk, and so won his admiration that he ventured to send a copy of his review to George Eliot. He treasured as one of his early rewards the interesting response:

THE PRIORY, NORTH BANK, REGENT'S PARK,
March 19th, 1873.

DEAR SIR:—

I must thank you for the very sympathetic and ex-

tremely well written review of *Middlemarch* you were good enough to send Mrs. Lewes. She begs me also to thank you in her name, although in pursuance of a rigid rule never to read notices about her works, be they never so friendly or flattering, she has only heard from me of the tenor of your remarks. Can you not understand the principle of mental hygiene which makes an imaginative writer resist the temptation to see what is said of his work and not to listen to the voice of the critical charmer, charm he never so wisely? My belief is that reading what is said about one only intensifies our defects by making us too self-conscious. At any rate in the case of one so sensitive and easily depressed as George Eliot, the resistance to the natural temptation is simply plain prudence. Perhaps because she abstains from reading Times, Edinburgh Review, Saturday or Chicago Tribunes she is all the more cheered by hearing of their friendly sympathetic appreciation.

Yours very truly,

G. H. Lewes.

Our son was greatly pleased with your notice, and so was his wife. Thus you see four persons have been gratified by your sending the paper.

In the two years which elapsed before Mr. White left the *Tribune* to assume management of the *New York Evening Post*, he and his young apprentice became fast friends. "He and I," wrote Mr. White, recalling these early days, "were associated together very closely then and we remained warmly attached to each other during all the years that have since passed over our heads, more than thirty." The charm of these inspiring days is reflected in a letter written by Henry many years after to Major Henry Huntington:

Would we could recall the rainbow days when man delighted us and woman, too; when we laughed and knew

not the laugh was in us, and not in that we thought we laughed at. Dear Major; your letter has been a great comfort to me. Your perfections as a letter writer would have made your charming pages a treasure in any event, but, more precious than the charm, was the affectionate tenderness you let me feel. As we get older, every recurring spring (some one—Emerson?—says) looks more beautiful to us, and the most beautiful of all the springs are the renewals of the old loves that have survived the years. As I write, rises before me the old home at Indiana Avenue and 16th Street, the dining-room, the parlour, the garden and the croquet, among the many faces, Cushing's, Keenan's, and brightening every association of the dear house and dear family your loving caress of every "good thing" of ours or your own. . . .

These were days of exaltation, as well, for he was now deeply in love. Among the new friends was Miss Jessie Bross, a prominent figure in the brilliant coterie of Chicago's young people. Her father, William Bross, popularly known as "Deacon Bross," had come from the East in 1848, when Chicago was little more than a village, and his daughter but four years old. A schoolmaster in youth, he became in Chicago bookseller, publisher, journalist, and, with John L. Scripps, founded the *Free Press*, afterwards merged in the *Tribune*. Of the latter paper he was one-quarter owner, and all his life active in its management. From 1865 to 1869 he served as Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois, and during his term, Illinois being the first State in the Union to ratify the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, in February, 1865, Mr. Bross, as presiding officer of the Senate, was the first to sign it. Miss Bross had therefore grown up with the city and seemed indeed to typify its exuberant energy and enthusiasm. She possessed

rare social charm and as her father's companion had met and counted as friends men and women of mark. When a girl, for instance, during President Lincoln's administration, she went with her father to call at the White House, but the President was "too busy" to see callers. Walking away, Governor Bross heard his name, and turning, saw the President at an upper window. "Bross, Bross," he was calling, "bring Jessie back; I want to talk to her!" Bereft of home and fortune in a few hours by the great fire, she was obliged to stand in line with her basket waiting to get the provisions meted out to each citizen. But belonging to the privileged few who were quickest to recuperate, she bent her energies to relief work.

Take Saturday, for instance [she wrote], I started out at nine o'clock, riding till twelve in the open buggy of a kind friend. . . . I visited ten families who needed relief. . . . Everything needed to wear and to eat was delivered from our unpretending establishment, from a pound of tea for a poor old woman over seventy, to a pair of mittens for a three year old. After lunch I wrote a petition to the common council which my father and another friend signed, to ask that honourable body for a free license for a poor burnt-out Frenchman to peddle coffee and spices. Then I went to the Bureau of Special Relief for an order for a sewing machine, . . . and nightfall found me growling at the South Side Headquarters for General Relief because an order for tubs, stove . . . had not been delivered to a poor Swedish woman with a blind husband. Besides trying to collect bills for a burnt-out curler and dyer of feathers, which added to the long details already written make up a day's work, . . . and Saturday is only a sample!

When we were burnt out in the great fire [wrote Robert Collyer, pastor of the Unity Church of Chicago], and she

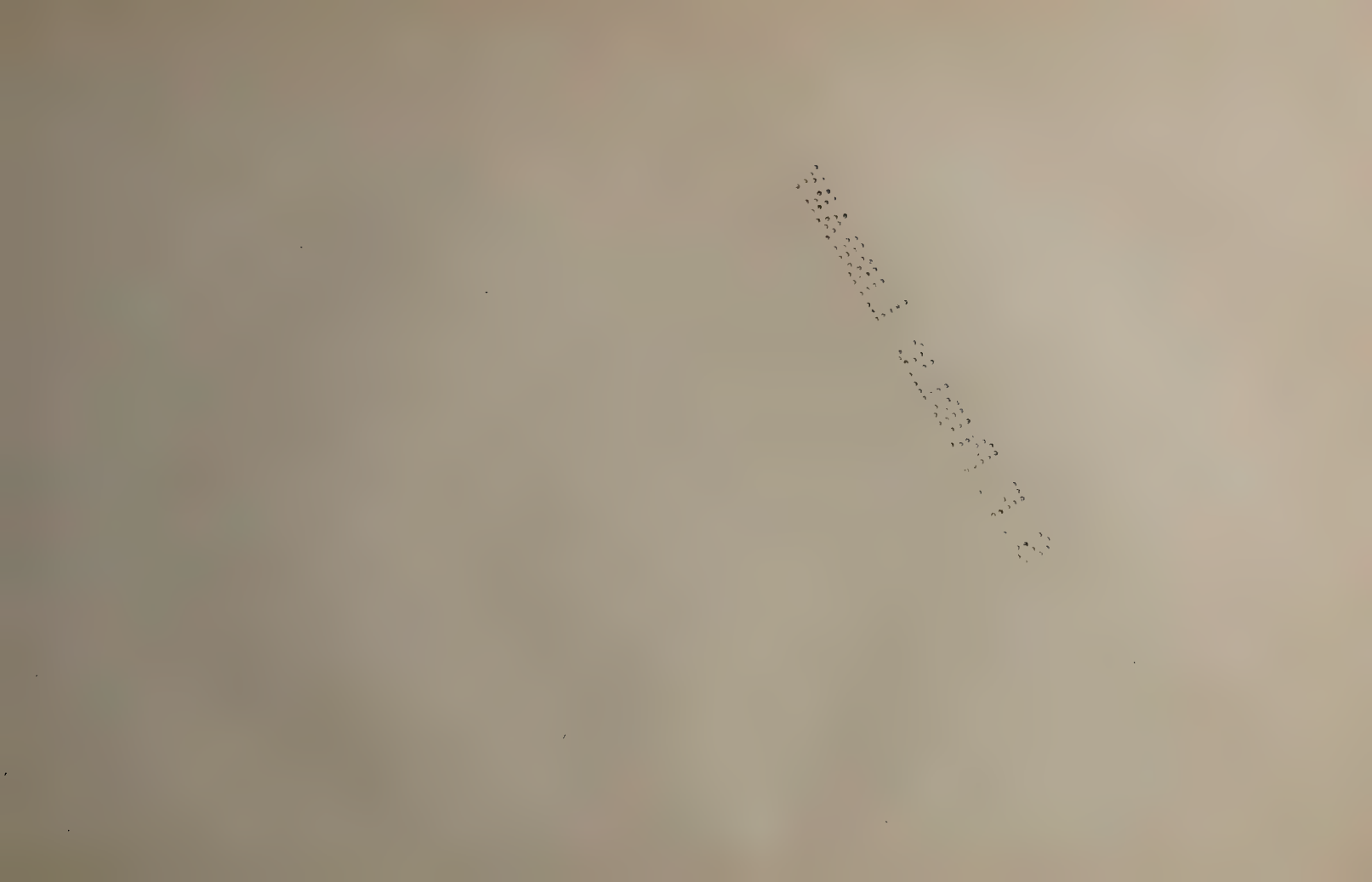
learned that I had lost a great many books, she scoured the book stores of New York and Boston for gifts, and here they are all about me as I write, Jessie's books. Bless her dear good heart.

It was while still immersed in this work that she met the young journalist. What he saw through her eyes of these distressing conditions made a profound impression upon him. There now went flying through the mails to Mr. Keenan the hopes and fears of his courtship.

. . . I ought to have written you, I know. . . . I can only plead, dear fellow, that I am drowned in my love for Jessie. Not a moment I verily believe passes from me without having been by some thought associated with her. I love her so that I can say with the old quaint poet, she hath her faults perhaps, I wish I had them, too. . . .

. . . I have written you . . . and not an answer do I get. Not even a word of sympathy for my last cruel sorrow, the death of my grandfather whom I tenderly loved and whose death will break up for ever the happy home at No. 27. That is very hard to bear, but there is no help for it. . . . I found a very sorrowful family awaiting me at home. How glad I was that I could take my mother fully into my arms and give her the comfort, consolation, and affection she so much needs. I know I came back to her more, much more than I went away.—I told her that she and I should both thank God for the quickening influence on my life of your own noble sympathetic nature and that of Jessie. You two, God bless you both for ever, have broken up the fountains of the great deep within me and you have given my nature a permanent, new direction. You two have taught me to love, and that not selfishly but in a broad, generous way so that I seek in my love not only the gratification of my blissful longings but find delight in giving others, all others, all the affection I have—in giving them a share in

Henry Demarest Lloyd in 1873.
From a photograph by Rocher, Chicago.



the great good which makes all my hours golden. Dear fellow, I shall never again be the same as you saw me last April at Cincinnati. I am and shall ever be a new man. I shudder to think whither I was drifting in my worldliness and selfishness, when you seized and saved me. All this and more I told my mother . . . and we blessed you together. . . .

They were married by Aaron Lloyd on Christmas day, 1873, and the new home started on the first floor of the modest frame house at 6 Eldridge Court on the corner of Michigan Avenue. It was christened "Felicity Flat" and did not belie its name. It began at once its notable career of harbouring people of all beliefs and conditions, one of its first guests being Charles Bradlaugh, who spent an evening there.

In those years when the desolated city was struggling to re-establish itself, Lloyd was conspicuous among the younger men who were striving to build an ideal as well as a material Chicago. He was one of the founders of the Chicago Literary Club and the Illinois Free Trade League in 1874, in which year he was admitted to the Illinois bar. He was also one of six young men who with a cash capital of six dollars started the Chicago Sunday Lecture Society. Its aim was to benefit the working people and, as Lloyd said, "to bring the greatest amount of entertainment and instruction within the reach of the people at the smallest possible cost and on the day of all others that is their own—the day 'made for man'—Sunday." The plan, new in America though not in London, was bitterly opposed by the clergy, with the exception of Robert Collyer and Charles W. Wendte, who each gave a lecture. The labour was done by the executive committee without any recompense except "the belief that good was being done." Charging ten

cents admission—two and one half cents surplus over the cost of the lecture—the society became self-sustaining. As its President, Lloyd introduced Charles Bradlaugh to a large audience. It became a potent influence for good and the young men had the pleasure of seeing one of their aims realised in the formation of similar societies in St. Louis and Milwaukee.

Afterwards [wrote Charles W. Wendte], I successfully transplanted the meeting to Cincinnati, where for twenty-five or thirty years the Unity Club Sunday afternoon lectures, on all possible topics except theology and partisan politics, have been a feature of the better life of that city. But the inspiration for this good work came from Henry Lloyd and his friends.

The Chicago society did not survive its flourishing third season. During its brief career it endeavoured to have the art gallery of the Exposition opened on Sundays at ten cents admission. "We did this," said Lloyd, "believing that a gallery built on ground belonging to the people of Chicago should not be shut to the people on their one day of leisure." But the society's offer to bear all the expenses and give all the profits to the Exposition was declined by the directors.

All through his work as literary and night editor, when he was mastering the art of running a great paper, there had glowed the dream of having a paper of his own. Here was the road to fortune for those he loved, the road to power, and the fulfilment of the longing to serve good causes which was stirring within him. In the marvellous growth of Chicago and its still undeveloped field of journalism he saw a place for a great paper on new lines. In the spring of 1876, there came a wonderful opportunity. A new paper, the *Daily*

News of Chicago, was battling for its life. Melville E. Stone, then sole owner, casting about for help, turned to Henry Lloyd with his influential connections in the financial and journalistic world. Lloyd, on his side, saw his longed-for opportunity. He loaned the paper a small sum and signed a contract, whereby he was to be allowed a voice in the editing and the option of purchasing a controlling interest in three months.

His brother John came from New York to act as business manager, and it was purposed later to enlist Demarest, now the youngest member of the *New York Tribune* staff, whose brilliant work, including his recent exposures of Erie Canal frauds, had won him a national reputation in his profession. Consulting freely with Mr. Stone, Mr. Lloyd incorporated some of his new ideas, which met with remarkable success. His hopes and enthusiasm were aroused. The circulation advanced from 4000 to 11,000, and the advertising in proportion. But his loan was soon exhausted. The paper lived on from hand to mouth, until for a meagre one hundred dollars, with which to pay the week's wages, and a guarantee to run it for six months, he was offered a controlling interest. The prize for which he had longed all his manhood was within his grasp. He went through an intense struggle and anguish of spirit; but for good and sufficient reasons, arising from circumstances beyond his control, he decided that it was wiser to relinquish the prize.

Then he watched the paper rising rapidly to success. Within a week Victor Lawson, the owner of a Scandinavian paper whose office the *Daily News* was sharing, loaned the necessary capital. In one month the paper was on a paying basis, and was soon embarked on its brilliant career. The days which followed were dark

ones for the young journalist. The strain was too great. He became deeply melancholy, believing that the opportunity of his life had been lost. His health, which had been injured by overwork in the previous summer, broke down, and for a time his work was quite paralysed. He almost never broached this subject even to intimate friends; even twenty-five years afterward he could not bear to hear it mentioned. "The loss of the *News*" was one of the crosses on his life's highway.

It was thus with a less bounding hope that he continued his *Tribune* work, faithfully performing worthy service. Shortly before, in 1875, he had been assigned to the financial editorship. This post involved a mastery of finance and the daily scrutiny of the market. When he entered upon the duties, the people of the country were beginning to realise that the recent Congress of 1873 had demonetised silver. To this policy the *Chicago Tribune* stood opposed, and during the years of the debate, the late seventies, Lloyd wrote its money editorials. He was not a metallist, but argued that if a metal were used, there should be two to maintain a balance. Concerning the demonetisation he wrote on February 23, 1878, then the dead point of the hard times:

> In 1873–'74, as it was two years later discovered, the coinage of this silver dollar was forbidden and silver dollars were demonetised by law. This act was done secretly and stealthily to the profound ignorance of those who voted for it, and of the President who approved it. . . . Under cover of darkness it abolished the constitutional dollar and has arbitrarily, and to the immense injury of the people, added heavily to every form of indebtedness, public and private.

The editorials were so valuable that in 1896, when

the question of remonetising silver became an issue, they were used as campaign documents. In a speech at that time Governor Altgeld said: "It is perhaps not generally known that the *Chicago Tribune* gave to the world some of the ablest arguments yet made in favour of the remonetisation of silver and against a single gold standard." He then quoted from many of the editorials:

To undertake to do the business of the world on a single gold basis of measurement and equivalents means loss, bankruptcy, poverty, suffering, and despair. Debts will grow larger and taxes become more onerous. The farmer will receive small prices for his crops, labour will be forced down, down, down, and there will be a long series of strikes, lockouts, and suspension of production. Those who own property, but owe for it in part, will see their mortgages increasing in proportion as gold acquires new purchasing power, while the property itself will be shrinking in value. There will be no relief, it must be kept in mind, for gold will be the only recognised equivalent of values, the stock of gold will be power constantly growing, and the circle of wealth will be uniformly contracting.

"Nothing more prophetic was ever written," said Altgeld; "a volume could be filled with editorials expressing similar sentiments." Mr. Lloyd also wrote an article on "The Clearing House" for the first volume of the *Cyclopedia of Political Science*, concerning which W. Stanley Jevons wrote to him from England: "It is very interesting to me and contains much new information." But whatever value his work of this period may have had, he himself had scant appreciation of it, if one may judge from one of his few letters. It moves with a weary pace and there is no longer the old-time buoyancy.

[1] 54th Congress, Senate Document No. 284.

(1878, 11 Feb.): The events of my life—my life has no events—a few new books read, 365 columns a year written of financial slush, a very few cents saved against the old age that I may cheat Time out of, a new baby, no new friends—except the baby—, the gradual extirpation of the, let us call them, theories of my green days, a good many happy evenings at home, this is the romance of this poor young man. Coolbaugh, the banker here . . . who came to be my very fast friend, shot himself dead three months ago on the steps of his old friend Douglas's monument. With him went one of the very few human beings for whom I have a tear to shed. . . .

With his transfer in 1882 from financial editorship to editorial writer, his important journalistic work began. To his desk was being brought fresh hourly the world's unrolling history, raw material for him to sift and garner for future use. Much of it came from the marvellous city around him, and he discussed it in clubs and offices with the keenest minds; for though Chicago streets were new, its men were not, but represented the products of American advantage acting under a wonderful new stimulus. Of the broader field of European news he was keeping abreast through the foreign periodicals with which the office was equipped. During the decade passed since he entered journalism, competition in industry had been giving way, and, unnoticed by the ordinary citizen, our marvellous wealth-producing power was concentrating in ever fewer hands. The cruel extremes of millionaire and pauper were already fastened upon us. Monopolies were forming—forerunners of the unborn Trusts. The labour ranks were organising in defence and the public stood aghast while these two forces contended in strikes which, like that of 1877, were civil warfare. A Socialist Labour

Henry Demarest Lloyd about 1878.

From a photograph.

party composed largely of Germans was rising into view and in 1879 polled 12,000 votes in Chicago.

Of this rapid change—the first steps of the industrial revolution—Lloyd was a keen observer. The *Chicago Tribune* was maintaining its traditional attitude as an advocate of justice for the people. He was therefore allowed rather liberal range for exposure and protest. His editorials were brave attacks principally against the political bodies of Congress and legislatures and their immoral and unconstitutional betrayal of the people's rights. Some received wide attention, such as his "Corner in Coffins" and the indictment of the Vanderbilt system called "King's Horses and King's Men." As one monopoly after another was formed, he gave the people warning, revealing each as sheltered under government protection, that of starch, "the stiff monopoly"; of Alaska furs, "the silent monopoly which makes no noise, but a great deal of money"; the coal combination, "The King of Black Diamonds"; the match monopoly, of which he said:

> Scratch a monopoly and you will find the Government underneath is getting to be one of the rules that has no exceptions. Scratch one of the Diamond Company's matches and its light will furnish fresh illustration of this new principle of American political economy.

In one of his first editorials he expressed a view which he never lost:

> The methods by which the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Fields, Rockefellers, Mackays, Floods, O'Briens, and the coal and iron and salt Pashas are heaping up enormous fortunes are methods, not of creation of wealth, but of the redistribution of the wealth of the masses into the pockets of monopolists.

He made a special study of the railroads. Very

notable, in 1883, was his history of the government land grants, relating the treachery of the Land Office to the interests of the people and the failure of Congress to protect them. It filled two pages of the *Chicago Tribune*, including a map of his own making, and was the fullest statement that had yet been made of the way in which public lands were being surrendered to the corporations. There was no worse chapter, he said, in the history of government than this of the deliberate and heartless evictions of the European immigrant and the American settler in order to give their farms to covetous railroad corporations. A land monopoly worse than that obtaining among certain families of England was thus begotten in America, for "corporations are the only aristocrats who have no souls and never die."

As correspondent of the *Tribune* in 1881, he had accompanied the Silver Spike Expedition over Henry Villard's Northern Pacific road to its terminal in Montana. "Villard first bought the Northern Pacific and then went to look at it," he said. Now in 1883, when the road was completed, he again represented his paper on the famous Golden Spike Expedition, a delightful experience, which he described in an interview on revisiting that section, seventeen years later.[1] After driving the Spike, the party dispersed and Lloyd came back through California and Utah. As a result, he wrote two letters to the *Tribune* called "California Cornered." They described the great railroad combination in California, then the most complete corner in transportation in the country,—one company in which half a dozen families owned practically all the stock. He showed how, following "their theory of the private

[1] *Seattle Daily Times*, October 12, 1901. See Appendix.

nature of the business of a common carrier," they used their special control to thwart industries and manufactures, a condition which seemed to him to presage that of the entire country in the future.

He was moving rapidly into an increasingly radical position. In treating of the coal combination and the Reading Road as "The Pennsylvania Cold Wave," he said that the Reading was not the only company whose chartered rights ought to be forfeited. "In absorbing the railroad government into the political government of the country is the greatest opportunity the people of the United States will ever have for regaining full control of the corporations which have taken so insurgent a position." Vague discussions of theoretical reconstruction he deprecated, cautiously advocating practical work in "the abolition of the protective system of monopolies, the regulation of railroad and telegraph monopolies, and cheapening and expediting justice, which is one of the monopolies of the very rich." George Holyoake was in America preaching co-operation, while Henry George was in England, winning his first fame, expounding his single tax theory. These programmes, as well as socialism, seem to have been still too purely theoretical and too inconspicuous in the United States to claim his espousal. "Co-operation and socialism," he said editorially in 1882, "are dreams of the creation of an artificial society. . . What we have to do is not to create a new society, but to reform the one we have."

He had now clearly heard the key-note of the times, that the new crusade was to take place in the industrial domain. In 1883, in an editorial upon Arnold Toynbee's remarkable lecture course then being given in London, he said:

In England, as here, the prophetic instinct of the people foresees that the emergencies of the near future ought to be, not of religious liberty as in the time of the Reformation, nor of political liberty as in the English revolution of the seventeenth century, and the French and American revolutions of the next century, but of industrial liberty. A ferment can be seen at work, by even careless observers of public opinion, in the minds of the people, that is bringing up the old question of the rights of the many in a new form. That the fruits of human labour are unfairly divided and that the strong oppress the weak, is an old, old story. But what is new is that the masses can perhaps by acting together alleviate these wrongs in the world of capital and labour as in the reformations of the past they have done in the worlds of politics and the church. . . . But how to do it is the question to which those who were born to hate wrong are turning above every other.

Great changes are impending. New ideas, nebulous yet, will take clearer shape as they pass through the fires of one indignant mind after another. It will not continue for ever that the earth—which is the Lord's and the fulness thereof—shall be turned by whole counties into aristocratic turf under the feet of starving British peasants, or that the population of democratic and republican America shall be feudalised into industrial Barons by the hundred and serfs by the million. But the formulas on which this reformation will move have not been thought out. When they are revealed the unnatural principles of the competitive economy of John Stuart Mill will be as obsolete as the rules of war by which Cæsar slaughtered the fair-haired men, women, and children of Germania on the banks of the Rhine and the Meuse.[1]

By thus keeping the large constituency of the *Chicago*

[1] Editorial, "A New Magna Charta," *Chicago Tribune*, February 12, 1883.

Tribune throughout the North-West informed of every usurpation of the rights of the people, he contributed in these anonymous articles an important link in the education of the people.

CHAPTER IV

HIS FIRST VOLLEY

LLOYD'S most important work in these years lay outside of journalism. He was now to call the attention of a wider public to the monopoly drama, then in its early stages, and to strike the first square blow at the Standard Oil monopoly, practically complete six years before, but still unknown to the majority.

His note-books, begun about this time, chronicle the progress of his thought. They show his search for light from thinkers, ancient and modern—Aristotle, Fichte, De Tocqueville, Cliffe Leslie, Maine. They reveal him as apprehending a crisis, the struggle between the masses and the railroad kings, the rich and the poor, and as feeling that to organise this struggle was the grandest political mission to which any man or body of men could be committed. He already saw in the American monopolists "the passion to enslave labour." "They can buy governors and laws and laugh at the people going through the forms of government." He realised "the awful blunder" of the people in being fascinated by their dazzling success.

> When monopolists succeed, the people fail. When a rich criminal escapes justice, the people are punished. . . . The mass must love the right—must hate wrong. . . .

Present tendencies, if unchecked, would end free government, he said. Our only hope lay in educating the people in the use of the state, and he queried whether the monopolies should not gravitate into public hands. He was already troubled over the people's resisting power and integrity, deploring the profound distrust in courts and legislatures which was eating into their minds and making them feel "remote and helpless"—the first great step towards despotism. "A popular idol presents himself—what they cannot do he will do. The First Consul or our Third (term) President."

When he had shown his mettle in 1880 by a paper before the Chicago Literary Club called "A Cure for Vanderbiltism," Major Huntington urged him to put himself forward in the magazines. Thus encouraged he wrote his indictment, "The Story of a Great Monopoly," and sent it to the *North American Review*. When L. S. Metcalf read it he told the editor, Allen Thorndike Rice, that it was the most remarkable article he had seen for years, but Rice declined it. It next fell into the brave and sympathetic hands of William Dean Howells, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who accorded it the first place, after the serial, in the number for March, 1881.

It was a presentation of the evils wrought by the railroads. After a rapid review of their notorious misdeeds in administration, he described the great railroad strike of 1877— "the greatest labour disturbance on record," which penetrated twelve States, paralysed twenty thousand miles of railroad, and directly or indirectly threw one million men out of employment. He then passed to the second point, the growth of the Standard Oil monopoly, "the greatest that ever overshadowed a state," built up by the discriminating

favours of the railroads. He told of its control of the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Erie, Baltimore & Ohio railroads, of how, having used the rebate to crush out rival producers, ruining hundreds of thousands, it became the only buyer and therefore the controller of prices, and by the same means was becoming the only refiner. Finally he brought the third indictment, that of a plan to form a great railroad pool, which he characterised as "the most powerful, the richest, and the ablest trade-union that has yet confronted any government or people." He concluded with suggestions for the control of the railroads: That their charges should be public, stable, reasonable, equal; that they should not be allowed to intermit the exercise of their functions; that a national board should be appointed with power to hear complaints both of citizens and railroads and to summon legal officers to prosecute; that the laws should be so amended that all violation of duties of common carriers could be promptly and cheaply prosecuted. He charged that in a life's span the railroads had brought upon us the worst labour disturbance, the greatest of monopolies, and, in the railroad pool, the most formidable hostile combination of brains and money which ever threatened any nation. He said that the trade-unions were now going to pool like the railroads. "The forces of capital and industry have outgrown the forces of our government."

The movement of the railroad trains of this country is literally the circulation of its blood. . . . Our treatment of "the railroad problem" will show the quality and calibre of our political sense. It will go far in foreshadowing the future lines of our social and political growth. It may indicate whether the American democracy, like all the democratic experiments which have preceded it, is to become

extinct because the people have not wit enough or virtue enough to make the common good supreme.

This short article of sixteen pages, written by one unknown, sent a thrill through the thinking public far beyond the American boundaries. Seven editions of the *Atlantic Monthly* were exhausted before the demand ceased—a thing entirely unprecedented. Few knew the first word of the remarkable story it told. Its facts marshalled in a style masterful and fascinating, its technicalities simply treated, its judgments just, clear, fearless, and democratic, marked the advent of a new voice. The poor might well hail a champion so skilled: "Only the rich can get justice, only the poor cannot escape it." The monopolists might well fear one who did not hesitate to describe the Standard Oil Company as "the greatest, wisest, meanest monopoly known to history," nor to declare that "the plundered found that the courts, the governor, and the legislature of their State and the Congress of the United States were the tools of the plunderers." "The Standard has done everything with the Pennsylvania legislature," he declared wittily, "except to refine it." The Titusville oil men, the "Independents" outside of the monopoly, said it was by far the strongest connected presentation of the subject yet made, and railroad experts pronounced it the ablest and most interesting exposure yet written of the secret enormous growth of rebates and discriminations. It was not only widely reproduced in American journals, but also in the *London Railway News*, which distributed thousands of copies among shareholders of American companies residing in England. Some idea of its influence may be gathered from the fact that nineteen years later, in 1900, Sir Samuel Way of

North Adelaide, Australia, recalled to Mr. Lloyd his vivid memory of the article.

Lloyd was chagrined that his revised proof containing minor corrections and strengthening facts arrived too late to be used. "It was a great pity that they did not get your proof," wrote his sympathetic brother Demarest. "Could n't you make a supplementary article embodying your new facts? Fire away! You 're on the right side of the great fight that is coming." He did not relax, but at once began to gather material for that "supplementary article." Thus began his preparation for his great work, *Wealth Against Commonwealth.*

The monopoly, now for the first time meeting so complete and brave an attack, made no answer; but every night for some weeks, as he returned to Winnetka from the day's work in the city, a man shadowed him through the peace of the country walk. This man, as he was afterward informed, was a detective in the employ of the Standard Oil Company. "Both Lloyd and his wife told me," said the late Professor Frank Parsons, "that he was shadowed for years."

"The Story of a Great Monopoly," which first brought him into general public notice, was followed by a series of articles of what might be called a new type, the "muckraking" species. In a year a second one appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "The Political Economy of $73,000,000." It opened with a virile attack on the orthodox school of political economy, whose disciples were now quieting the people's first alarm by declaring that the new despotism was "against the natural laws of trade" and would defeat itself. In a series of brilliant expositions he declared this school moribund; that confessing to a lack of facts, it was taking refuge in hypothesis and dogma, while the

modern world was being actually overwhelmed with new and uncollected facts. It was ignoring the natural history of its subject, "its economic news." He believed that political economy now demanded a Darwinian patience in accumulating new facts and a reserve in generalisation.

The abstract political economist persisted in continuing to consider competition as the ruling industrial force. It is "a mighty one," said the writer, "but only one. By neglecting the other forces, from sympathy to monopoly, he deduces principles which fit no realities, and has to neglect those realities for which we need principles most." His theories of wealth, population, and wages, Mr. Lloyd declared hotly, are "worse than bloodless, they are murderous." Competition, he reported, was being outdone by the new force, combination, which presented the gravest problems of the day. By its means capital was massing on one side and labour on the other, notably in the United States in the Knights of Labour, now numbering two hundred thousand.

Never more than now have we needed such a help as this political economy has pretended to be. The reaction against it comes at a time when the body of the people are growing uneasy at the peril of a position between working men who combine and capitalists who consolidate. Rings and bosses are rising to the top in the evolution of industry as in that of politics. New facts, like the union in one person of the common carrier and the owner of the highway, are baffling our statesmen. A few individuals are becoming rich enough to control almost all the great markets, including the legislatures. We feel ourselves caught in the whirl of new forces, and flung forward every day a step farther into a dim future with the portents of struggle between Titans reared on steam, electricity, and credit. It is an

unfortunate moment for the breakdown of the science that claimed to be able to reconcile self-interest with the harmony of interests.

This preface ushered in the story of one who while not named was recognised to be Jay Gould, as an exemplification of what may be accomplished "by a scientific devotion to the principles of competition." It told of Gould's first appearance in New York as a boy bearing a mouse-trap, "who for the next thirty years was to be continually before the public and by a strange coincidence always in connection with some kind of a trap." It related relentlessly the story of the wrecking of the Erie road, of Black Friday with its trail of madness and suicide, of the control of the telegraph system, "the rapid transit of news," and of the capture of the New York elevated railways. No detail of the bravado and rascality was omitted.

The terrible arraignment, told in a terse, vibrant style, attracted wide attention. It is not too much to say that it marked a new era in the thought of many readers who by its light re-interpreted the times. The friends of liberty gave thanks that the people had found a champion, a man of convictions, fearless in speech. They looked forward to his handling other abuses in the same masterly manner. Those who had been caught in the traps praised him for words which were balm to their indignation. "God bless Lloyd," said one who had lived and suffered through Black Friday, but now for the first time realised its true significance. The impression which the essay made is shown by this characteristic bit from "Helen Hunt" Jackson to Mrs. Lloyd:

> Smalley[1] is here. . . . He asked us if we had it and

[1] "E. V. S." of the *New York Tribune*.

praised it highly. . . . I found Mr. Jackson reading it at 6.30 A.M. I . . . began to read aloud. The sentences rang like artillery—and when I came to the end I choked and it was all I could do to read the last paragraphs. Jessy, I am not sure that I think anything so splendid as that paper has ever been done in America! Give my warm love and admiration to that man. . . . I am wondering what will come of it—something *must*. . . . The other article was a musketry fire, this is a battalion of twenty pounders! Well, we didn't go to breakfast till 10 A.M.!! It was a great morning.

Some wishing to uphold the accepted political economy of competition averred that not it, but Gould, was at fault. To such he answered:

A deeper cause than the depravity of individuals must account for the most dangerous fact of our social condition, the sudden development of a caste of overgrown wealth and power. If the theories of *laissez-faire* and exclusive regulation by competition do not permit these men to rob and murder by retail on the highway, they cause society to leave them to rob and murder by wholesale, by all kinds of "corners" and combinations, and by legal methods of oppressing the people, betraying trusts, and deceiving the community. This class must be controlled, but they cannot be overcome by the political and industrial philosophy under which they have been suffered to grow up.

This article foreshadowed the purpose of his own work. Henceforth he was to become one of the patient gatherers of facts, and to help interpret these into a new and a living political economy.

In August, 1883, he published in the *North American Review* a third essay entitled "Making Bread Dear," in which one alarming fact followed another in brilliant succession; facts, summoned from far and near, from

the press, from the office of a foreign consul or a Chicago lawyer, from legislative committees, from the packing house, and massed with one purpose,—to guard the lives of the people. The subject was the Exchanges through which our wheat, oil, and other necessities are sold,—"price-factories,"—he called them, whose power extended "beyond that of Congress, Parliament, the Assembly, and the Reichstag." Upon them the "criminal rich" had seized for peculative purposes, and by gambling in commodities made fictitious prices which became real ones to the consumers outside. The part they played in the distribution of the products of labour and the re-distribution of wealth was "one of the things which would be new to Solomon if he lived to-day." "They count and sell chickens, not yet hatched out of eggs that are yet to be laid," and deal in "the speculative wheat and the spectral hog."

> The honest industry that builds up our greatest fortunes is raising wheat and pork on the Chicago Board of Trade, mining on the San Francisco Stock Exchange, building railroads in Wall Street, sinking oil wells in William Street, and picking cotton in Hanover Square. . . . Oil wells are uncertain, but the flow on the Petroleum Exchanges of New York, Bradford, and Oil City never hesitates. . . . The strong man now builds corners instead of castles and collects tribute at the end of a telegraph wire instead of a chain stretched across the Rhine.

The wheat crop of the year in which Mr. Lloyd wrote this was said by experts to have been sold twenty times over before the snow was off the ground. His attack centred upon the Chicago Board of Trade, which he described as "the finest piece of mechanism commerce had yet invented," but degraded into the greatest

speculative market of the world. His story of how it made bread dear sparkled with epigram: "There are giants in these days, and their caves are in the Exchanges. . . . None but a free people would submit to such wrongs." In speaking of the gamblers on the Exchanges he said: "Their dice are loaves of bread. The chances they take are the chances of human lives." His words might well have touched the conscience of the malefactors:

> As wheat rises, flour rises; and when flour becomes dear, through manipulation, it is the blood of the poor that flows into the treasury of the syndicate. Such money costs too much. . . . Every moment the corner lasts there is a mouthful of food the less for the labouring man. Every hour of its continuance some child in Pittsburg or Manchester grows more faint, and every day hundreds of little hands let go another finger from the slippery edge of existence.

While the other articles had won admirers, this, his finest piece of work thus far, brought him lovers among men, for there was life and love in the new political economy for which he was working, with a zeal that was growing passionate. It commanded attention on both sides of the Atlantic as one of the most important short contributions that had appeared. The article was especially brave, for he was a propertyless man with a young family dependent upon the earnings of his pen, and those whom it hit he was continually meeting in social and business circles. He noticed that many who had commended him so warmly for his attack upon Gould now severely criticised him or were sullenly absent from the list of his admirers.

Two years later when Charles L. Hutchinson, Presi-

dent of the Chicago Board of Trade, read a paper before the Literary Club, he commented upon Mr. Lloyd's article. An incorrect newspaper report led to a friendly correspondence between them in which Lloyd said:

> The pith and point of all I wrote was to rouse the public and the Board itself to prevent the destruction of the Board by corners and syndicates. My attack was not against the Board, but against the abuses that were threatening its very life and were in India, South America, and elsewhere awaking a destructive competition against the American farmer.

One of the main reasons moving him to write was that the courts of the Board had been declared by itself and by the State Supreme Court to be above the law. He advocated the establishment of tribunals for trade disputes since such could not wait for the ordinary courts, but to be "courts of justice not injustice," to be within the jurisdiction of the law, and to be federal. That this criticism was timely and just subsequent development proved.

> When I wrote in 1883 in the *North American Review* [he wrote Mr. Hutchinson in 1888] the Board as I have stated had abolished its corner rule, and the Supreme Court of Illinois had just reiterated its preposterous doctrine that because the Board was a voluntary association, the relations of its members were not subject to that review by the courts which even family life cannot escape. Since then the Board has restored its corner rule, and the Supreme Court has abandoned its self-destructive and state-destructive fallacies.

His relentless pen did not stop. Within a year, in

June, 1884, another article, "Lords of Industry," appeared in the *North American Review*. It was a formidable exposure of the combinations then organised in almost every commodity and used to enhance prices by reducing the output—a "war against plenty,"—although "the majority have never yet been able to buy enough of anything, the minority have too much of everything to sell." It surveyed these combinations in detail,—the National Burial Case Association with its action to keep up prices and keep down the number of coffins, done in secret "lest mortality should be discouraged"; the Empire Iron Company formed "to prevent the calamity of too much iron pipe"; the textile manufacturers who met "to cure the devastating plague of too much cotton cloth." It told of the large subsidies paid by combinations to factories for standing idle "with, however, no payment to its men for not working"; of the Nail Association's suspension of nail-making for five weeks, to the great distress of eight thousand workmen, "who are also machines—self-feeders."

All this was news. "Lords of Industry" gave the public its first clear view of the centralisation of its industries. "It initiated the trust discussion in this country," said the *Christian Union*[1] years after. The change it records from competition to combination, which his trained vision saw as an accomplished fact, was as yet unnoticed by the average citizen. He gave the new fact its due place as a primal force; he saw in it nothing less than "one of those revolutions which march through history with giant strides." He gave it its social and ethical status; the evil, he said, lay not in the new force but in its perversion by a few for

[1] Afterwards called *The Outlook*.

selfish ends. What was needed was to moralise it. New moral inventions, he said, must now be made that will equal our great material ones,—a work for the citizen and moralist of an importance never before equalled.

These combinations are not to be waved away as fresh pictures of folly or total depravity. There is something in them deeper than that. The Aryan has proved by the experience of thousands of years that he can travel. "But travel," Emerson says, "is the fool's paradise." We must now prove that we can stay at home, and stand it as well as the Chinese have done. Future Puritans cannot emigrate from Southampton to Plymouth Rock. They can only sail from righteousness to righteousness. Our young men can no longer go west; they must go up or down. Not new land, but new virtue must be the outlet for the future.

The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* reprinted the entire article, and as late as 1888, it was used in Congress in the trust discussion and referred to as the best authority extant. He received among other letters the following from brave John Swinton:

JOHN SWINTON'S PAPER,
21 PARK ROW, NEW YORK,
Dec. 25, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR:

During the sixteen months of the existence of this paper of mine—by becoming a subscriber to which you gratified me long ago—I have done no reading whatever beyond the "copy" in which I have been perpetually immersed. Now that the paper's career appears to be drawing to a close, I have read something of yours that has given me very great enjoyment indeed. This Christmas night—after I had finished the writing of a brief piece on "The New Feudalism"—which made five columns of work for to-day—

I recalled that I had heard of an article of yours in the *North American Review* for June last. I searched for and found the number of the *Review* and I have just at midnight finished its study. I write you these lines merely to tell you of my profound appreciation of that masterly piece of work, so full of research, thought, and justice, so comprehensive in its grasp, so far reaching in its views, so great and good in its purpose. I have felt for the past sixteen months as though I was fighting a single-handed battle here in New York, without a backer in the country, but your brave essay gives me to understand that there are stouter soldiers of whom I knew nothing. . . . It ought to be put out in a tract and scattered over the land. . . .

I should not have written you this had not your Hocking contribution shown you to be a man of heart as the *Review* article shows you to be a man of thought.

His friend, George Iles, sent this and the other articles to Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote:

SARANAC LAKE, Dec. 14, 1887.

Goodness knows what we have to thank you for—or I should say, what not. I was exceedingly interested by the articles of Mr. Lloyd, who is certainly a very capable, clever fellow; he writes the most workmanlike article of any man known to me in America, unless it should be Parkman. Not a touch in Lloyd of the amateur; and but James, Howells, and the aforesaid Parkman, I can't call to mind one American writer who has not a little taint of it. . . . It howls and blows and rains and snows in a pleasant medley of ill weather; and I am from the midst of it.

Yours truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

This was the last of the series which made so profound an impression, and first brought Henry D. Lloyd into prominence. Gathered with the utmost conscientious-

ness and submitted to experts for criticism, their facts were never challenged. They were the earliest complete portrayals of the revolution from competition to combination which was so rapidly transforming American industry, and were the precursors of its now abundant literature. The clearness with which they tell the story and the accuracy of the warning are remarkable in view of the confusion of new conditions. In them he sounded the first faint note of the motive which was to inspire his future work, namely, an expansion of social morality to turn this new and inevitable force from selfish monopoly to the elevation of the mass of the people.

Through "Lords of Industry" there runs a vein of joyous brilliancy. This may have resulted from the happiness of having found his work and a feeling of power in it. Added to this was his delight in the success of his brother Demarest, who had produced in his first play, *For Congress*, then running at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago, as new and distinctive a type among American plays as Henry's articles were in the realm of social science. "A pair of bright boys, those Lloyds," said the *Chicago Evening Journal*.

About this time Mrs. Lloyd met her old acquaintance, William Dean Howells, for the first time since her marriage. He recalled that a contributor by the name of Lloyd had almost kept him from catching his steamer to Europe, so fussy was he over the proof of his article coming out in the *Atlantic*. "Is he a relative of yours?" asked Mr. Howells. As this referred to her husband, Mrs. Lloyd laughed and answered, "Yes, he 's a relative of mine by marriage." "Then there is another Lloyd, Demarest Lloyd," continued Howells, "who is equally reprehensible, since his play, *For Con-*

gress, is keeping a play of Mark Twain's and mine off the boards. Is that a relative too?" Mrs. Lloyd then explained that whereas she had married Henry D. Lloyd for himself, she "stayed married" in order to keep such a charming brother-in-law as Demarest.

Meanwhile the daily routine of Mr. Lloyd's editorial writing had continued without a break. But he felt promptings to push more directly into the field of social service now beginning to reveal itself to him. He wrote to his father:

> There are always unpleasant things about being a hired man. I suppose I have the minimum of them. I never receive blame or praise, I am never directed what to do—I come and go and work absolutely at my own discretion—but there is no growth in my work in any direction I specially care to grow in, and I can foresee—feel already—that before many years I shall need more money and more liberty than I can have on a salary. I don't care to be rich, and I have no idea of ever being famous. I would like to be independent and I would like to feel that I was doing some good in the world. Perhaps my day will come—perhaps it never will. Either way, I hope to behave philosophically.

When the campaign of 1884 opened he had so complete a distrust of the policy of the Republican party and so strong a feeling against its presidential candidate, Blaine, whom the *Chicago Tribune* was supporting, and for whom he vowed that he should not write a line, that he was questioning whether the time to cease work for the paper had come. Mr. Medill knowing his feeling came to him and told him that they should expect him to give them good strong articles on financial matters during the campaign—an incident which he often told

as exemplifying Mr. Medill's professional courtesy. But before he had taken any definite step, nature interposed and the course of his work was interrupted by serious illness. As he wrote many editorials while still in bed and returned to the office too soon, his recovery was not complete. Prolonged insomnia and an alarming nervous breakdown necessitated rest, and he left the *Tribune* in March, 1885.

Following this, he and his wife went on his first journey to Europe. While in Venice Mrs. Lloyd was seized with malignant typhoid and her life was in danger. Alone in a foreign city, surrounded by doctors and nurses of whose reliability he had no proof, his situation seemed desperate. His brother Demarest, then living in Paris where he was recuperating from overwork, and writing for the Lester Wallack Company his third play, *The Dominie's Daughter*, hurried to Venice. Happily the crisis was passed in safety.

> Henry and I have had some enchanting weeks in Switzerland [wrote Mrs. Lloyd] and the nightmare of Venice is now only seen through the medium of thankfulness that it was no darker. . . . Henry is better, and I have never known him happier than he has been among the mountains. He stays with Demarest, and I hope the English tour will re-establish his health and strength.

The brothers had a memorable journey together, first to the Lake region, "the only place in Europe I would be willing to live in," Henry wrote, "where we created all the excitement we could by questioning the right of the earl to keep a chain across the Avon to prevent the passage of boats"; to Scotland, "full of ozone and royalty." He was reading George Eliot's biography, just published.

I have learned some new things from George Eliot's autobiographic revelations—she was surely a great-hearted and sincere woman, but what marvellous diet was hers for a novel writer. There is a certain fitness and continuity between the flowers the bee feeds on and the honey, even the mulberry leaf and the silk, but Hegel and Mommsen and Kant and Spencer as the raw material for *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, etc., is certainly extraordinary. . . . George Eliot shows herself to be a noble-hearted, deep-thoughted, sweet woman in these pages. . . . One thing she has taught me over again, though you know from what I have told you that I have already learned it, and that is that one can do one's life-work despite gravest physical limitations. Her way of working through headaches, prostration, nervousness, and all kinds of ills was heroic.

In London he renewed his acquaintance with William Mather, the noted philanthropic employer, whom he had met in America the year before, and with William Clarke, the socialist writer, with whom he had begun a brisk correspondence. He wrote home his experiences:

London, England, Aug. 1, 1885.

I have almost become a member of the "third house" of Parliament. With a card from Mr. Thomson, M. P., got by the kindness of Theodore Stanton, of Paris, I went twice on Wednesday, and yesterday I went again with a Mr. Henry Norman. . . . He introduced me in the lobby to Parnell, whom I am to meet next Thursday at five for a talk about English-Irish politics, to Professor James Bryce of Oxford, who pretended that he knew me by name, and indulged in some kind generalities about coming to take breakfast with him—to Thorold Rogers, and some lesser lights.

Aug. 5, 1885.

. . . Meeting Englishmen like Bryce and Rogers and

Morris and seeing the individual and powerful work they do makes me long to be my own man, and devote myself wholly to the work I have to do!

Last night I was introduced to Stepniak, the great Russian Nihilist, and to Morris, . . . at a socialist meeting where Morris spoke. Morris is a Norse god style of fellow, big, broad, hairy, loud, and kind. Every allusion—and there were many—to righting the wrongs of the poor by revolution was greeted with vociferous applause. Prof. Bryce said to me that there was, he thought, no revolutionary feeling in England to speak of, no hostility of classes, but I felt something very different in the air last night. This meeting, unlike our similar gatherings, was composed almost entirely of *natives*, which makes it ten times more significant for England, than our Bohemian and German socialistic meetings are in America. I had but a word with Morris, but am to see him again. It is a curious thing to note, that just as at the time of the French Revolution, so here the broadest ideas of free love are going hand in hand with the other anarchies. I was positively startled to hear Morris enunciate doctrines which would reduce love to the miscellaneous intercourse that would keep mankind on the level of a herd of wild dogs. I think even the pure-minded Clarke is tainted in his head with these abominable misconceptions, *so false to nature itself*. We had a talk about it, and I think he got a new point of view from what I told him of my ideas. Even from the point of view of man as an animal, the highest happiness, the best growth, the noble life—animal life—are to be found only by finding *your mate*, and *true matehood* demands absolute fidelity from the beginning of life to the end of it. To live purely until you find your mate—to live faithfully in love after you have found him or her—there can be but one law for both—that is the real free love. Love is faulty, enslaved, and degraded just so far as it departs from that ideal. The chastity before marriage is as much a part of true love as the loyalty afterwards to its pledges. The melting into one another of two

natures who have lived for each other from the beginning to the end is the summit of human happiness; it is the only noble, tolerable animalism. Every heart that loves feels the imperious necessity of giving all to the one it loves—body, mind, and soul. It cannot give, and be happy truly, the body to one and the heart to another, it cannot give part of the body away to another than its true love, and not know itself hurt and maimed. We must begin to love long before we know whom we love.

Aug. 7, 1885.

. . . I called on Prof. Bryce in the morning and I took Demarest with me. He had promised me some letters of introduction, but I said nothing about them. He however to my very great delight did not need any reminder, but gave me letters that will unlock the best doors in Cambridge, Edinboro, and Aberdeen. We had a very pleasant talk. I told him about the socialist meeting the night before, but he insists that the people are not in any revolutionary temper at all. As to the people of London, I am sure he is mistaken. He was greatly amused by the remark I repeated to him, which I made to Morris. I said to Morris: "We have had for many years in our house a most delightful arm-chair of your make, which my wife has named the 'Earthly Paradise.'" Bryce said that was very good, and must have delighted Morris very much, but the fact is I don't think Morris really took it in at all. He was excited with the fumes of the speech he had made. . . . In the afternoon I went with Norman to the House of Commons and was introduced to several of the Irish members, one of whom, a very agreeable fellow—T. P. O'Connor—sent me a letter of introduction which will be of use to me in Dublin.

As he turned homeward in September after these happy weeks he wrote to his wife:

Our love is not perfect, for we are not perfect, but it is the best there is in us; the best there is for us—this "sweet

association" of heart, head, soul, life. Let us preserve its passion and its purity as we would the beauty of a lily and holding each other to this "best," let us look with calm and really untouched minds on the carking cares of life. . . . I doubt whether I go back to the *Tribune*. I shall not decide until I have been able to talk it over with you and Father. I think perhaps the time has come for me to devote myself to a larger constituency—a constituency I already have. I cannot work for both. That did well enough when I was willing to burn my candle at both ends in my enthusiasm, but I must now choose one to serve and follow. If I return to my previous literary excesses I shall soon go the way of Sheehan and Runnion. And thanks to Father's more than fatherly kindness to me I do not see that there is any reason why I should do that. Mother Lloyd wrote me that Father [Bross] had said to her that it seemed to him it might be best for me not to return to the *Tribune*, so that I see his mind is working in the same direction. . . . The future presses close with its work calling to be done by true nerves and fresh brain.

He came back feeling better, and started in to read and to study. He wrote, for instance, to Andrew D. White of Cornell University for a course of reading on the French Revolution, and to his friend Edwin D. Mead of Boston for one in higher German philosophy and ethics. His friendship with William M. Salter, leader of the Chicago Ethical Culture Society, had already begun, and about this time he first met the noble-hearted Samuel M. Jones of Toledo. But his return to health was only temporary. He was more ill than he knew, too ill, he said, to have heart for anything. The reconquest of his strength was a difficult task, and one that although he was of rare thoughtfulness called for devotion and sacrifice on the part of his sympathetic wife. Mrs. Lloyd wrote to a friend:

As day after day goes by and Henry has not yet been able to go back to work, but still has sleepless nights and terrible headaches by day, I don't feel sure that our hard pull is over yet. It will take time and patience and courage for the poor fellow to pull through, but I believe he will come out well, and be able to do the world's work so near his heart. We have given up all social and worldly ambitions I really believe. This year of sore trial, of nearness to separation has almost seemed to alter all our life and thought.

Through her kind planning his father-in-law, whose fortunes had recovered from the great fire, now gave him the land on which stood the Winnetka home and the privilege of buying ten shares of his *Tribune* stock. In this way he acquired an independent income, and was relieved from the need of returning to work prematurely. He did not return to the *Tribune*. Thus ended his career as a journalist, though his continual letters to editors in an endeavour to spread news or form opinion, even one or two efforts to suggest policy to the *Chicago Tribune* after he became a stockholder, show that he never lost the journalist's point of view. Thirteen years' work on a leading paper, besides making him master in his profession, had added to his political experience a thorough comprehension of the financial and industrial machinery of society. It had, moreover, led him directly toward that larger social service for which his ardent spirit was ever longing. In the course of it, he had diagnosed the disease of our era, and begun to discern the remedy: "the idea of collectivity is not new," his notes said, "but we are on the eve of a great expansion of it—*the extension of co-operative industry into politics.*" But the superb health of his youth was gone forever. He

was now to approach work of increasing seriousness with a slender vitality unable to endure strain.

In his magazine articles he had been drawing nearer to his special plea for those upon whom the social injustice weighed heaviest—the workers. He was studying and investigating their case. One day in the *Tribune* office when he was deploring their sufferings, an editor said: "But you do not know by experience whether these facts are true." The justice of this criticism struck him. He asked his friend Ethelbert Stewart, Commissioner of the Illinois Board of Labour Statistics, to take him on one of his investigating tours. So they went through the slums. When they reached the street, after one especially pathetic sight, Lloyd suddenly sat down on the steps and broke into sobs. This tour was followed by others. With a policeman's badge under his coat, he studied the slums of Chicago and later of New York and London. He wrote to John Swinton, June, 1886:

> . . . Let me take this opportunity of telling you what you perhaps already know, that I am not now doing any work for the *Tribune*. Since March, 1885, the only lines I have written for publication were those in the *Age of Steel* which you reprinted. But I am overcoming my "brain fag" and sleeplessness, and hope before long to be afield again. . . .

These lines[1] show the position to which he had now thought his way:

> The labourers are justly dissatisfied with their share of the products of their labour. Their remedy seems to me to lie in combination—combinations to make better contracts with their employers, combinations like the supply stores of England, to buy their goods in quantity at whole-

[1] *The Age of Steel*, January 2, *John Swinton's Paper*, February 14, 1886.

sale prices, combinations to enable working men to engage in productive enterprises on their own account, and as their own capitalists and employers. In all this work it is abundantly evident that the working men have the sympathy of the thinkers of the world and of the lovers of mankind. In our enlightened age this growth upward should be accomplished without social discord, like that which made the enfranchisement of the working men of the Middle Ages the prize of blood and iron; but if a revolution does come, it will be, like the French Revolution, simply a violent episode in the emancipation of man.

CHAPTER V

DEFENDING THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS

CHICAGO now became the theatre of a startling tragedy in the capital and labour conflict. The events opening with the Haymarket meeting May 4, 1886, and culminating in the execution of the Anarchists in 1887 are engraved for ever in the people's history. Chicago as a labour centre had been charged with excitement for years. Bitter times had followed the 1873 panic. In 1877 strikes occurred in the United States so widely that at one time ten governors were calling for national troops. On July 26 of that year, Federal troops killed people in the streets of Chicago, while at "the Turner Hall meeting," a conference of furniture workers and their employers over the yearly wage agreement, occurred the following:

The attendants were unarmed, [said Lloyd to Governor Oglesby ten years later] the meeting was peaceable. . . . While the people were sitting quietly, engaged merely in the business for which they had assembled, a force of from fifteen to twenty policemen came suddenly into the hall, many if not all . . . having a police club in one hand, and a revolver in the other, and making no pause to determine the actual character of the meeting, they immediately shouted: "Get out of here, you —— —— —— !" and began beating the people with their clubs; some of them actually fired their revolvers. One young man was shot

through the back of the head and killed; . . . when the people hastened to make their escape . . . they found policemen stationed on either side of the stairway . . . who applied their clubs, . . . seemingly with all the violence practicable. . . . These general facts are established by an overwhelming mass of testimony.

This and similar events led many of the Chicago workers to feel that their government was in the hands of a hostile master class. They sought remedy through politics, but when their candidate was counted out, a faction in the German Turner Societies advocated preparation for violent resistance, and converted their gymnastics into an armed drill. When a subsequent statute declared this unlawful, they did not disarm.

At the time of the anarchist tragedy, 1886, industrial depression again prevailed. The American labour movement was advancing with great speed, politically and industrially. The Knights of Labour had reached about 1,000,000 members, but was already giving way to the new American Federation of Labour. The world-wide agitation for an eight-hour day was especially active in Chicago. In 1885 the American Trades and Labour Unions, representing about 800,000 organised workers, including eighty groups of the International Working Men's Association, had convened in Chicago, and desiring to help the unemployed, estimated at 2,000,000, decided on concerted effort to establish the eight-hour day, then legal in many States. This agitation found its intellectual leaders among the Germans and was taken up by labour unions over the country. May 1, 1886, was fixed for universal demonstrations and strikes. In the principal cities thousands struck; in New York 30,000 gathered in Union Square. By Monday, May 3, Chicago strikers numbered 35,000,

and at a meeting of lumber-shovers near McCormick's Reaper Works, a riot occurred in which the police fired, and killed a striker. This fresh instance of the killing of defenceless workers by "Pinkertons" and police caused great excitement, especially as the number of slain was erroneously reported to be six. That evening a meeting took place at Greif's Hall, known in the history of the case as the "Monday night meeting," where a circular headed "Revenge," written by August Spies, was distributed, calling for a mass meeting of protest on May 4 in Haymarket Square. This meeting proved to be about one thousand strong and was orderly. Shortly before eleven o'clock as the crowd was dispersing, "Mayor Harrison the First," who had been looking on, went to the Desplaines Police Station and ordered Captain Bonfield to dismiss the reserves, saying that it would not be necessary to go to the Haymarket since all was peaceful. Hardly had Harrison left when Bonfield at the head of 180 policemen marched at almost double-quick time into the Haymarket. Only about two hundred people were there, for it was late and rain had set in. Bonfield demanded their dispersion. "We are peaceable," answered one Fielden who was making a speech. In a flash a bomb was thrown. It prostrated sixty-six policemen and seven died of their wounds.

A panic seized Chicago. The authorities, not finding the bomb-thrower, arrested anarchists conspicuous in the eight-hour movement, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, Samuel Fielden, George Engel, Louis Lingg, and Oscar Neebe. Two suspects, Schnaubelt and Seliger, were arrested, but soon released. Albert R. Parsons, a prominent friend of labour, had returned from Cincinnati on the fatal day, in order to

organise the sewing women of Chicago, and while thus engaged had been called to the Haymarket meeting and been one of the principal speakers. The police searched for him in vain, though his letter published in the *Daily News* showed that he was not far away. When the Anarchists were to be tried for conspiracy, Parsons surrendered himself. Mrs. Lizzie M. Holmes, a pioneer organiser of Chicago's working women, whose efforts to help the condemned and whose grief are touching elements in the human side of the story, wrote recently to me:

I remember that Mr. Parsons returned to the court-room, Chicago, on the morning of June 21, 1886. He had been safely hidden, my husband, Mr. W. T. Holmes, and Mr. David Hoan of Waukesha being the only persons in the world who knew where he was. He could have escaped, but his great regard for truth and justice urged him to come back and share the fate of his comrades, to help plead their cause and the cause which had been so dear to him for a number of years. I consider it one of the bravest acts in history. . . .

When I heard that he had gone to Chicago to stand trial [writes W. T. Holmes] I hastened to . . . the jail. I said to him: "Do you know what you have done?" and he said: "Yes, thoroughly. I never expect while I live to be a free man again. They will kill me, but I could not bear to be at liberty, knowing that my comrades were here and were to suffer for a crime of which they were as innocent as I." . . .

Captain William P. Black, a prominent attorney, tramped day after day from one Chicago office to another seeking a criminal lawyer who would in loyalty to his oath of service to the State give the accused the

legal means of a fair trial, but not one would do it! He heroically decided to do it himself. The trial was conducted in the court of Judge Joseph E. Gary, with Julius S. Grinnell as State's attorney and William P. Black as prisoners' counsel. Its progress was eagerly watched in Europe and America. Although five of the men asked for a separate trial, all were tried under one panel. The Court early abandoned any attempt to connect them with the actual throwing of the bomb; only four had been at the Haymarket, of whom only two were present at the explosion, and only two attended the "Monday night meeting" of "conspiracy." The Court endeavoured to prove that by favouring a general plan for the overthrow of society by force, and by publicly advising the people to arm, they had abetted the unknown assassin. The line of the defence was that the Court, failing to find the bomb-thrower, failed to prove that he had been influenced by any one of the prisoners. Lloyd attended the sessions, deeply interested. Judge Gary's conduct of the trial aroused in him a seething wrath which greatly surprised his friends. "I remember," wrote one, years after, "he was unlike himself in denouncing Judge Gary for acting as prosecuting attorney on the bench."

All were sentenced to be hanged except Neebe, who was given fifteen years' imprisonment. The verdict was confirmed upon appeal by the State and Federal Supreme Courts. After that nothing remained except to appeal for clemency to the Governor of Illinois, then Richard J. Oglesby. The sensational conduct of the trial, the fury of the press, and the fearless speeches of the prisoners had terrorised the country. The people of Chicago believed that a revolution already definitely planned might at any moment burst forth. Therefore

the verdict had been approved by an overwhelming majority. But here and there were independent thinkers who judged either the trial or the verdict unfair or believed it inexpedient to hang men for their opinions. Among a few of the workers and in the small groups of socialists was found the most pronounced sympathy with the prisoners, even those not agreeing with their political views still feeling that it was for them that the men had gotten into trouble. From London a memorial asking for clemency was sent to Oglesby, for which 16,000 signatures were secured in working men's clubs on a single Sunday. While the majority outside the workers seemed to have lost their judicial sense and clamoured for revenge, there were among these a few who, convinced that justice was being perverted, had the courage to protest. They included General M. M. Trumbull, John Brown—son of the great emancipator —Lyman J. Gage, Judge Murray F. Tuley, Joseph R. Buchanan, General Roger A. Pryor, William Dean Howells, John Swinton, Robert G. Ingersoll, Father James C. Huntington, William Morris, Walter Crane, Mrs. Annie Besant, Stepniak, Ford Maddox Brown, Stopford Brooke, and Walter Besant. William M. Salter spoke bravely for the men in a lecture, afterward circulated as a pamphlet, before the Chicago Ethical Culture Society, on the ground of an unjust verdict. He and Mr. Lloyd joined in the work for commutation of the sentences. On their first visit to the jail, Lloyd asked Spies to give him a word of introduction to Lingg, but to his surprise found that Spies did not know Lingg, his fellow "conspirator." All of the English-speaking prisoners knew and admired Lloyd's work. One of the subjects he discussed with them was the use of force in securing a more just régime,

and not one would deny that he believed in it for defence.

There is no question [said Mr. Salter, twenty years later] that the men believed in the use of force, but it was *defensive* force, not aggressive; and the throwing of the bomb undoubtedly came under that category to their minds, since the rights of public meeting and of free speech seemed to them invaded—though I believe men like Spies and Fielden regretted the throwing of the bomb, and it was not a part of their programme; . . . I think it was Fischer who said to me when I asked him who threw it, "Well, I don't know, Mr. Salter, but I suppose it was some excited working man."

Adolph Fischer wrote:

Cook Co. Jail, Nov. 4, 1887.

Messrs. H. D. Lloyd and W. M. Salter:

Gentlemen:—Your communication was handed me yesterday. As I have told you before, anarchism and force as such are contrary to each other. But we deny that any individual has the right to curtail the liberty and rights of others. The *oppressed* have the natural right to use force against their oppressors; or, to speak with Jefferson, force is justified as a defence of the rights of men. In accordance with this principle, the Constitution of the United States says that the right of the citizens to bear arms is inviolable. No *thinking man* will deny that the present condition of society is not bearable much longer. We stand before a radical transformation of society. Will those whom the peculiar state of society gives such enormous advantages give up their privileges peaceably? This is the question. If the anarchists would be convinced of this they would be the happiest of men. But from all observations they conclude that the privileged classes will not give way to reason, but will uphold their privileges by force, and that therefore

a general conflict between the diametrical classes is inevitable. In this connection it was that the anarchists warned the people to be ready for the storm and to defend their rights.

Yours truly,

Adolph Fischer.

They [Mr. Salter and Mr. Lloyd] were anxious to do all they could and advised us as to what . . . would be best for us to say and do. . . . [wrote Samuel Fielden, recalling these conferences]. As I remember now the situation appeared to them to be that if we could conscientiously admit even that we had made mistakes in our propaganda, that might assist. They were all aware that the sentences were unjust, and did not for a moment ask us to say anything that would imply our guilt. But they knew that public opinion had been inflamed against us by falsehood . . . and felt that the Governor knowing what public opinion . . . was would be hard to move. . . . I am sorry to say that the sequel proved that they were right. They also, I remember, mentioned the fact that if they and all the others working with them failed and the sentence was carried out it would leave behind it a very bitter feeling among the labouring element. I remember Mr. Lloyd saying to me through the bars of the cell that he believed in the English method of revolution—the parliamentary—rather than the French—the violent. To which I replied I did the same provided that the enemy would allow it.

In regard to whether the term anarchist is the proper one or socialist I wish to say that they were anarchists, all of them at that time. . . .

Lyman J. Gage arranged a private conference to discuss an appeal for commutation, the inside history of which is told in Mr. Lloyd's note-book:

Wm. R. Manierre returning Sunday evening, March 3,

1889, from Altgeld's Economic Conference told me about Gage's story (told Manierre by Gage) of the meeting he called in behalf of a commutation of the Anarchists' sentences. Assurances were communicated to me privately, said Gage, that the Governor would commute the sentence of death in the case of the condemned Anarchists, excepting Lingg, Engel, and Fischer, if an influential request to that effect were forwarded to him from the leading citizens of Chicago. Mr. Gage called a meeting at once of about fifty of the leading merchants and business men of his bank. He stated to them the purpose of the meeting, and gave about these reasons for the proposed appeal for commutation:

1.—The majesty of the law had been vindicated; the case had gone from the lowest court to the highest, and the law had been vindicated and maintained.

2.—The Anarchists in Joliet as hostages would be a better protection to society than their blood.

3.—It was largely believed by the working men that the lives of these men were demanded by the wealthy merchants, etc., because of the threats they were said to have made against the property and business of the rich. If these business men now asked to have their lives spared, and the request were granted, it would show that the blood of the anarchists was not demanded from selfish fear or vengefulness and it would be an act of magnanimity most useful. The prosecuting State's attorney Grinnell was not invited, but he came upon the invitation of some one who had been asked. He spoke and opposed the commutation strongly. Marshall Field also opposed it strongly. One by one the gentlemen present withdrew silently, and the meeting evaporated. "It was terribly mortifying to me," said Mr. Gage. "Afterwards many of the men present came around to me singly, and said they had agreed with me in my views and would have been glad to join in such an appeal, but that in face of the opposition of powerful men like Marshall Field they did not like to do so, as it might injure them in business, or socially, etc."

So nothing was done and Parsons and Spies were hanged.

It was indeed an ugly crisis, calling for clear brain and moral courage. Many were like the millionaire who said to a friend of Lloyd's: "If Gary does n't convict those men the business men will drive him out of the State, and if he does convict them he ought to be driven out. But you know how I 'm situated, I can't afford to say that openly." Through Mr. Lloyd's mind was coursing intense indignation that these few powerless men should be so beset when the great tyrants were unmolested, when the hands of the State itself were not clean. Among his notes are the following:

Shall we be safe in setting—by the State—the precedent of arrest without warrant, search without warrant, and condemnation to death for being "leaders"?

The country is perfectly safe; these men, caged, are entirely at our mercy, a poor miserable handful. No need for panic or passion—we can loosen the tension of a false fright, created by flaring fools, by detectives exaggerating their own importance, by police most of whom have brought to this country the notions of Mitchelstown. . . . The cry of danger to the public is the favourite device of tyrants, says Aristotle. They thus get a bodyguard, next the bodyguard are turned against the people. It is true there was danger to the people—but it came from the very men who raised the cry. I suspect this clatter and fanfaronade about dynamite and anarchism—this obvious attempt of the press to frighten the women—male and female—and the children into fits, . . . —in a world of justice who fears dynamite? . . .

These men are very weak and helpless—as are those for whom however mistakingly they acted. State's attorney Grinnell claims (in summary of testimony about meeting)

that socialists are not to be believed! As if the fact that a man believed in extending to machines, etc., the principles of the post-office incapacitated him from telling the truth.

The worst foreigners are the men who are introducing European continental methods of government by police. . . .

Remarks of Supreme Court.

The Court could infer conspiracy and murder from membership in an international association and for violent insanity of public speeches, but can not infer prejudicial remarks when a bailiff admitted that he "packed the jury."

The Supreme Court can infer accidents, when one hundred to two hundred people are killed as result of consolidation, stock-watering, robbing trusts, but not when an unknown madman throws a bomb; no accident is allowed to break the connection between that and ranting speeches, etc.

As the day for the executions drew near, the pleas, whether for mercy or no mercy, became so numerous that Governor Oglesby, whose conscientious statesmanship was under severe trial, announced that he would devote Wednesday, November 9, to hearing petitions. Mr. Lloyd, who was his personal friend, and Mr. Salter, determined to secure a hearing. In the meantime Lloyd printed appeals which were distributed in business offices. As Governor Oglesby was an old friend of Mrs. Lloyd's father, and had known her from childhood, she decided to go with her husband. As she happened to meet Mr. Medill, he asked whether what he heard could be true, that her husband was going to Springfield to plead for the Anarchists. Upon her assuring him that not only was this true, but that she was to accompany him, Mr. Medill, as her father's

friend, took occasion to warn her against such a disastrous course.

"Do you realise what you are doing, have you and Mr. Lloyd considered how this will influence your future?" he asked. He pictured her father's extreme displeasure, and even predicted that it would result in her being disinherited. He therefore implored her to use her influence to prevent her husband's taking such action.

"Do you suppose that any such consideration will stop Henry Lloyd from doing what he believes is right?" said she.

It was accordingly with a full appreciation of the possible consequences that Lloyd undertook his intercession for the men, and that Mrs. Lloyd accompanied him. On the morning of November 9, the delegation, composed of Mr. Salter, Mr. Lloyd, and S. J. McConnell, was among the first to arrive at the State House. At 9:40 the doors were opened. There were a hundred or more petitioners from various States, and a delegation from the Illinois Legislature to ask for a thirty days' reprieve. The Governor's mail had contained four hundred and fifty letters; telegrams were constantly arriving, some begging clemency, but the majority urging the full execution of the law. Joseph R. Buchanan, in his book, *The Story of a Labour Agitator*, vividly describes the long room and the Governor pacing anxiously as he listened to the pleas. Since the Salter-Lloyd delegation represented neither the Amnesty Society nor any labour organisation, they requested that their petition be considered separately. The Governor consented and a private conference was granted. It was five o'clock before their turn came. Lloyd then made what was deemed a powerful plea,[1] to

[1] See Appendix.

which the Governor listened with deep interest. He confined it to:

A presentment of a skeleton statement of facts which for the most part did not appear in the proceedings in Court, which show:

1. That the words and acts for which these men are sentenced to be hanged grew out of the great labour struggle of our day; and

2. That their circumstances were such that although law and justice demand punishment, justice demands that that punishment shall be less than death.

In general he argued from the side of justice rather than the law, reviewing old evidence and introducing new to show a difference between the legal and the actual import of the case. Among the facts not presented in Court, he offered for the first time the affidavit of Otis S. Favor, giving evidence that the bailiff had selected the jury with the avowed purpose of hanging the men.

Here is a series of events [he said in closing] beginning with an unlawful and fatal attack upon citizens by the police and ending in an unlawful and fatal attack upon the police by some one unknown, both occurrences being episodes in what appears to be growing into the most difficult social readjustment in history. Are there not in the whole chain of events circumstances which make it consistent with justice to lessen the punishment legally decreed?

His manuscript shows that he had in mind to say further:

What then will this bloodshed do but tell the world that power and privilege, culture and ease, will debate in blood the question between them and the poor and un-

privileged, the unlearned and desperate. The fair face of Christ shines through centuries of bloodshed, and says, "Father,——."

But here his pen stopped and this was marked out. The petition printed the day before the execution in the *Chicago Tribune*, where rabid editorials against the condemned had been inflaming the public, revealed to many readers a new view.

Among the Anarchists themselves, Parsons, Lingg, Engel, and Fischer, in spite of the heartrending pleas of their families, refused to ask for less than absolute acquittal, as the only attitude consistent with their innocence. "If the State can afford to put me to death," said Parsons, "I can afford to die." Spies in a noble letter pleaded for the lives of his comrades. J. R. Buchanan, who read it to the Governor, says that the Governor's eyes filled with tears.

> In the name of the traditions of our country [it said] I beg you to prevent a sevenfold murder upon men whose only crime is that they are idealists; that they long for a better future for all. If legal murder there must be, let one, let mine suffice. . . . Take this then; take my life. I offer it to you that you may satisfy the fury of a semi-barbaric mob and save that of my comrades. I know that every one of my comrades is as willing to die, and perhaps more so than I am. It is not for their sake that I make this offer, but in the name of humanity and progress, in the interest of a peaceable, if possible, development of the social forces that are destined to lift our race upon a higher and better plane of civilisation.

As a result of the pleas, and the recommendations of the presiding judge and the State's attorney, Oglesby commuted the sentences of Fielden and Schwab to life

imprisonment. Lloyd personally carried the commutation papers to the men in prison. Those who once heard him tell the story many years later have not forgotten the intense feeling with which he mentioned this fact, saying, "I shall always think more of this right arm for that service."

Whether the political and economic theories of the Anarchists were parallel with his own was not the question. He was reading Herbert Spencer and it is likely that his thorough study of anarchism began at this time. His few notes contain no endorsement of it for present problems, but show the contrary. Although a side of the intellectual agitation preceding the formation of a new social order, he described it as in part the fag end of the system of perfect freedom for individual initiative which was breaking down. To say that he loved the Republic is not to speak empty words. One of his notes reveals his own feeling when it speaks of "that almost suffocating suffusion of emotion in the breast with which we look upon the flag of our country in a foreign land." He saw our courts bending to class vengeance. He realised the coming struggle and looked with horror on this preliminary skirmish of violence and hatred. That he should at such a time experience moments of despondency was natural. I remember his saying: "The American Republic has already ceased to exist. It is rotten before it is ripe." The day after his interview with Oglesby, he wrote:

WINNETKA, Nov. 10, 1887.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I send you by this mail a pamphlet[1] on the anarchists which gives a view of the case in which I coincide for the

[1] Probably Mr. Salter's.

most part. You will easily see that my interest is not at all based on a question of sympathy or sentimentalism.

I will also send you a copy of this morning's *Tribune* containing a summary of my argument before the Governor. The part omitted raises the point that the police dispersed the Haymarket meeting in a manner which is held by some lawyers to have been technically "An act of violence and unlawful." And I asked the Governor whether in remembrance of what they had suffered unlawfully and fatally from the police previously, the attendants of the Haymarket, apprehending that their lives might again be in danger, could not justly be considered guilty of something less heinous than overt and malicious murder, particularly as the State has never yet shown who did throw the bomb nor what his motives were.

My point was simply that all the circumstances raised so fair a question as to whether there was in the minds of the condemned, none of whom threw the bomb, an intent to malicious murder that justice demanded that something less severe than hanging should be the penalty.

If it were possible to do everything I would attempt to rescue the victims of all injustice. I undertook this because the condemned were connected with the agitation of the great social question of our day, of which you know I have been a student. I am on the side of the under dog. The agitators on that side make mistakes, commit crimes, no doubt, but for all that theirs is the right side. I will try to avoid the mistakes and the crimes, but I will stay by the cause.

I am dreadfully tired. I have hardly had a square meal or a good rest for three days. With great love to all, Mother first,

Affectionately,

HENRY.

It will always be remembered that in the stillness of the jail, on the midnight before the execution, Parsons

sang "Annie Laurie." Was it to send a message of calmness and courage over the walls to his comrades? Or was he singing to the ideal of his dreams? Was it humanity perfected, whose "brow was like the snow-drift"? Was it the free man of the future "whose face was the fairest that e'er the sun shone on"? Was this the "bonnie Annie Laurie" for whom he was to lay him down and die?

The next morning, Friday, November 11, Parsons and Spies, Engel and Fischer were hanged—Lingg had suffered a terrible death in prison, supposedly suicide. That was a bitter day. How great was the excitement it is difficult now to imagine. Chicago was in a whirl of powerful counter currents. Sympathisers sorrowed for the men as martyrs. Other factions were in terror. It was rumoured that the jail would be blown up. Corporation offices employed private detectives all day, and many men at the pleading of their wives did not stir outdoors.

For the funeral on Sunday Lloyd wrote verses with the refrain of Parsons's last words on the scaffold: "Let the voice of the people be heard," and I remember as Mrs. Lloyd sat at the piano and the family were singing them to the air of "Annie Laurie," Lloyd wept. He abandoned the idea of using them, fearing to increase the people's feeling. No retaliatory blow was struck. Chicago resumed its normal whirl, and the tragic story soon passed into the gloom of history. But the common people pondered it in their hearts. Its inner truth has never been discovered. Whether the bomb was thrown by one within the labour movement or at the instigation of hostile outsiders wishing to discredit it, remains a mystery. The latter suspicion has not been without many supporters. The effect, however,

was manifest. It suddenly checked the rapid progress of the labour movement, spreading confusion and reaction. "The throwing of the bomb has killed the eight-hour movement," said Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, to Governor Oglesby. One of its legal consequences was the liability, Lloyd said, "that any participant present or absent may be hanged for any word or deed of any person concerned."

At the annual dinner of the Chicago Bar Association a few weeks later, the episode was discussed. Lloyd wrote in his note-book:

. . . Mr. Wirt Dexter is reported to have said at the Bar Association dinner December 27, 1887, responding to the toast, "Why are you a lawyer?": "Let me call your attention to our relation to the State. We [the legal profession] offer the bulwark of a conservative element, in that we believe the State exists by contract. How needful is this bulwark at the present time I need not say, with the deep unrest that exists about us. When men armed with destructive theories seek their enforcement, which would speedily make for us an earthly hell, other professions will expostulate, but the law—and I say it with Judge Gary sitting in our midst—will hang. [Great applause.] I mention his name in obedience to an impulse of the heart too strong to resist, for I don't believe he will ever know how we feel towards him and how we love him." [Applause.]

To this pass then has Democracy come in one hundred years after the vindication by its founders of the "destructive theory" that the "contract" between Great Britain and the Americans had been so broken as to be null and void. Public notice is given by one of our greatest lawyers that those who hold "destructive theories" and "seek their enforcement"—"the law will hang"! The sentiment is received with great applause by the flower of our bar. . . .

Why, every privilege and right that make it possible for the Bar Association to hold its meetings, and for Mr. Dexter to address it, it owes, as we all owe every religious, political, social, industrial, individual right, to our Huguenot, Dutch, Roundhead, Puritan, Protestant, Gothic, Jewish ancestors, who, armed with destructive theories, sought—and achieved—their enforcement.

The first destructive theorist of our race was the incendiary troglodyte who proposed that mankind should cease running promiscuously over the hills like herds of wild dogs, as students of primitive men tell us was the fashion, and should differentiate themselves from tribes into families.

He was certainly condemned to death, and was probably eaten as the *pièce de résistance* on the menu of the annual banquet of the Bar Association of his day.

When Judge Gary responded, the purport of his words was the lightness of the burden of monopoly and the tyranny of labour unions. Lloyd answered in the press,[1] saying in part:

By this speech Judge Gary and the Bar Association, which applauded him to the echo, are egging on the monopolists in their lamentable attempt—sure to fail—to break up the trade-unions in order to force the disunited and helpless workers to make their contracts as "individuals" with employers massed into corporations and unions of corporations with uncounted millions of capital. He and the applauding Bar say to the combinations of capital: "Your offence is light." To the combinations of labour: "We will break you down." . . . The historian of that posterity which, as Howells finely says, "judges the judgments of courts," will pay particular attention to this speech, . . . and will see in it a flood of light pouring backward.

[1] *Chicago Herald*, January 3, 1888. See Appendix.

✣THE CHICAGO TRADE AND LABOR ASSEMBLY✣

regular meeting, Sunday, Nov. 5th, 1893, adopted by an enthusiastic rising vote the following letter by Henry D. Lloyd, and the ned resolutions, and ordered 50,000 copies printed and distributed,

TO AID IN THE DEFEAT OF JUDGE GARY.

By order of the Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly, THOMAS J. MORGAN, Committee.

An Exposure of Judge Gary,

By HENRY D. LLOYD.

"Burden of Monopoly is Light."—*Judge Gary.*

n the rising issue between the people and monopoly that side will vhich has the judges.

As the judges decide, so goes the contest. To enforce their decisall the police of the cities, and all the sheriffs of the counties can ed, and behind them are the militia of the state, and back of them, erve, are the regular army and navy of the United States.

After years of consideration the public demanded and the legislature ed that the abominations of the truck store system must cease, and he great employers must no longer force loans of millions from men men and children, without interest and without consent by olding wages But these laws are not "the law." The judges of upreme Court have found for the benefit of the corporations "a r law" in their ancient and fishy political economy. They set aside nti-truck store law, and the weekly pay-day law. The too-rich naires are made richer, and the million correspondingly poorer, on the say-so of these judges, without appeal, there is an end of ill and welfare of the people.

Along the line of such late decisions as those of Judge Ricks, at lo, and Judge Billings, at New Orleans, lies the good time coming every workman can be pinned to his task, if need be, by a bayonet. udge Gary's public utterances give unmistakable evidence that in risis he is* ...ide of monopoly, and against the people, and ally and most bitterly is he against the organizations of labor.

What can we do to break it down?" he cries of the latter. But burden" of monopoly, he says, "is light."

At the Bar Association dinner December 28, 1887, Judge Gary, as ted from his own manuscript by all the leading daily papers, refer- to what he called "the arrogant assumption of the labor organiis to control the acts of every man who lives by manual labor," e as follows:

"The monopolies of capital are a mischief which calls for a remedy, he burden from them upon the individual is so light as to scarcely lt. Corruption in office adds temporary burden to taxes, and s at elections put the wrong men in office. But none of these evils, s in very rare instances, deprives anybody of the necessities of life. yranny under which labor groans stops industry and takes bread the mouths of hungry women and children. *What can we do to it down?*"

A judge who thinks that the burden of monopoly "is light" will a "light" sentence when pronouncing upon those concerned in moizing the coal, oil, sugar, flour, lumber, salt, gas, street cars, ays and the other "necessities of life" of the people. So, in Buftwo members of the oil monopoly convicted of having conspired to up the works of a rival refiner at the risk of murdering a score of ngmen were sentenced by a judge who thought the burden of poly was "light" to pay a fine of $250 each. But workingmen hose in the Theiss brewery in New York, who distribute circulars g their friends not to patronize an unjust employer, are sent to the entiary for a year.

By this speech, Judge Gary, and the Bar Association which applauded o the echo, egged on the monopolists in their lamentable attempt e to fail—to break up the trades-unions in order to force the disu- and helpless workers to make their contracts as "individuals" with oyers massed into corporations and unions of corporations with nted millions of capital. He and the applauding bar say to the inations of capital: "Your offence is light." To the combinations oor: "*We will break you down.*"

This extenuation on one side, and on the other the passion of the nation: "*What can we do to break it down?*" reveals a prejudice which, in a great social crisis animating the exercise of judicial power, might do incurable mischief.

Enveloped in several passages of Judge Gary's utterances can be traced the unborn outlines of the judicial opinion, fully conceived and waiting for the time of delivery, holding that in case of a conflict between strikers and Pinkertons or other mercenaries of business every member of the trade-union which ordered the strike is guilty of murder if anyone be killed. "The law is (my) common sense," and a few easy strokes of judge-made logic—chop-logic in the days of the headsman; choke-logic in these better times of the gallows—could hang or jail all the members, for instance, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel-Workers at Homestead to the accompaniment of "a universal roar of approval."

In an interview in the daily *Tribune*, of January 21, 1888, on the subject of railway passes, Judge Gary gave utterance to the following views, which throw a search-light on his relations to the railway corporations which are the most powerful and the most constant litigents in our courts.

"I have always accepted passes, and probably always shall. I only regret that I can't get more. The passage and enforcement of the Inter-State Commerce law has ruined all my passes that were good for anything, and I would not give much for a pass that will not take a man outside the State of Illinois. If any one has any suspicion that my possession of these passes is liable to influence my judgment, why they are welcome to such suspicion, that's all. It is unquestionable an abuse, and, as I said before, is only palliated by its being a universal practice. The acceptance of passes is wrong in theory, but very convenient in practice. I intended to go to California next summer, but I don't see how I am going to do so without paying my way beyond the Mississippi River. . . . No, sir; I don't believe a judge was ever influenced by a railroad pass. I am sure I never was, and I have accepted all the passes that were tendered me and only regretted that I did not have more time to use them. You can make that point just as strong as you please."

A railway president, head of one of the most important western roads, Mr. A. B. Stickney, tells very frankly and succinctly in his book on the Railway Problem, that passes are given by the railways, "to legislators, the executive officers, *the judicial officers*, and to all the clerks, and employes of the several departments of state, then to county boards and the various county officials, clerks and employes; then to city and town boards and their various officers, etc., then to that very numerous class known as "political workers," *and finally, to every person supposed to be able to do something to aid a railway company in case of political or judicial emergency, or if not so propitiated, to do harm.*"

In plain English they are ment to be bribes. Let us interpret the velvety word passes into this equivalent. These words quoted above would then read thus:—"I have always accepted bribes, and probably always shall. I only regret that I can't get more. If anyone has any suspicion that my possession of these bribes is liable to influence my judgment, why they are welcome to such suspicion, that's all. It is unquestionably an abuse, and, as I said before, is only palliated by its being a universal practice. The acceptance of bribes is wrong in theory, but very convenient in practice, etc., etc., etc."

Judge Gary's words and example encourage the railways and the whole army of public servants, from the highest to the lowest, to continue the degrading practice of bribe-giving and bribe-taking. Judge Gary sits in the Court of Appeals to set aside the decision of the lower courts in favor of citizens against the steam and street railway corporations.

Therefore, Resolved, By the Trade and Labor Assembly, that we as heretofore resent the putting forward of this man for any public posind as good citizens, wishing to see the law wisely, properly and justly administered, enter our earnest protest against the election of Joseph ry as a judge of any court, and we call upon all our friends, whether within the ranks of organized labor or not, even those who are upon cket with him, to do their utmost to encompass his defeat, in order to show that we are not so subservient as to be at the beck and call of the the monopolists, or our would-be masters.

* This line should read: "this crisis he is on the side of monopoly and against the people, and"

Leaflet Issued by the Chicago Trade and Labor Assembly Reproducing a Letter from Mr. Lloyd.

Mr. Medill's prophecy proved correct. In consequence of their course, the Lloyds suffered the loss of fortune. Between Henry Lloyd and his father-in-law there had always existed sincere respect and affection which made this honest difference all the more painful. Mr. Bross declared that Mr. Lloyd had disgraced the family. The ample fortune was entailed to the grandchildren, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd were not entrusted with the guardianship nor the care of the property of their children, a sting even more keen than the financial loss.

It is sometimes easier to face physical dangers than social contumely. The Lloyds moved in a circle where those who defended the men were regarded by many as advocating immediate, violent revolution. In the press these defenders were called "rattlesnakes," supporters of "anarchy, murder, and riot." When urged to explain, Mr. Lloyd shook his head: "Time will do that." Kind, reverential to others, he was sensitive to antagonism. "I met an old friend yesterday," he said to me at this time, "and he gave me a look of the most intense hatred possible from one human being to another." He was dining in Boston many years later, when the host asked him to relate the story of the Anarchists, which he did. As the party broke up, he was standing between two men, when a member of one of Boston's illustrious families took leave of the man at Lloyd's right, wheeled around back to Lloyd, bade good-bye to the man on his left, and departed without speaking to Lloyd. While this kind of treatment pained him, it never aroused enmity, for his sympathetic imagination made him understand his opponent's feeling. When friends became hostile he said to Mrs. Lloyd: "Do not let us notice or appear to notice any change in them;

they are too good and dear friends to be lost in such a way."

We [Helen Hunt and Susan Coolidge, wrote the latter to Mrs. Lloyd], do not see the matter as you do, . . . but I cannot imagine why any of your friends in Chicago should quarrel with you, . . . or fail to recognise the thorough unselfishness and sincerity of your husband's position. At the same time, for love of him, I could wish that he saw things differently.

Very slim was the packet of friendly letters received by him and always treasured. Among them is one from a neighbour who differed absolutely from him. "I hope," it said, "you will see fit to go to the Club to-night. It is a long walk without good company." Appreciating this little show of friendliness, Lloyd marked on the outside, "After November 11, 1887."

William Clarke wrote from London:

What happened November 11, 1887, was the worst day's work the United States ever did. . . . You will never regret having said a word for justice and mercy while the whole press of America was howling for these men's blood.

Ellen M. Henrotin wrote to Mrs. Lloyd:

I feel personally grateful to Mr. Lloyd for his kindness and gracious consideration toward our poor brothers the anarchists. He did not labour in vain; and I am all the more grateful, . . . as I have not entirely made up my mind. . . . It is a great comfort to me to feel that they were not lost by indecision.

Among the visitors at the home of Mr. Lloyd and of

Captain Black at this time was one who, as it was learned years after, came as a detective.

All passed like a nightmare. A hush followed, but in a year or two sentiment began to change. "I thought I found in Chicago much compunction of conscience on account of those unjust and unnecessary executions," wrote Edwin D. Mead in November, 1889. In 1890 an Amnesty Association was organised to secure the pardon of the survivors, of which Lloyd was a Vice-President and member of the Executive Board. About this time he became the friend of John P. Altgeld, for whom he never ceased to feel a deep veneration. On June 26, 1893, Altgeld, then Governor of Illinois, pardoned the prisoners.

In the *Chicago Herald*, July 10, appeared the following:

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

WINNETKA, ILL., July 7.

Editor of the *Herald:*—Your report this morning of the meeting of the Amnesty Association of Illinois Thursday evening, calls attention to the fact that I was a member of a committee instructed to prepare resolutions of thanks to Governor Altgeld, but was not present at the meeting with my fellow committee men.

Will you kindly allow me to state that my absence was due to an accident. I assisted in the preparation of the resolutions which were adopted, thanking the Governor for the use of his constitutional power as the supreme authority of the State in the administration of the criminal law. In overruling the injustice done by the—as to criminal matters—lower tribunals, including the Supreme Court, the Governor did a much greater thing than an act of justice or mercy to individuals, no matter how greatly wronged. As far as in him lay, he broke the wheels of a judge-made revolution which would deprive the people of trial by juries of their

peers, would put upon the accused the burden in the Russian style of proving themselves to be innocent, would establish a precedent of introducing class distinction in the administration of justice, and in clear defiance of the Constitution would take away the rights of "speaking freely" and meeting in public, and place them at the mercy of the police, who are to tell "by ear" when the people shall speak or keep silence.

HENRY D. LLOYD.

For this act Altgeld suffered pitiless persecution, and whenever possible Mr. Lloyd filled the press with encomiums of one whom he called "a great man." In an interview,[1] among other tributes, he said:

Altgeld knew that for every vote he might gain by pardoning the Anarchists, he would lose two. But his training as a lawyer, and his respect for the forms of law, revolted against the sentences imposed on these men and he felt that he must undo, so far as he could, the wrong committed against them.

The message of pardon, an exhaustive review of the trial, was issued in pamphlet form, but Mr. Lloyd felt that a detailed history of the whole episode should be written and advised Captain Black to do it. He answered (1893):

I have expected that at some time I would write something about the anarchist case for publication; and . . . to so write as to make my appeal directly to the members of my profession, and to challenge, from a legal standpoint, the trial and judgment. . . . The time is perhaps near . . . when this work should be done, either by me or by someone else; but I have doubt as to whether the time is yet fully ripe; and certainly I have not yet reached the point where I have the leisure. . . .

[1] *Boston Herald*, January 12, 1895.

The fact is, as you probably know, my connection with the . . . case left me in debt, without a business and without a clientage, and in a community all of whose wealthy citizens were in active hostility to me. I have had a somewhat uphill struggle in the years that have elapsed . . . and my time and energies have been taxed to the uttermost to make ends meet. . . . Conditions are greatly changed now, I am glad to say. . . .

If I am reasonably successful for the next few years, I shall be in a position where I can take time for this work, and thus gratify a long-restrained desire.

As to the last question you suggest I wish, simply for your consideration, to suggest as follows:

The evidence in the case tended strongly to show that the bomb was thrown at the Haymarket before any overt act of violence, beyond the mere order for the dispersal of the meeting. The law of self-defence is always subject to this limitation, that the act resorted to in self-defence must be only such an act as is reasonably necessary to meet the attack made at the time resort is had to that act. If the throwing of the bomb had been restrained until the police had opened fire upon the meeting (and that was unquestionably their settled determination that night), then the throwing of the bomb would have been perfectly justifiable under the law; but it was an illegal act when thrown in response to the command of dispersal before actual violence against the meeting had been resorted to by the attacking party.

This does not in the least shift from the shoulders of the police the real responsibility for the Haymarket, and even for the throwing of the bomb. This was the first unlawful act, committed at a time and in a manner, under existing conditions, that gave assurance to every rational mind of violent resistance. No rule of law is better settled than that he who commits an illegal act is responsible for all the consequences of the illegal act that were reasonably to be expected to flow therefrom.

I want to say to you here and now, for reasons which are cogent with me, I have always had great doubt as to whether that bomb was thrown by an anarchist at all; as to whether it was not thrown by a police minion, for the purpose of breaking up the eight-hour movement.

In the closing days of the century, when the *London Times* wished an article on "Anarchism in America" for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Lloyd was asked to write it, treating briefly the recent incidents connected with the Chicago Anarchists. "It is rather remarkable," he said, "that I of all men should be chosen to write this, but straws show which way the wind blows, and some day the world will see this thing as I do." Among other authorities, he consulted Altgeld, who wrote:

. . . I will gladly do anything I can to assist you. My impression is that you will find all the data you want in my message granting the pardons, and call your attention to the documents I quote which show the police brutality some days before and up to the Haymarket riot: The probability that some private individual threw the bomb as an act of revenge—The presence of the Mayor at the Haymarket meeting and its peaceable character and peaceful dispersion until Bonfield came to do some more clubbing—The statement of Chief of Police Eberhard that Captain Schaack wanted to have some bombs hid around so as to get the credit of discovering them, etc.—The fact that the State never found out who threw the bomb and therefore failed to connect him in any way with the defendants, some of whom were not at the meeting at all—The fact that the jury was packed and the ferocious prejudice of the Judge.

If the prosecution did know who threw the bomb it was unwilling to reveal the identity—which is a suspicious circumstance. At all events until they did show some con-

nection between him and the defendants there was a failure of proof. To my mind the police brutality preceding the Haymarket meeting is most important as it furnishes an explanation and a motive. Prejudice of Gary is important because it accounts for the result of the trial. You will also see that the Supreme Court subsequently reversed the rule in regard to the qualification of jurors. The public fury which was worked up by the newspapers is also important.

The article when published was brief, and "conspicuous," said Lloyd, "for what was left out."

From this chapter in the people's struggle, he received a life lesson. In his note-book for 1887 he wrote, as if making a vow:

"Let the voice of the people be heard,"
The voice of the people shall be heard.

CHAPTER VI

"THE NEW CONSCIENCE"

IN the peace of his study, Lloyd pondered over the tragedy. His thoughts were chronicled in a manuscript of great beauty, not published. It said in part:

These men have died in vain, unless out of their death come a resurrection and a new life. . . . They have been killed because property, authority, and public believed that they came to bring not reform but revolution, not peace but a sword. . . . The instinct that will make the gentlest mother fight for her young is not a fiercer than that with which established institutions will fight for vested rights.

These men did not hold themselves blameless for the fright which frenzied those who have taken their lives. The sun of freedom never sets. The history of mankind is a history of emancipation. The serf unfolds from the captive, the workman rises out of the serf, and out of the workman is born the citizen. . . .

The words show that he interpreted the tragedy as a phase of the new love which was forcing its way over the earth—a love which while it forbids oppression "forbids not less that those who are wronged should do wrong in revenge."

If the people can agree upon what they want, they can get it all by their power as men and citizens; if they are

agreed those who would like, as wicked oligarchies of hate have done, to cheat them of it by force will be helpless.

If they are not agreed, the people can not get what they want either in peace or by force.

The heart of man can not withstand the gentle force of love. Let the apostles of the new love, like those of the old love, taking no thought of the morrow, having no stones and no slings, go forth among mankind to found the new church of love—the church of deed not of doctrine. The new love like the old love will bring upon them storms of hate, persecutions will drink martyrs' blood. The new emancipation will overspread the earth. It will conquer not by the blows it gives but by those it takes. The love it bears to the weak and lowly and oppressed will shake the new tyrants of the industrial world out of their vested rights as surely as the gentle words of Jesus and Socrates drove the lords of the political world out of their divine rights. Passions of the moment may once and again run blood, but the blood will only make the grass greener and the harvest more golden.

After this experience he took his place on the side of the working men. He now said to many people:

In all issues the principle of but one side can be right. The working man is often wrong, but his is always the right side.

He had before this episode been weighing the problem of the use of force. The force of the government he said in 1886 is on the side of the monopolists, but the oppressed classes possessing free speech, free press, and the vote can use legal force and by winning over the majority of the people get possession of the government. He had experimentally sketched in his notes[1] a code of immediate remedial measures:

[1] Note-book, 1886.

Enrolling and licensing all workers each in his trade, classifying industries into guilds, compelling all contracts for employment to be made with guild, making guild responsible for breach of contract, preventing monopoly by providing for instruction—technical—in public schools and giving graduates place in licensed trades. Unskilled labourers could be protected by law that no dismissal or reduction should be made except under cognisance of some representative of state—specially qualified officials could be created for that purpose. A day-labourer's day labour is as much his property as his employer's capital. Both should be protected. If either should be preferred, the former, because his life and others' lives are at stake.

The force of state can be used against capitalistic slave-drivers, by reforming taxation, so that stocks and bonds and corporate property, etc., shall pay all its proportion. Also by controlling or confiscating all lines of transportation, all common carrier business thereon. Since all wealth and property are control of lives of others, to buy railroads from existing owners and give them cash or bonds in place would only shift their slave-holding power from one quarter to another. Hence confiscation with workhouse relief for stockholders, at least as good as has been given to working men; also by system of pensions to disabled or aged workmen; also by explicit laws against all forms of fraud and adulteration; also by stringent regulation of immigration, etc.; also by fully proportionate, if not progressive, income tax; also by extension of civil-service system, so that preference shall be given in appointment of graduates of public schools; also by unconditional repeal of all laws giving special privilege in banking, currency, etc., transportation, etc., to any; also by repeal of all forfeitable land grants, and taxation—heavy—of all unused grants and idle lands; also by prohibition of all child and wife labour; also by universal eight-hours law; also by enforcing to full the police prohibition of all letting of unhealthy and unsafe tenements, and by complete sanitary code with penalties upon landlords

(not tenants) who violate; also by making it murder, manslaughter, mayhem, according to degree, when employé is hurt by defective or improperly guarded machinery; also by extending guild system, with state supervision to all combinations of merchants, manufacturers; also by putting all expenses of printing, and distributing tickets, etc., at polls upon state; also by expropriating everything like gas, water, heat, etc., which can be made communal; also by adopting Swiss Referendum; also by making justice cheap by reducing cost and time and by multiplying judges to the number necessary to keep dockets down; by providing for furnishing printed copies of laws at cost or less to all registered citizens, and by appointing officers to answer most questions which now can be got answered only by end of long and costly lawsuits; also by treating all property as public, to the extent of being taxed and being enrolled when necessary. Also by confiscatory, and inquisitorial taxation of all lines of luxury—on pain that no man has a right to make his fellow work for his pleasure, when others need that they should work for their lives; also by complete reconstruction of our great cities. By guaranteeing every one against starvation and exposure. It is less disgraceful for one in need to accept food and shelter than for a rich schemer to accept millions.

Ruin present moated and buttressed fortunes till as little is left of them as of the great fortresses, of which now only piles of stone on the hilltops of France and Germany remain.

Also by defining by law what are betrayals of trust by lawyers, Congressmen, judges, etc., directors, and forbidding them and providing measures for preventing and punishing them. Also by appropriating money for enabling guilds to go into the manufacturing business; also by limiting lives of all corporations. Also by adding to the system of Labour Reports a system of Health Reports, making it the special duty of the Health Officers to report on preventable causes of death and disease, and arranging so far as

possible summary means (injunction or mandamus) for arresting those who violate maxim to use their own so as not to injure another.

By adding to Health and Labour Reports, Industrial Reports giving new arts, processes, inventions, etc., and supplied at cost to all applicants.

By national technical and art schools. . . .

By regulation of St. Ex. (Stock Exchange?)

By providing work on roads, etc. . . .

After the anarchist tragedy the problem of resistance by force was pressing still closer for settlement. There was no doubt, he wrote in his notes, that the divinest have always sought their victories by the force of mind, not matter, but it was equally true that the changes wrought by them had always been accomplished by bitter strife. Such questions would, he believed, have to be conscientiously decided as they arose, with a full acceptance of the consequences. The choice is always one of comparative good. The utmost fate allows is that we move to a point better than where we stand. "There is only one evil greater than reform by force,—the perpetuation, the permanence of injustice."

On a Sunday in February following the execution he addressed the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture on "The New Conscience." It was three years since he had been heard, and now over a city where men stood glaring as foes his voice arose with a message of brotherhood. His words contained no rebuke to labour. They were full of warning to the masters, of reproach to the priests, judges, employers, economists, who were upholding the tyranny of our industries. He said that the tie which to-day bound the working men to their employers was one of force and injustice. "Once it was the force of the warrior, now it is the force of the

capitalist. . . . The ancients bought and sold men; we buy and sell the heart-beats only." Against this modern slavery a new conscience was declaring that the labour is the labourer: "If you shall not buy the whole man, you shall not buy or sell part of a man." All the great emancipations of history had been revolts against such ties and had begun with the "still small voice" speaking in obscurity. To-day this voice was heard not in church, state, or the seats of culture, but in the aspirations of the working men for a fuller, freer life. He summoned an imaginary delegation from the Money Power,—the Merchant Prince, the Lawyer, the Railroad King,—and pictured each one's loud self-defence answered by the gentle voice of the New Conscience: "Where is thy brother?"

Thus before a community where the workers' cause had but lately been reviled, he clothed it with majestic import. He was not speaking the popular word that Sunday morning. This was the teaching which those whom he called "our good and brave business men and their college professors" were trying to stifle. Judge Gary had warned the Bar Association of the tyranny of labour. Lloyd's words that morning were eloquent with the danger of the tyranny of capital, of those who without conscience were controlling the liberties of our markets and would, if unchecked, come to control all our other liberties. To Chicago still trembling from the fear of revolution he said that this new conscience urging its way through the labour movement was not revolution, it was the remedy. The revolution had already been accomplished by the new industry with its gospel, that you can do anything with your fellowmen provided you do it in the market. He left no uncertainty as to where lay the use of force. "Monopoly is force,"

he said. The press had terrified the people with descriptions of hostile conspiracies. Lloyd turned their fears in another direction: "The practical work of to-day is to abolish the cannibals of competition, warriors of supply and demand, tyrants of monopoly, monsters of the market, devourers of men, women, and children, buyers and sellers of life." But the cries of those contending in the markets were, he said, to blend into the strains of a widening freedom. "Let those who are great because others are small—let those who are happy because others are wretched—let those who are rich because others are poor—listen out of their golden security for the crier of the new conscience. His voice foretells a new day." Down among the poor and lowly he said was arising "the greatest cause in history." The social ferment meant a new heaven and a new earth. "How much wiser to discuss it than to hang it." To settle its problems the only profundities needed were the simplest elements of justice, freedom, and love.

> A new mankind has been conceived and will be born—a winged beauty out of the earth-measuring worm—which will not know force, and fraud, and hatred, and will let love, their natural tie, bind men and nations together.

In this masterpiece he struck his keynote, that every question between man and man is a religious one, and he forecast the functions of the new church, "a church of the deed as well as of the creed" which shall include all social, political, and industrial activities. He first foreshadowed his conception of mankind as man's redeemer, which was to hold an ever-increasing place in his thoughts:

> A church which will worship God through all his sons

made in his image, through a mediator, Mankind, which, having suffered all and sinned all, can sympathise with all and will carry all the weak and weary ones safe in its bosom.

Thus Lloyd spoke his faith. The good waves from his message, which was full of new thinking, spread far beyond Chicago and that moment of time. The *North American Review* published it in September, 1888. It was copied in Henry George's paper. Mr. Lloyd read it in London to the Fellowship of the New Life,[1] afterwards the New Fellowship, the parent of the Fabian Society. It was printed by them in pamphlet form, and went through several editions. Many who had watched his development now believed that he was destined for great work. "The message you preach strikes again on the ears of Americans 'like a fire-bell in the night,'" wrote one. Among other letters he received the following:

CHICAGO, June 3, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. LLOYD:

I have read your pamphlet on *The New Conscience* and cannot resist saying to you that I would rather be the author of one such article than to hold any office in the gift of the American people. It will do more for the cause of humanity and will bring a greater meed of fame to its author than would a lifetime of the average high office-holding.

Accept my congratulations and go on with your work. The future will know you and coming generations of suffering humanity will rise up and bless you.

With best regards,

Your obt. servant,

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

[1] For an account of the Fellowship of the New Life, see the *Memorials of Thomas Davidson* by William Knight (T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1907).

His thoughts were now filled with the problem "almost astronomical in its breadth and height," towards which he was feeling a large measure of individual responsibility. The conviction that the matter was at base an ethical one grew into a purpose. His highest aim became to write a book on the new religion. Never was there a time in history, he said, when the rising discontent more urgently called for spiritual guidance. His talk began to reflect his meditations. His note-books grew almost to volume size. But he did not attempt to publish them. He turned the questions in his mind, and closed his manuscript in his desk.

He was swinging far away from old moorings, but only to strive for a new piety. "Tell Father, "he wrote to his mother, "he has not read me right if he thinks I have meant to say anything against religion. I hold religion sacred, though I believe it to be progressive. My criticism is against the church, which as long as it is composed of men will deserve, and should piously profit by, all the discipline it gets." "The Commonwealth—a truly Christian State," he wrote to a friend, "must be the religious institution of the future instead of the individualistic or corporate church of to-day." He said we must have courage to throw away the dead forms both of church and state. To the Rev. Quincy L. Dowd, Congregational minister of Winnetka, he wrote:

As to "why I do not join the church," I will answer briefly, and without any attempt to give systematic form to the ideas that occur to me, nor will I waste your time and mine by inventing phrases of complaisance.

1.—I grew tired of the church, compelled as a child to go to church twice on every Sunday, to Sunday-school, to the weekly prayer-meeting, and to hear "worship" at

home every morning and evening, besides two prayers at each meal, one before and one after, with a great deal of well-meant exhortation between times, and an occasional funeral and anniversary meeting. I got to listening less and less, and finally not at all. When I became my own master I ceased to go. . . .

2.—The church now appears to me to have become unpractical, formal, devoted to the show of creed, doctrine, and ceremony, rather than to the exposition of the real truth which, though through a glass darkly, I catch glimpses of, all through nature and humanity, welling up continually fresh and beautiful, ceaseless dawns of new days. The church preaches the Hebrew bible; to me all good books are bibles. It preaches one Son of God, incarnate; I believe all men are, so far as they do what they can to realise the divinity within, sons of God incarnate. Whatever the theory may be, the church seems to me to exhaust its energies of prayer, worship, faith, by going through certain forms and programmes, statedly, and in addition doing a little charity, or we will say, a great deal, and living the respectable virtues. This seems to me to fall as far short, both in theory and practice, of the religion demanded by to-day, as the religion of the Pharisees (although of divine origin as you define this) fell short of the religion demanded by the wider life of the times of him who brought the new religion. For people who have heads to know with, and hearts to feel with, to consider it worshipping God to sing, pray, and listen to sermons, while all about them from the world without the church windows rise the cries of those who are being plundered, murdered, betrayed, seems to be, to me, in truth atheism, not piety. To me religion appears to be living the ideal life, or as you would say, doing the will of God, in all departments of life, physical, mental, moral, social, individual. Practically, the church makes it—barring some charity work—but little more than the indulgence of a sweet habit of remittent periods of emotional fervour, and meditation, with accessories of song,

stained glass, plush cushions, and eloquence. The world cries to-day as never before for a Deliverer, and a religious Deliverer, but he can not come out of such a church as I see about me.

3.—The church I find preaches a gospel of non-resistance, brotherliness, faith in God, which it not only fails to realise, for which no other sinner would have a right to blame it, but which it does not even pretend to practise. It ought to abandon this double policy.

4.—The church has so far adopted the economic ideas of the age of trade—in competitive pew rents, paid preachers, etc.,—that it is dependent for its support on those men who are making the money, and (therefore?) does not attack their sins, although these go to the very root of the social and individual disorders of our times. Trade, or business, has now become a system by which the powerful are those who best organise wholesale lying, theft, killing, Sabbath-breaking, idolatry, covetousness, but against these Cyclopean transgressors of the Ten Commandments the church is silent. There is a new love of God, a new sense of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man growing up in the hearts of mankind which revolts irreconcilably against having one brother live in the slums, another on the Boulevard, one under a death-rate twice that of the other. But, as far as I can observe, the church of to-day finds it as impossible to extend—in actuality—the Fatherhood of God from the well-to-do to both rich and poor, employer and employed, as the Judaistic church did to extend it from the Jew alone to both Jew and Gentile.

5.—I do not join the church because I have had the misfortune to find both among clergy and laity a great hard-heartedness, and lack of sense of justice—from my point of view—in the consideration of the great wrongs inflicted on the poor by the rich. The things done daily to the children, the sewing-women, the miners of Spring Valley, Pennsylvania, Ohio, are passed by in silence by the church. It preaches "Thou shalt not steal," but withholds its

anathemas from those who by wholesale and of set purpose steal from whole classes of the people all that they have of home, life, liberty, time for salvation. If the church can not advance from the decalogue of old sins—of old definition of sins, which are ever taking on new forms—to the decalogue of new definitions, if it can not expand to contain the new love of God and Man which seeks a Mediator to-day, it must give place to those who will and can do so.

As he now watched Labour forming into ranks he saw the beginnings of the new brotherhood for which the ages had been preparing. He gave it a name: "The Brotherhood of Man will not be complete until a new nation is added to the constellation of the people—the International Nation. We will call it the Internation."

He had reached the conviction that between capital and the people, with the farmers and working men in the van, was a conflict "irreconcilable and irrepressible"; that as slavery had gone, "the wages system must go. . . Because the heart of man has grown too tender to endure the miseries of the wages system. . . Because the victims of the power of others, under the wages system, are becoming too strong to remain such victims. They can read and think; they vote in almost all countries; they will not remain in a condition of disadvantage continued, if not imposed, without their consent, *i.e.*, by force and fraud. . . Because history proves that these ills are the results of the system. Because there is an intelligence at work which has outgrown the sophistries (though once wisdoms) on which the system is founded and this intelligence must issue in action." Labour was now striving to enter the legislatures, and he was proposed as candidate for the entire anti-monopoly forces. He believed that labour should use its assured political rights to win new industrial rights.

It should listen to its opponents' advice, he said, and do the opposite. "The capitalist class are anxious today for nothing so much as that the working man shall not go into politics. . . It teaches one that politics is just where the working man had better go, and go at once and go to stay. When Labour or the people get real leaders, they will march it, not only into political association, but religious association; the right to these has been won, and these steps must be mounted in order to mount higher." He was nominated for Congress by the Union Labour Party for the 4th Chicago district in September, 1888.

His labours against the land rings, his many appeals to the American people through the great reviews and magazines, and his active interest in the cause of labour and a better distribution of its product, at the expense of private interest and connections, have endeared him to millions of humble hearts [said the *Chicago Herald*].

In answer to a request for his attitude, he telegraphed to the *Chicago Herald:* "I cherish the honour of a nomination by the working men whether elected or not, and if elected I shall be proud to serve for them."

The Democrats asked that he be also their candidate, but when his acceptance bore the condition, I will not make one speech or spend one cent," they did not nominate him. In his notes he wrote that the men who spend money to carry elections are the kind who part with money to get money—"big money"—back. Because of his failure to make the ordinary electioneering efforts his campaign was called "Walking for Congress," and needless to say resulted in defeat.

His health was returning. "For the past year," he wrote in 1888, "it has been impossible even for me to

doubt that my feet were touching firm ground again." He was being pressed to write. "They are trying to make me write fast," he said, "*but they will not do it.*" He added to his friendships that of Thomas Davidson, and was reading Wendell Phillips, Mazzini, and Karl Marx. He wrote to John Swinton, whom he called "the greatest patriot in New York," suggesting that he collect Wendell Phillips's speeches on the labour question:

> . . . A silent conspiracy endeavours to hush up his last and greatest utterances, and I should like to see it defeated. Of all the anti-slavery leaders he alone saw that its work built but the vestibule of the real temple. I thought of him always as the greatest orator of his day, but his discovery of the continuity of the abolition movement and the labour movement mark him as the greatest social thinker. And as I have lately heard on indisputable authority, because he lifted his voice for the poor white slaves. Charles Eliot Norton persuaded James Russell Lowell to leave out of his recent volume of verses a sonnet he had written to Wendell Phillips! Ye Gods, think of that!

He was being urged by Richard T. Ely and by his brother Demarest to reprint his magazine essays, but he said that he did not like to look back, preferring to press forward to the prize of a higher calling. He was now consecrated to a holy cause—the crusade to make men brothers in the market. This aim shot its radiance through every subsequent act. Only by its light can be understood his intensity and exaltation in even minor moments of industrial strife.

CHAPTER VII

THE STORY OF SPRING VALLEY

IT was characteristic of Lloyd that when he became convinced of the need of a new ethical enthusiasm and faced the task of sharing in its generation, he should plunge into the people's struggles. In the patient gathering of facts was to be found the new truth. It was impossible, he had said in 1879, to secure the attention of the people for a philosophical interpretation of the evils; they must learn of them by experience; until the underlying facts were collected and collated, it was too soon for any philosophy; history was not philosophy teaching by example, but example teaching philosophy. He now wrote (note-book, 1888):

> Those students in advance who have investigated through the evils of our present social system, and feel themselves ready to go forward to construct a new and better system, must halt till they have so instructed the multitude that they may have a following which will make their forward synthesis a success. They must in other words give up the luxury of dreaming for the duty of informing and inspiring the people, through whom alone can the new society be made possible.

Thus he stored his philosophy in note-books, and gathered "economic news." The "Money Power" was everywhere attempting to break the labour unions.

In 1889 Illinois became the scene of a death-dealing combat to that end, in Spring Valley and its rich coal mines. On one side stood corporations representing $500,000,000, while on the other were miners with wives and children, bearing on their gaunt faces a look of bewilderment, "wondering why they must die."

Back in 1884 the "enterprise" had started. Fields covering the coal were bought from "uninformed farmers," a city map drawn, alluring advertisements circulated, and agents sent abroad. As men of the best business talent of the country were leaders, lots sold well and in six months two hundred thousand dollars had been realised on land costing less than twenty thousand. Thrifty and intelligent miners, picked men of the country, attracted by the promise of "steady work," settled there, many selling their homes to reinvest their all in Spring Valley. The coal fields were extended and tradesmen, clergymen, doctors came, until there were 5000 people, and the estate became the largest of any coal mining company in the world. Full of faith the miners bought lots on monthly payments and built homes, getting their material from the company. Thus began bright days. But there was one cloud. No matter how hard they worked, they could not make the wages promised. Their accounts at the month's end after deducting the bill at the company's store, the payment on the lots, the cost of oil and sharpening of tools, showed little or no surplus.

One day shortly before Christmas, 1888, without warning, with no whisper of strike from the union into which the men had organised, the company told one third of the miners to take away their tools and not return. They had been earning just enough to keep alive and were now kept from starving by the generosity of

those still at work. "The whole population," said Lloyd, "staggered through that winter as best they could." In April, again without notice, the remaining workers were locked out and the company's store closed. Then began slow starvation. The men scattered over the country for work, the women finally went out with their babies to beg. Within a month it was necessary to appeal to the country for help. In vain did the miners write asking how they could get work. No answers came; the company's office, said Lloyd, stared out through its two plate-glass eyes and said nothing. In vain did they send committees from their union offering to arbitrate any trouble; they were told that never again would they be dealt with except individually. Eviction notices were then served upon those in the company's houses and threatening reminders given of a power to wipe out the town. These measures were intended to prepare them to submit to an offer which came in August to abandon their union and accept thirty-five cents a ton where they had been getting ninety. This offer, said Lloyd, had the distinction of being the lowest yet made for American labour. Upon their indignant refusal the company prepared to close the mines indefinitely. The town was fast becoming deserted.

The public had become aware of the trouble through the press, but had been erroneously informed that it was a strike instead of a lockout. When as summer closed distressing stories became more frequent, they were touched with pity, and despite the company's slander that the miners preferred charity to work, sent carloads of provisions. Without this the miners must have perished.

In September, Lloyd went to learn the facts at first

hand. As a result he published, through the Associated Press, an appeal for help. "There are thousands," he said, "suffering there from want of food, clothing, medicine, and sympathy." "A battle of five thousand with death, . . . a cemetery of the living," he called it. A fortnight later he went again for a prolonged stay to make a thorough study. He distributed boxes of shoes, stockings, quinine, and food, which he had solicited in Chicago. He visited the miners' homes, took note of the children's scanty clothes and bare feet, stood by the bedsides of the sick, saw that they had a doctor and medicine. He talked with the Belgian and French women, heard their homesick tones: "Oh, Monsieur, see how we live. It was better at home. If we could only get back." Many an errand of mercy he performed, but charity was not his aim. He became a warm friend of Father John F. Power, the priest, who said later: "His genuine sympathy and encouraging words were of great help to me when times were dark indeed. . . ." He visited the schools, public and Catholic, heard from the teachers of the children's hunger, and talked with the children. He called upon the mayor, the editor, the clergymen, and all the doctors, gathered the sad statistics from the undertakers, asked the postmistress how far afield the miners had gone, examined the post-office records and computed how much money they were sending back to their wives. He learned from officials the cost to the county of the militia needlessly sent, to what extent the company was dodging its taxes, the prices at which it bought and sold its lands. He got the miners' stories from their own lips, asked to see the contracts by which they were buying their land, examined their monthly balances. He heard the paymaster's story. He interviewed the

manager of the company and asked him why he had decreed the destruction of the miners' union. He became convinced that the catastrophe was not the effect of competition forcing mine-owners to reduce wages, but of militant greed voluntarily plotting for "more." He endeavoured to secure the intervention of Archbishop Feehan to end the trouble, and worked to have the public correctly informed:

I spent this afternoon among the newspaper offices here [he wrote from Chicago to Father Power in October] explaining to the editors the great unfairness of practically all their despatches from Spring Valley. Without exception, they all—except the *News*, which I did not have time to visit—agreed to instruct their correspondents in future to take pains that the men's side, as well as the company's side, should always be given. This I hope will do some good. . . .

Whatever Scott[1] does I suppose the ruin of the community as it once existed is complete. That has been broken up for ever, whatever may take its place. It makes me boil with rage to think of it. If the business men and other "middle class" people of Spring Valley have not the wit and virtue and bravery to see, feel, and say to Mr. Scott, and the world, that the miners' cause is their own, and that the miners have been treated throughout with cruelty and duplicity, they will deserve their fate. If they would make common cause even now with the working men much might be saved out of the wreck. Scott could not carry out his evictions against a united town, for the country, and then the State, would take the business men's view. . . .

I saw my friend, Mr. Darrow, yesterday and he says he will come down if needed. He is one of our best young lawyers, . . . and a zealous friend of the working men. . . . Telegraph me at once if trouble threatens. And by the way,

[1] William L. Scott, President of the Spring Valley Coal Company.

to cover any attempt in the S. V. office to delay your despatch, state in it the time you send it. . . .

The working men, the business men, the coal miners of the rest of the State, and the citizens generally should resist by every means possible the consummation of Scott's iniquity. The miners in Penn., La Salle (Illinois), should be dissuaded from marching to S. V., but their attentions and energies should be directed to peaceful means of getting Scott's new men to give up work by visiting them, explaining the state of affairs, and promising them support. Telegrams should be sent Scaife, McBride, and all other leaders to tell the miners elsewhere to keep away. I shall very likely come to S. V. in a day or two. . . .

When he had unearthed the truth, he gave the story to the people. It occupied four columns of the *Chicago Herald* for November 13, 1889, and took the form of an open letter "to certain rich men," the owners of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, the Spring Valley Coal Company, the Spring Valley Town Site Company, and the North-Western Fuel Company, as many as possible of whom he named. He charged that a common personality ran through all these companies and that the whole affair with its misery and death was a deliberate conspiracy. He would have addressed the stockholders as well by name, each of whom he declared was responsible.

So far as the public know, not one of you, the directors, not one of you, the stockholders, in whose name and for whose profit the campaign of starvation and slander was carried on, has disavowed or discouraged it. . . . Not one of you, so far as known, sent a word of sympathy, or a mouthful of food, to the thousands who were being ground to powder by your agents for your benefit. Just who you are, accessories of the original willing sinners, the people

cannot learn, for the names of the stockholders of our public corporations are kept in closest secrecy as one of the prerogatives of the private ownership of public highways.

He told of the working of this "conspiracy," relating the "booming of the town," by luring there "the workmen without the sweat of whose brow you could not eat bread." Many of them he said were intelligent men able to discuss the theories of Henry George, Spencer, or Darwin. He described the terms on which they were obliged to buy lots and build, whereby in case of failure to make any payment, they forfeited all back payments and the lot. The forfeiture could be declared without notice to the miner and without allowing him any legal opportunity to defend.

Upon inquiring among these trusting men for copies of the deeds or contracts executed between the seller and these simple-minded buyers, I cannot find any. But I do find cases in which the company sold lots without giving the working man who bought a shred of a title to attest his rights. Taking sometimes 33 per cent. of the price in cash, it charged them with the balance, and took part of their pay every month to wipe it off. All that such buyers had to show for their money and title were a receipt and an entry on the books, and what is an entry worth when it is in the books of men who deal thus with poor and inexperienced "brothers"? Not one of you would buy ten cents' worth of land in that way.

"But the miners were brave-hearted," said Lloyd, "they loved to have homes of their own," and so ventured into such agreements because of their faith in the "steady employment" promised. He then related "the dooming of the town," the closing of the mines as Christmas was coming, when "the gentlemen of many

millions, sitting under brilliantly illuminated Christmas trees in joyous mansions in Chicago, Erie, St. Paul, New York, by a click of the telegraph, made a present of midwinter disemployment to one third of 'their' town"; then the closing of all the mines, and the agent's threat to keep them closed if necessary "until the grass grows in the streets."

You who own the coal company could afford even a longer idleness. Time cannot take away your coal, nor your lots, nor the railroads, but it began, the day after the lockout, to eat away the hearts and homes, souls and bodies, loves and lives of the poor ones from whom you had determined to steal the $20,000,000 by the brute force of your millions and monopolies.

The public had been told that the men had struck. "Yes, it is a strike," said Lloyd, "but it is a strike of millionaires against miners." He portrayed their pitiful poverty, saying that the last thing any working man will do is to beg. To the rich men he said:

Don't you believe that they love their wives and children as you love yours? That their hearts sink as yours would, when, without warning, they are dispersed penniless into strange parts for work, leaving wives and babies behind, perhaps to starve?

He related the campaign of slander, whereby public sympathy was barred from coming to the miners' side. He rolled up figures of the 4000 per cent. profit that was to be reaped. All this he declared—and in his words spoke "the new conscience"—"was a conspiracy with a dreadful purpose, namely, to buy brothers below cost."

All the clever columns of assorted statistics, mystifying

talk about competitive fields, railway discriminations, "junction points," jargon about "brushing" and slanderous charges that the men would rather live on charity than work, —you having yourselves taken away their work and made them beggars—all simmer down to this: You made commercial war on them, their wives and children, to add to your millions at the risk of misery, disease, and death to them.

I have selected the story of Spring Valley for narration because I have come to know it; not because there was anything there in your conduct as capitalists and corporations specially worse than what has been done elsewhere. On the contrary, I believe, from my investigations, that the case of Spring Valley is fairly representative of the relations between miners and mine-owners throughout the country—and that is the worst feature of it all. If Spring Valley were exceptional, we could dismiss it as a mere aberration of the commercial conscience of some particularly depraved pot-hunter, and let it go. But when, by reading official documents like the reports of the Ohio legislative committee of 1885 on the Hocking Valley strike, the report of the congressional committee of 1887 on the coal strikes in Pennsylvania, and other authorities, we come to realise that Spring Valley is but one case out of a multitude—but one pustule of a disease spread through the whole body—we begin to get an idea of the seriousness of our social condition.

Having thus published the truth, he did not relax. When he found that the company, on re-opening, broke its pledges by compelling miners to abandon their union, refusing to re-employ union officials or those who helped in the relief work, he published the news in an Associated Press despatch on Thanksgiving Day (1889). It was received with indignation throughout the coun-

try. William L. Scott sent out a reply, but because of its angry personalities the Associated Press declined to circulate it. It was however admitted in one paper[1]: "This man Lloyd," it said in part, " is a conscienceless liar, and is responsible for most of the falsehoods that have been published concerning the state of affairs at Spring Valley." Lloyd felt badly over this insult, but said in answer to his father's letter of sympathy, "I feel a great deal more sorry for Scott than for myself." He replied in the press,[2] sustaining his statement, doing so "that the public may know what means are being employed to terrorise and impoverish the working people." He decided to give wider circulation to his Spring Valley article.

"After I have drawn the fire of the adversaries," he wrote to Father Power, "and found where the article needs change, correction, etc., I shall publish it as a pamphlet." Accordingly in February, 1890, *The Strike of Millionaires Against Miners* was published by the Belford-Clarke Company. "My first and worst book," he called it then. His recognised integrity, his position as an impartial outsider, gave unanswerable force to the arraignment. He added ringing words, danger signals:

> The business men should make common cause with the working men. Only by such a co-operation can the country be saved from the catastrophe toward which its rights, prosperity, and liberties are being hurried by the greed and lust of a small body of the richest and most dangerously disloyal men popular government has ever been threatened by.

He still believed it possible to influence the oppressors:

[1] *New York Times*, December 1, 1889, p. 1, column 4.
[2] *New York Herald*, December 14, 1889, " Blacklisted Miners."

Political economy gives you private property only that the interest of all may be served by your self-interest; the law gives you your franchises and estates only for the general welfare and the public safety; religion holds you to be only stewards of your riches. If you usurp for your private profit all these trusts and grants, if you withdraw yourself from serving and protecting the public and take to oppressing and plundering them from your points of vantage, you will but repeat the folly of your mediæval exemplars whose castles now decorate a better civilisation with their prophetic ruins.

In the anarchist case he had seen conspiracy laws enforced against working men. He said now that the poor and lowly should no longer have a monopoly of "conspiracy," but that such things as the millionaires did at Spring Valley would be made conspiracy by law as soon as the people grasped their meaning. Since the contracts made with the men were not free contracts, he raised an interesting question as to the miners' claims, saying that they had a valid one for the unpaid difference between what they had received and what they ought to have received; that this claim could be made legal the moment the people made themselves in reality their own rulers. "If the millennial day ever comes when those unjust men are mulcted to restore to the people what they have filched from them, they will deserve no pity."

Although leading journals of the country called for a statement of the millionaires' side, the company kept silent. When nearly a year after the re-opening of the mines Lloyd found the conditions worse than ever, he urged the publication in the Spring Valley *Gazette* of a summary of the further oppressions and indignities, and arranged for its reaching the press, offering to

send 450 copies to leading editors and reformers, and to pay for distributing 300 more. He wrote to Father Power:

Aug. 18, 1890.

. . . I have had it borne in upon me from the beginning that this Spring Valley affair was going to be a crucial case —a *cause célèbre*, as the French say,—one of the supreme illustrations of the folly and cruelty of the old order which must pass away.

You, it seems to me, as the priest of the people there, have a great opportunity and a great duty, if you will let me say so. You should lift up your voice, now, about this iniquity so that it should be heard not only all through this country, but Europe. The spiritual life of your people is denied them by the denial of a right to make a living. This is a bigger question than slavery, for it affects the physical, mental, and spiritual salvation, the individual and social well-being, of the mass of the people of all Christendom. The splendid performance of Cardinal Manning has prepared the public to listen to such statements as you can make.

Things are in a specially favourable state now for an effort to make a test case at Spring Valley. The Federation of Labour some time since put the miners foremost among the workmen to be helped: The International Congress of Miners in Belgium a few weeks ago arranged that a congress should be held next April to determine whether there shall be a universal strike of all the miners of the world for better conditions. People all over have been made sufficiently familiar with the picturesque sufferings of these subterranean brothers to respond to an appeal for them. Here is a case the facts of which are so separate from all the complications with other things that it can be presented so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, can understand them. Can you not speak for these men so that their fellow-

workers, miners and others, shall be roused to come to their relief?

He decided to issue a second edition of his book. Father Power wrote:

. . . As to a new edition, I am afraid you will not succeed in keeping up an interest in our case. After all it is nothing strange to miners. Similar injustices have confronted them everywhere. They readily forget their sufferings as soon as a measure of prosperity comes to them. You are more keenly alive to the cold-bloodedness of the iniquity than the actual victims a thousand times. Therefore make allowance for your enthusiasm before going further.

Lloyd replied:

Oct 16, 1890.

. . . The very sad fact you mention that these poor people do not feel their wrong and misery is the very reason why every one possessed of a spark of humanity should espouse their cause. I do not expect to get much response from them, but I do hope to stir among others an intelligence and sympathy that will help set public opinion right, and prepare it to support not only the coal miners, but all working men in their growth upward. The second edition will not involve much expense, and will complete the record by showing that in the year since the settlement the millionaires have only pushed the miners deeper into the mud, and as regards the exposures of their methods their policy has been simply one of revenge, not reply.

Dec. 17, 1890.

. . . I have not often been so . . . disappointed as I was yesterday. . . . I was anxious to have the pleasure of seeing you at my home, and I also wanted to hear the news from the miners, and to show you the new chapter I have written for my book. The delay in producing the second edition is

so great and inexplicable as almost to suggest the idea that it is intentional."

It was issued in 1891. The names of the directors were omitted. The new chapter, "Revenge Not Reply," showed that the oppressors had only hardened their hearts:

Along the route they marked out from the very first they ride their way. Those over whom they drive have groaned aloud, and because they groaned the wheels are but made heavier and sharper. . . . This is the answer of the millionaires—their only answer either to the public or their employees.

He endeavoured to give the book wide circulation in America and Europe, and was rewarded with many tributes. The Duke of Argyle took pains to denounce it, and Frederic Engels wrote:

122 Regent's Park Road, N. W., London, 27 May, '93.

Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your book *A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners*, 2nd. edition, for which please accept my best thanks. I shall read it with great interest. Here in England modern Capitalism, during the century and a half of its full development, has lost much of its original brutal energy and moves onwards with a moderated step; even in France and Germany, this is to a certain degree the case also; it is only in industrially young countries like America and Russia, that Capital gives full fling to the recklessness of its greed. The consolation however, lies in this: That by this very recklessness it hurries on the developments of the immense resources of these young countries, and thereby prepares the period when a better system of production will be able to take the place of the old.

In America, at least, I am strongly inclined to believe that the fatal hour of Capitalism will have struck as soon as a native American Working Class will have replaced a working class composed in its majority by foreign immigration.

Yours very faithfully,

FREDC. ENGELS.

This book was the first of a series to be called "Our Bad Wealth Series," named from Emerson's saying, "It is time our bad wealth came to an end." Lloyd was to write one on the trusts, while he planned to induce others to write on the spoliation of public domain, on the railroads and the courts, on the Pacific railroad and Crédit Mobilier, on the coal barons and their victims, and one depicting the poverty among farmers and working men, but the failure of the publishing company prevented. It also seriously interfered with the circulation of his book. In three years it was almost impossible even for Lloyd to obtain a copy.[1] In 1894, when he was still making public the Spring Valley conditions, he endeavoured to have it republished by Harper & Brothers, but without success.

This experience brought him nearer to the working class. Never before had he been among them when combating their masters. When he saw their starving children, their new graves, saw despairing men proud in spite of want, patient and unrevengeful—keeping their tempers on the whole marvellously, even when militia with loaded guns and fixed bayonets took possession of their peaceful streets—he was touched with compassion.

I listened. Of course there would be angry words, vindictive outbreaks of indignation against those who had

[1] The plates are in the possession of his heirs.

so cruelly unhomed and expatriated them for the sake of a little extra profit. But there was nothing of the kind, not even a flash of wrath. The poor people answered all inquiries gently and patiently and intelligently, but never a harsh word against their oppressors. They even laughed as they talked. It was as if they felt it all to be part of the inevitable ill fortune of life, which they must bear as best they could. I was amazed and humbled. It seemed to me that had I thus been made a victim of inhuman greed for "more," had I and my home and my life been butchered—not "to make a Roman holiday," but an American dividend—I would have thought a lifetime too little to give to a crusade of retribution. The truth then first really dawned upon me, that there is a sanctification which comes, however unconsciously, to the victims of wrong and injustice, and that it is the master, not the slave, who receives the double curse of oppression.

Shortly after the settlement, when the men had relinquished their union and one by one scrambled for work, he went again and addressed the miners. He adjured them to uphold their union, for only through it could they secure a free and equal contract. He said that new truths came from the suffering people and not from crowned heads, that a new religion and a new civilisation were coming which would believe it better to make men than money. He told them that his experience with them had opened up a new idea of life to him.

Among the young miners upon whom he made a deep impression was John Mitchell, who lived to be President of the United Mine Workers of America, numbering over 311,000 members.

Lloyd's service won him the regard of the miners everywhere, who were then engaged in a world-wide

struggle for better conditions. When, in December, 1889, the miners assembled in delegate convention at Indianapolis, a letter from Lloyd congratulated them on their unity of purpose expressed by the holding of the convention, assuring them of his sympathy and co-operation in all legitimate efforts for the amelioration of their craft, and containing a practical suggestion—probably the raising of a permanent defence fund—which it was voted to carry out. The Columbus convention of 1891 endorsed his book and voted to help assist its circulation.

Mr. Lloyd always maintained his interest in Spring Valley and was ever ready to help all miners as the most oppressed of the workers. "He has received the lasting gratitude of a class of people who never forget a kindness," said the *Trades and Mining Gazette.* "Lloyd," said Charles J. Devlin, the superintendent who rebelled against the policy of the company and resigned during the struggle, "did more than any other man in America to end that strike." The beauty of his spirit left its impress:

> During the senatorial contest in the Illinois Legislature in 1891, I met a Spring Valley coal miner [wrote W. G. Eggleston][1] who said: "If these legislators would only do the right thing, they 'd elect Henry Lloyd and then we 'd have a real senator." "But," I replied, "why waste such a man by caging him in the Senate? . . . He is doing ten times the good in private life that he could do in the Senate as it is now constituted." . . . The miner was silent a few minutes and then said: "Ah, but what a beautiful world this would be, if half the men were Lloyds!"

Ten years later Mr. Lloyd said in a letter:

> When I wrote the story of Spring Valley I really believed

[1] *Arena*, April, 1907, p. 352.

that its revelations would have some effect upon the directors of the Railroad and the Coal Company. . . . I was younger then than I am now. It produced no effect upon these men whatever. . . . Things at Spring Valley have ever since gone on from bad to worse and recently an appeal went out through the country for food and clothing for the people there, as they were starving. This experience makes me understand what Ruskin meant when he said: "I am done with preaching to the rich."

With this work he closed the decade of 1880 to 1890, so crucial a period in the American labour movement. From first to last he had been on the people's side, moving ever nearer to the firing line. He opened it with "The Story of a Great Monopoly" and ended with *The Strike of Millionaires Against Miners*, which was, he said, "but another chapter of the same 'story.'" At its beginning he had accurately diagnosed the injustice undermining our institutions. At its close he saw the injustice grinding its cruel way over the people's lives.

Between his first and second visits to Spring Valley, there occurred the greatest sorrow of his life, the death of his brother Demarest, who was stricken in the full swing of a brilliant career, just as his fourth play, *The Senator*, was being put on the boards.

A rare soul and a great mind was this, brilliant, sinless, a man of the world and yet guileless. Of such men as peopled the millennium of Henry's vision was this brother a living example. "I loved him better than any man," he said, "and I am so lonely without him. . . . To think that that beautiful soul was ours, but is ours no longer."

Your sweet and welcome letter [he wrote to his sister when he returned to his labour of love for the miners] has

been doing its good work in my heart all these silent weeks. They have been busy weeks, and I have not felt them to be a time of expression. Somehow the burden of this grief has turned me in upon myself in a way less real sorrow never did. There are griefs I find that like Wordsworth's thoughts "do often lie too deep for tears."

"NOT FORGOTTEN"[1]

TO DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

Early, but not too early for thy fame,
The seal of silence on thy lips is laid,
While we, aghast, disheartened, and dismayed,
Crush back our tears and softly speak thy name.
To us it has one meaning and the same—
A brave and gentle soul, a noble mind,
Pure, constant, generous, modest and refined,
With simple duty for its only aim.
Dear are the days that thou hast left behind,
By sweet words hallowed, and by kindly deeds;
And thus the heart of sorrow moans and bleeds,
And ever bleeds, and will not be resigned—
Knowing its hopeless hope is all in vain,
To see thy face or hear thy voice again.

WILLIAM WINTER.

LONDON, September, 1889.

[1] By permission, from the *Poems of William Winter*, Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, 1909.

CHAPTER VIII

WITH THE HEAVY LADEN

LLOYD now lost no opportunity to help win for labour its right to organise. He considered the support of public opinion essential, and endeavoured to swing as many as possible of the middle class to an endorsement of this right. He showed them that the cause of the unions was their cause; that to submit without protest to injustice toward the workers—"only the working men"—was suicidal. "It will be our turn next." The farmers were beginning to realise this, but not the business men. From his social vantage point—as member, for instance, of the Chicago, Chicago Literary, the Press, and Sunset Clubs and of the Twentieth Century and Authors of Boston—he was often able to act as labour's advocate. When in December, 1889, fresh from the experience at Spring Valley, he addressed the Chicago Nationalists, one of the clubs inspired by Bellamy's new book, *Looking Backward*, he made "The Union For Ever" his subject:

> I can hear the coming notes of a glorious music. The song that was sung for the slave is being taken up for the working man. We are coming, Father Abraham, nine hundred thousand strong!

He demonstrated to Chicago's Sunset Club that men

were being "whipped to work." The terms of their enforced contracts he knew well. He wrote to a Southerner:

> If I were to tell you of the conditions under which the working people of the North lived and laboured, you probably would not be able to believe it; but if I should have an opportunity to show it to you, you would not only believe but, I am certain, would become possessed with the idea that no citizen of the United States could safely take his ease until such infamies were wiped out of existence.

He told audiences that he was amazed at the conservatism of the workers. Entitled to the full product of their labour, they were content to ask for pittances in shorter hours, higher wages.

> Let us work but eight hours a day [he said, voicing their claim]. It is upon us that most of the burden of pauperism and war falls. Luxury . . . losses of trade . . . hard times, fall heaviest upon us. Give us a little time to think every day.

The enforcement of this demand would, he said, require some readjustment at first, but would be followed by a prosperity never before seen.

Among the unions as well he worked. He settled to the carpenters' satisfaction their strike in Chicago in 1890, but warned them that union in their craft was not enough, that they must achieve unionism on a much broader scale. He addressed the builders, cornice makers, steam-fitters, striking garment workers, German furniture workers of Grand Rapids. The workers saw in him a figure unique in those days, one to whom fate had opened doors of opportunity closed to them, and who yet stated their cause with thorough under-

EIGHT HOURS

HENRY D.

LLOYD

OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE,

One of Chicago's foremost business men, author of the "NEW CONSCIENCE," recently published in the North American Review, and one of the ablest and most accomplished authors and speakers in the west, will address the Manufacturers and Workingmen of Grand Rapids, at

Powers' Opera House,

NEXT SUNDAY EVENING March 30th

On the LABOR PROBLEM and especially on the EIGHT HOUR QUESTION. Turn out, every one, and hear these great questions discussed. Business men are especially invited.

Lecture begins at 8 o'clock.

ADMISSION FREE.

A Typical Handbill, 1890.

standing and a fervour exceeding theirs. He invested their organisations with lofty significance, saying that their path was leading to a new human brotherhood. Should their right to organise be taken away, he told the striking street car men in Milwaukee, the doom of the republic would be sealed. "You are doing to-day the most magnificent thing that is being done . . . under the American sky."

At the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labour, in Chicago, December, 1893, he delivered an address, "The Safety of the Future Lies in Organised Labour." It was received with unbounded enthusiasm and reached the million members through the tens of thousands of copies circulated by the Federation. Many outside the ranks of labour felt as did President Andrews of Brown University, who called it an inspired address, and Frances Willard, "his elder sister," as she called herself, who wrote: "It is my humble opinion that you are chosen by the powers invisible as the apostle of our great oncoming movement." His correspondence with Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation, opened at this time, and Lloyd wrote to him, concerning the Homestead strike:

> Are the relations between the Amalgamated Association of Iron & Steel Workers and the Federation of Labour such that the latter could lend a hand in the present struggle? Carnegie is universally disliked, even among his own class; he is here and abroad perhaps the most conspicuous representative of the wage system in its most fanatical form—that which holds the labourer to be merely a commodity to be cheapened to the last cent. His present attack on the union is the most dangerous threat labour has yet had to encounter. If the persistent attempts to make it appear that the tariff is the fundamental question involved succeed,

public comprehension of the labour question will be muddled and side-tracked. No other such opportunity to arouse and unite the working men of the whole country,—and an unusual proportion of other pursuits—is likely to come. It unites all the elements to interest and excite. This can be made the most important conflict of the history of organised labour AND IT CAN BE WON. All the working men can be enlisted from those who work directly to those concerned indirectly. Carnegie can be used to teach the Captains of Industry that men who treat their "brother" labourers like sponges to be squeezed and rats to be shot cannot continue doing business in that style in this country.

During the Pullman strike in 1894, he became a vigilant guardian of justice. He had watched from its inception the model town which George M. Pullman had built for his working men. The noise of hammers had not ceased before he received a commission from a leading monthly to write it up. I remember the summer day when Mr. Pullman showed him the town with its trim monotonous streets, its flower-bordered walks. When the article was completed the magazine accepted it on condition that it contain more laudatory mention of Mr. Pullman, but Lloyd declined to make the change and it was never used. "Baron" Pullman's good intentions proving too feudalistic, a strike was declared in May, 1894, and in June the American Railway Union, organised the previous year, refused to handle Pullman cars, and declared a sympathetic boycott and strike, the first of its kind. Soon the greatest industrial contest yet known was being waged. Its events made history rapidly: the despatch by President Cleveland of Federal troops to Chicago on July 3, despite Governor Altgeld's protest, the issuing of injunctions against strikers, the use against them of the Interstate Commerce Law for

A Cut from the "Chicago Chronicle," June 14, 1896, Showing Mr. Lloyd Addressing the Milwaukee Street Car Strikers in the Rain.

which the unions had worked so hard, the arrest of Eugene V. Debs, President of the Union, and others for contempt of court, their imprisonment without a trial, the appeal to the Federal Supreme Court and its decision refusing Debs the right of trial, and the failure of the strike. At these breaches of justice Lloyd promptly protested. The papers were full of his brilliant denunciations, of his endorsement of labour's right to strike.

Mr. Lloyd was a staunch supporter of our side [wrote Debs later] and I had several letters from him . . . giving encouragement and advice, but these were in the files of the American Railway Union whose effects were scattered by corporate and governmental persecution. I remember that Mr. Lloyd advised us to employ Mr. Darrow to defend us and that he also subscribed to our defence fund.

Lloyd wrote to Clarence Darrow, November 23, 1894:

The conviction of the American Railway Union men I have expected from the beginning. Our judges register the ruling opinion, as judges always do, and that means at all hazards to put a stop to the strike. They will pretend that they are punishing for violence, but that is a pretence. Their real purpose is, and has been, to stop the strike. They are religiously in earnest in their conviction that the strike is the murder of organised society; and they are right. The strike has but to go a step or two farther to amount to a dissolution of society. The more advanced "thinkers" are already demanding a general strike, and you know what that would mean. Where the plutes are wrong is in their folly of supposing that they can cure this evil *by force*. They are as blind as the fools of power have always been. They will probably send Debs to jail—Olney's recent pronunciamento was intended to pave the way, putting the authorities in the attitude of friends of labour unions, to

strengthen their coming claim that they are condemning not labour but violence—and nothing more destructive to themselves could they do. It is only by the aggressions of the enemy that the people can be united. Events must be our leaders, and we will have them. I am not discouraged. The radicalism of the fanatics of wealth fills me with hope. They are likely to do for us what the South did for the North in 1861.

In regard to Mr. Pullman's refusal to arbitrate on the ground that a man has a right to manage his own business, he said: "There is no such principle and never has been in human affairs." To him the labour movement was not a movement of hate, but of love.

It pities the man who can stand at the helm of any of the great concerns of modern industrial life, made possible only by the countless efforts, loyalty, and genius of thousands of his fellow-men living and dead, and say, "This is my business." It says to him, "This is not your business, not my business. It is our business." . . . It pities him as robbing himself of the greatest joys and triumphs of leadership. It seeks to lift him from the low level of selfish and cruel millionairism to that of a general of great co-operative hosts of industrial brothers.

Of the sympathetic strike he said:

Americans cannot forget that America is free from Great Britain because France ordered a sympathetic strike. The negro is free because of the sympathetic strike of the North. What greater love hath any man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend? The sympathetic strike in a good cause is orthodox Christianity in action.

As to the sending of Federal troops, he said:

The Democratic party for a hundred years has been the

pull-back against the centralisation in American politics. . . . But in one hour here last July, it sacrificed the honourable devotion of a century to its great principle and surrendered both the rights of States and the rights of man to the centralised corporate despotism to which the presidency of the United States was then abdicated.

Of Altgeld's conduct, he said to a friend:[1]

I happened to be in Springfield at the time of the strike, and spent an evening with Governor Altgeld. He entertained me in the executive office, and showed me a huge map . . . of Illinois, on which was marked, with tacks and pins, the position of every company of militia, while a great sheet lay on the desk, showing exactly what companies were under arms, what railroads would be most efficient in taking them to Chicago, and what provisions were made for sustenance. The Governor had the troops of the whole State practically under arms, and ready to throw into Chicago, when request should be made for them. The constitution of the State provided that the sheriff or the mayor should call for troops. Neither one called. Some railroad men and some stock yards corporation magnates might have appealed, but the two responsible officials professed to be perfectly capable of handling the rioters. I went to bed that night feeling that the Governor had the situation securely in hand. . . . The next morning I read in the paper that without any communication with the Governor at all, the President had rushed the Federal troops into the city.

He took pains to inform the public through the press:[2]

I was an eye-witness of Governor Altgeld's conduct during the great Pullman strike of 1894. . . . I spent a number of hours with him at the most critical point of those

[1] Willis J. Abbot in *The Pilgrim*, April, 1902.
[2] *The Morning Journal*, New York, October 18, 1896.

eventful July days. Almost universally the American desires to treat even a political opponent with fairness and trust, however sharply he may criticise his opinions and actions. Not one of those who are so volubly joining in the fashionable denunciation of Governor Altgeld on account of what they believe, upon information at second hand, to have been his attitude and behaviour at that time would indulge in this hue and cry if they knew the facts.

The real Governor Altgeld, as I saw him, was in constant and anxious conference with the Adjutant-General of the State and other military officers. He was receiving and sending despatches connected with the movement of State troops. He was fertile in suggestions which lay outside the sphere of his technical obligations. As an instance, it was reported to him, while I was there, that a train bearing a detachment of soldiers was stalled on the outskirts of Springfield because some sympathiser with the strike had put soap into the boiler of the locomotive. Governor Altgeld at once suggested that one of the fire engines of the city and a watering cart go there to pump water into the locomotive, so that it could proceed at once. So resolute was the Governor that there should not be the slightest occasion for any chance of a failure on the part of the State to do its full duty in the protection of life and property that he sent troops when called for, even though he did not believe the alleged need for their services was genuine. As one demand for troops came by telegraph and was answered by an order for their despatch, the Governor said to me in substance:

"I have reason to fear that these troops are wanted at that place only to help the railroad defeat the demand of their men for higher wages"—this was the case of a strike not connected in any way with the general strike—"but I cannot refuse to send them in the face of allegations of public danger." In the intervals of all this business the Governor discussed the various aspects of the trouble with the frankness of one talking with a personal friend. He deplored

the strike, and said that, in his judgment, it could not possibly succeed, or even last many days longer. The farmers and business men of the State were wild, he said, on account of the stoppage of traffic on the roads. . . .

"If it becomes necessary," he said, I particularly remember, "I could and would put 100,000 men into the city of Chicago inside of five days. The whole State would answer to the call as one man." The records of the time show that every application from Chicago for State troops was promptly answered, as from every other place in the State. The Governor was not responsible for the initial delay on the part of the Chicago authorities in asking for troops—a delay which, it is well understood in Chicago, was due to the fact that one of the then heads of the city government was in a deadly personal and business feud with the Pullman Company, and looked forward without displeasure to its probable discomfiture. Governor Altgeld acted in this crisis with the most scrupulous faithfulness to his official obligation. He did this, as the remark quoted above indicates, although he believed, as other cool and conscientious observers believed and believe, that the troops were being called for by the railroads for other reasons than to put down disorder; that the "riots" were largely "fakes," and that what was real of them was mostly the work of the railroads. Most people at first blush receive such a suggestion as this last with an angry incredulity.

That the railroad corporations should do so dreadful a thing seems as unbelievable as the stories told by the Abolitionists about the horrors of slavery seemed at first to the people of the North.

But the firm belief that this is true exists among persons who have had the best opportunities for learning the facts. In the Editor's Table of the *New England Magazine* for October, edited by one of the best known literary men and public citizens of Boston, who is a lifelong Republican and has not the slightest sympathy with the Bryan Democracy or the free silver movement, occurs the following passage.

It is based in part on the official report of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright on the Pullman strike. The editor of the *New England Magazine* says:

"The Chicago strikers did not engage in rioting. The rioting was done by hoodlums from the slums having no relations with the working men. It is the duty of every leading newspaper to show this; to cast this charge at the working men at this day is a crime. Colonel Wright would tell our Boston newspapers that not even the hoodlums instigated the burning of the mass of cars, but that it was instigated by the railway managers themselves as the surest way to bring the Federal troops and defeat the strike. . . . "

This is an astounding statement. But that the editor of the *New England Magazine* speaks by the card in saying that Mr. Wright has become convinced that the railway managers instigated the burning of the cars, which was the most of the Chicago riots, is well known to a number of eminent citizens of Boston. The railroads had everything to gain by a little well-advertised rioting which could be attributed to the strikers. The strikers had everything to lose by violence, and they knew it. Whatever Governor Altgeld, who is a shrewd and successful lawyer, judge, man of affairs, and politician, may have divined of all this, he did not allow it to lead him into any failure to comply to the fullest with the strict letter and the spirit of his public duty to preserve order. Even as a mere politician, he would have been led by his estimate, described above, of the intense and almost unanimous disapproval of the strike to show not the slightest sign of paltering with it. There were other personal reasons as strong.

In the centre of the city of Chicago, Governor Altgeld had property to the value of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. "Free rioting" would have destroyed this and the whole fortune he had built up by a life of prudent and sagacious enterprise. Those who can believe that a man of distinguished intellectual ability, whose life-training has been

that of the law, the most conservative of sciences, who has sat for years as a judge upon the bench, without whisper of reproach, who has never given favour by so much as one word, private or official, to a single one of the radical social theories of the day, not even going so far as to accept the mildest "municipal socialism" of European monarchical cities, who, as Governor, has kept well within the most conventional lines of public enterprise, and who has indulged that "Satanic radicalism" of his which keeps so many good people in New York and Massachusetts awake these nights, in nothing more revolutionary than prison and insane asylum reform and factory inspection, who has accumulated a large fortune in real estate and some of the best office property in the business heart of Chicago—those who can believe that such a man is an "Anarchist," and believes in free rioting in general, ought at least to have common-sense and sense of humour enough to know that he could not have believed in the particular "free rioting" which took place in Chicago in July, 1894. The bottom truth is that Governor Altgeld is of that type whose brains and character alike do not make it possible for their personal success to suffocate their love of justice. He is a man whom the trusts, corporations, and concentrated millionairism of the country have found it impossible to bend, break, or seduce. If such men as Altgeld the Democrat and Pingree the Republican survive, monopoly will perish and monopoly by a sure instinct of self-preservation has set itself to destroy them by ridicule, slander, and by every means of financial and political assault. One of the most regrettable features of public opinion in this campaign is that so many of the American people have allowed themselves to be played upon by these sinister interests who are catering to every prejudice and using every ingenuity of misrepresentation to destroy public confidence in the few public men who are standing like giants on guard for the public.

The following is found in his note-book:

Strike of 1894.—

E. W. Bemis was told that Mayor Hopkins before leaving office procured 40 affidavits showing that the burning of freight cars was done by railroad men; that the railroad men moved cars outside of fire limits, then burned them, inciting bystanders to participate. Hopkins, fearing these affidavits might be destroyed by some subsequent railroad mayor, took certified copies before leaving office. . . .

He wrote to W. T. Stead in August, 1894, that the working men were turning desperately to politics, and added:

. . . In no event will the working men and farmers be allowed, no matter what their majority, to take the control of the government. If the people will not, out of their bovine peaceableness, do the acts of violence that would afford the pretext for the "saviours of society" to keep possession, these latter will themselves commit the violence, and charge it upon the people. They did this in Chicago, I verily believe. They have done it in many preceding strikes. It is their winning card. Violence, sedition they must have, of the people. History thus rewrites itself in every great crisis. . . .

He wrote the following resolutions, but when they were used is not recorded:

Resolved, that the act of the Pullman Palace Car Company in denying a living wage to its working men while maintaining its own wages—its dividends—at the highest figure is an oppressive use of power which should be condemned and righted by the community.

Resolved, that the course of the members of the American Railway Union in giving up their means of livelihood in order to secure justice for their comrades at Pullman is one of heroic self-abnegation, and good Samaritanism, and shames every citizen who has passed by on the other side.

Resolved, that the community has no right to neglect its duty of establishing industrial justice, or to leave it to be sought by its sympathetic members at the cost of such voluntary suffering as has been incurred by the men of the American Railway Union.

Resolved, that this Pullman panorama of the starvation of a city full of people within sight of overflowing wealth it has helped to create, the oppression of citizens by means of the industrial power delegated by the people to Captains of Industry for the welfare of all, the ruinous self-sacrifice of those brother-workers whom conscience compels to attempt by private effort the duty society abdicates, the widespread inconvenience and loss to the public at large, tending towards chaos, is the writing on the wall to warn us of the utter breakdown of our present social and industrial system if left under the anarchy of the struggle for private gain.

Resolved, that we therefore call upon the people to proceed by all the constitutional and political means at their command as members of a self-governing community to take possession of all the necessary means of livelihood as they elect, and operate them under the principles of equality, liberty, and happiness for all.

When on November 25, 1895, thousands gathered in "dingy old Battery D" to welcome Debs on his return from Woodstock jail, he was there:

Lloyd's appearance and his reception were among the unparalleled incidents of an event that was altogether unparalleled.[1] He was received with tumultuous cordiality. His fashionable attire, . . . his elegant gestures and his nicety of pronunciation were so pronounced as to make him almost an oddity in that environment. His speech . . . bristled with epigrams. They were as unique and characteristic as his light grey trousers, his long frock coat, his

[1] *Chicago Chronicle.*

pince-nez glasses. . . . In greeting Debs he showed a marked deference.

In his speech he announced his faith. "The working men's side is always the right side and the more mistakes they make, the more will all those who love their fellow-men, and who have faith in the future, give them aid and comfort and affection." He denounced the use of the injunction as "judicial lynch law"; he appealed to the people to elect their own judges; he awoke unbounded enthusiasm by his fearless denunciation of the injustice which let the men of the trusts and railroads go free of all punishment for their crimes, while using all its powers to prosecute the men of the Railway Union. An attack on this speech made by the *Oil City Derrick*, a paper favourable to Standard Oil interests, seemed to him deeply significant. He wrote to F. F. Murray, editor of the *Petroleum Gazette*, Titusville, Pa.:

You will observe that I confined myself—I am a lawyer—scrupulously to the suggestion of legal and political forms of remedy. This suggestion is met by our lawless wealth with a reply which simmers down to this:

Our will and greed are the only law. Any appeal to the law, constitutional, statute, common, civil, or criminal, against us, is a crime to be punished, by hanging, if need be.

That which these men say to-day, they will do to-morrow. They declare it a crime to-day to talk of recourse to the law. To-morrow they will, somehow, by the help of judges, or executive, by laws or injunctions or in some way, treat as criminals those who have appealed to the law.

In such utterances we see outlined as clear as by noonday light the history the drunken infatuation of these men means to make. They will never stop themselves; they will go just as far as they find no resistance to stop them.

My predominant mood now is one of curiosity in watching how far the Americans are going to let these fellows go. . . .

For the foreign workers, he made special pleas, controverting the cry that it was they who were responsible for our disasters.

"Nothing human is foreign to me," said the ancient lover of men. Nothing foreign is human to me, says the modern American Know-Nothing.

With all allowance for primitive unruliness among some of them [he wrote to Albert Shaw of the *Review of Reviews*, in protest against the New Orleans massacres in 1890] I feel that in the peasantry who come to our shores Europe is sending us her "best people." . . . It is the Americans who are hurrying this country into the anti-Republican rule of wealth that are the dangerous element.

Following his Spring Valley work a Congressional Committee on Immigration and Naturalisation sought the benefit of his experience.[1] He told of the distress of the foreign miners there who had been decoyed to this country. When asked whether the trouble had been occasioned by them, he answered: "No, sir, I should say not. The lockout was a clear case of a commercial war on the working man."

Q. Have you any opinion to give as to the effect of immigration upon labour in this country? A. (H. D. L.) I think the voluntary immigration of free men is a great blessing. I think the immigration which is involuntary, which is forced, you might say, that which is used by capital as a kind of a club to knock out the brains of the working men at home is a great evil.

Q. As a matter of fact, the more labouring men that come

[1] See Reports, 2886, Second Session, 51st Congress, 1890–'91.

to this country the less labour there is to be divided among them? A. No, sir, I should say the more men that come here the more labour there would be to do.

Q. That is, the work would increase in proportion to the increase of the working men? A. Yes, sir; I should think so.

Q. Well, then, what classes would you draw the line on as being detrimental to labour? A. What classes of immigrants?

Q. Yes, sir. A. I would impose restrictions on men who come here under a condition of servitude, and men afflicted with contagious diseases, men who were hopeless wrecks.

Q. Are there any other classes? A. I cannot recall any more just now.

Q. You mean the criminal and all classes? A. The criminals make very good citizens, sometimes.

Q. What have you to say about a class of people that are known as anarchists in this country? Would you desire that they should be prohibited from coming? A. No, sir. I would n't consider myself fit to be an American citizen if I wanted any man debarred on account of his opinions.

Q. Have you any suggestions of your own to make, as to legislation which would tend to keep out the classes which you think objectionable? A. I should think the extension of ordinary sanitary and police supervision would be ample.

Q. Where would you have it? A. At the ports of entry.

Q. You have stated that you have not given this matter very much investigation? A. No, sir; I have made no special study of it.

Q. Then you have not examined as to the difficulty of determining when the immigrant arrives whether he comes under contract, or whether he comes here of his own volition? A. I would infer from some things which I have seen in the public press, even where it was known, where

men came under contract, they were still admitted, as in the case of Mr. Vanderbilt's cook, who came under contract and was admitted without question.

Q. Have you any information touching any other case? A. I don't recollect the name, but shortly after that there was a clergyman came to this country under an arrangement with some congregation in the East, I believe in N. Y. City, and I remember there was a good deal of trouble about letting him in, apparently for the purpose of making the law odious, done by the Custom-house officials for that apparent purpose.

When in 1893 the safety of political refugees in America was endangered by the ratification of the Extradition Treaty with Russia, Mr. Lloyd was among the three thousand citizens of Chicago who assembled in mass meeting, and his resolutions eloquently voiced the protest of the true American spirit against such betrayal of our traditions. He also wrote the resolution presented to the Illinois Senate asking President Cleveland to withhold the exchange of ratification or to take steps to annul the agreement. When the President came to Chicago to open the World's Fair, Lloyd called on him and asked him not to sign the treaty.

"On what ground should I refuse?" asked Cleveland.

"We cannot accept the decision of a Russian court on an accusation," answered Lloyd.

"Why," exclaimed Cleveland, "you would not treat Russia as a barbarous country, would you?"

"Yes, I would," said Lloyd.

Cleveland did not vouchsafe to tell him that at that moment the treaty had already been signed. Lloyd interpreted such pacts as victories of international

capitalism. He wrote a paragraph[1] into his forthcoming book, giving the reasons for the people's suspicion that the treaty was granted in return for certain concessions in the Russian oil fields.

He was working at great pressure, spurred by the continued success of capitalist encroachment, by the sight of labour's own weapons being turned against itself. He dubbed the new Sherman Anti-Trust law "the Anti-Trade-Union law." In his opinion the people were continually losing ground, and unless there was a change soon, would lose their cause. Besides his efforts for the workers, he was now continually informing public opinion on the development of the monopoly drama. As a delegate to the Interstate Anti-Trust Convention in Chicago, June 6, 1893, he delivered an address on "The Great Coal Conspiracy," which ended with a resolution advocating the government's taking railroads and coal mines by right of eminent domain and nationalising them. As the convention, to his knowledge, was packed with railroad attorneys and coal trust agents, it split on passing the resolution. He then withdrew the address and a bolting minority—30 from 77 delegates—assembled at the Palmer House on the same day and adopted the address. That so many should have been willing to vote for the resolution seemed a great triumph, and convinced him that once again in history the people were ripening faster than their leaders. So universally was this significant event ignored by the press as to suggest a conspiracy of silence. An effort to counteract this resulted in the publication of his address in the *Boston Traveller* and *People's Advocate* of Buffalo. It was printed in part in Bliss's *Cyclopedia of Social Reform*,[2] which says: "It

[1] *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, p. 448. [2] Page 245.

still remains one of the best brief statements of evil in the coal trade ever made."

One of his minor but characteristic strokes against monopoly was dealt one Sunday in 1895, at a mass meeting called to denounce the gas and street railway franchises recently passed by the City Council. The meeting was held under the auspices of the National Civic Federation, an organisation one of whose basic principles is a belief in the identity of interest between capital and labour. There was enthusiastic applause at the speeches condemning the "iniquitous" franchises and the "crowning steal" of the "corrupt" Council. But there was nothing said about the outrages of the existing gas and street railway monopolies, some of the stockholders of which were members of the Civic Federation. "But," said the *Chicago Despatch* the next day, "there was just one man who was 'dead on' to the whole business and he was present and talked too. He will probably never again be asked to speak at a meeting of that kind. . . . Who was he? Henry D. Lloyd, of course."

> The people see at last [he said] that a system which makes private property for private profit for a few out of that which belongs to the whole people exclusively and should be operated for the profit only of the whole body of citizens, is inherently vicious, rotten in root and branch, and capable only of producing rotten fruit—rotten fruit, for instance, like the gigantic fortunes of the gas trust, street railway, and other monopolies and the misery of multitudes of the people they tax to death.

He said that the Common Councilmen who were corrupted were often only the mere instruments of more influential and more dangerous men who keep them-

selves out of sight in the genteel shadow of our best society. He granted that the new ordinances were indefensible and the manner of their passage infamous, but he pointed out that they provided for the payment to the city of 3½ per cent. of the gross earnings, for cheaper gas, thus saving the people $2,500,000 a year, and permitted the city to own in fifty years. "Let the people know the whole truth."

The gas trust is as frightened about these ordinances as this assemblage of citizens is. If the gas trust could have captured this great mass meeting and have turned it into a mere "kick" against these ordinances it would have done so. . . . I am informed that powerful influences are already marshalled to secure from the State Legislature the passage of a law which will confirm the gas trust, it hopes for ever, in its monopoly of Chicago, by taking from the Council the power to grant franchises. I, too, would take from the Council the power of ever again giving such a franchise, but not for the purpose of making the monopoly of the gas trust perpetual. . . .

. . . Public opinion demands that these obnoxious ordinances be vetoed or repealed, but it demands even more determinedly that they be repealed only to be replaced with an ordinance to put the whole business of light and electricity, including that of the gas trust, under the complete control and, ultimately, ownership of the city. I speak advisedly when I say that such an ordinance can easily be drawn and enforced. Let this be but the opening gun of a campaign which the people, with leaders or without leaders, will not close until they have come again into full possession of their own—their streets and their public powers, which must be held inalienable, because given by all for all.

When the World's Columbian Exposition of 1892–3 was allotted to Chicago, her citizens, realising her reputa-

tion for material prosperity, longed to proclaim her finer spirit. Lloyd's pride of citizenship was rekindled:

. . . When the people of the world come to Chicago to see the World's Fair, let us show them as our supreme treasure, outshining the magnificence of palaces, a citizenship with which we vindicate our rights like freemen.

Through the winter and spring of 1893 there grew beside the blackened Chicago a wondrous white city gleaming in blue lagoons, and embodying the highest aspirations in art and industry. There were planned auxiliary congresses portraying the world's spiritual progress, on whose programme was the text: "Not things, but men. Not matter, but mind." Among these was the memorable Parliament of World's Religions to whose deep significance Lloyd paid frequent tribute, and the Educational Congress where he figured in a symposium on the Relation of the Social Settlement to the Labour Movement. Concerning this congress, he wrote to his friend Lyman J. Gage:

May I venture unasked to give a reason why it seems to me of the highest importance to us of Chicago that the educational exhibit should not only not be slighted, but should be made surpassingly good?

If this is not done the omission in this, which may be accurately called the Age of Education, will be so glaring that no one will be so dull or ignorant as not to see it. It will be specially resented, and this is my point, by the literary and student class—who will write the permanent history of the Fair, that will go on the records outlasting the newspaper and magazine enthusiasm of the moment. The literary men, the professors, the critics of the world will interpret this neglect of education as the most significant revelation of the inner ideals and motives not only of

the Fair, but of the civilisation it represents. They will declare it to be proof that we care for nothing but money-making, and materialistic self-indulgence. The music, the architecture, the art of the Exposition will not save us, for these they will declare the most materialistic civilisations have always valued the most highly as appanages of social distinction and luxury. For the affront to the intellectual life they will take no excuse. Every enemy of Chicago in America, and every enemy of America in the world will fasten on this chance for criticism. The point is one that will grow larger and not smaller with the lapse of time, till finally it is possible that the neglect to put "the schoolhouse on the hill"—which we have boasted to be, politically, the temple of our civilisation—at the very forefront of the Exposition, with all its cortège of colleges, universities, manual training schools, Indian schools of Hampton, Carlisle, etc., etc., may become one of the stock illustrations of the social philosopher of the next generation. I don't want Chicago, nor America, nor the men who have done such noble work for the Fair to be put into any such position. Trusting that these words will seem to you to be spoken in the proper spirit of a citizenship that seeks the greatest good of all . . .

But Mr. Lloyd's special province was the Labour Congress. He was chairman of its committee on programme and correspondence, and helped to bring to Chicago social workers and thinkers from all parts of the world. He was keenly disappointed that Bellamy could not attend. Keir Hardie came and won Lloyd's esteem. After that he repeatedly urged Hardie to come to America to lecture, offering to make all the arrangements; when he came in 1895, Lloyd helped to make the tour successful.

I have formed a very high opinion of him [he wrote to a

friend]. I do not believe that he has John Burns' genius, but I believe he has something which will count for more than genius in the times that are ahead of us, that is unswerving integrity. I believe you can bet on him to the last dollar. . . .

Hardie himself wrote concerning Lloyd:

I was very much impressed then with the sincerity of the man and his determination to do the right at all hazards. The more I knew of him, the more was this feeling deepened.

At the close of the Congress there was a labour meeting which adopted Lloyd's resolution:

The working men and women of Chicago, assembled in mass-meeting Sunday, September 24, 1893, under the auspices of the Trade and Labour Assembly of Chicago, hereby extend to their brothers and sisters of Great Britain and Ireland, Europe and Australia, greetings of fraternity and fellowship, recognising in the similarity of the problems of unemployed and misemployed men, land, and machinery here and there, that the cause of the emancipation of labour is essentially one and the same the world over; and pledging themselves to unite with all working men in the spirit of international patriotism across all dynastic and tribal barriers to make the world of industry a republic, to make all its inhabitants fellow-citizens, and restore to every citizen his alienated though inalienable rights to life, liberty, and happiness here on earth.

The Fair deeply impressed him. It seemed one of the heralds of that new "internation" and the coming peace of the world. As he walked through its white streets, they grew in his mind to be the ideal city that was to rise from our slums. It moved him to write his

lecture, "No Mean City," the only utopian dream in which he ever indulged. Even this was founded on fact; it described a transcendent city, every progressive institution of which was somewhere already in operation. The mind which helped to create the beauty of the Fair, John Root, did not live to see it realised. To the brother architect, Daniel Burnham, he wrote:

Of the things I heard said about our World's Fair, one that impressed me was the remark of a working man who said: "It was five hundred years ahead of its time." He had caught its intimation of an ideal of social effort and co-operation, and believed it was to have its "time," but he had not the faith I have that it may be realised in our own time. The World's Fair revealed to the people possibilities of social beauty, utility, and harmony of which they had not been able even to dream. No such vision could otherwise have entered into the prosaic drudgery of their lives, and it will be felt in their development unto the third and fourth generation. Hope and inspiration for the future were printed on the minds of many millions in that picture. "Beauty is its own excuse for being." The beauty which shone out through the Fair was almost mysterious in the success of its appeal to the hearts of the people. This outer beauty was the glow of an inner beauty. The beauty that brooded over the Lagoons, the Wooded Island, and the Court of Honour, could we trace its genealogy, would be found to have had its birth in some moment of high converse between magnanimous souls when the Fair was first conceived. The noble loveliness of the scene uttered the creative joy of artists, builders, and men and women of affairs, lifted to their highest by a unique opportunity to work for a common good. . . .

One of the impressive things . . . was the superiority of private effort over governmental. Another, equally impressive, was the superiority of governmental effort over

private. The wonderful contrast between the architecture resulting from the voluntary co-operation of our artists and architects, and that produced under the auspices of Washington and Springfield, speaks enough for the former. One of the best things each exposition does is to show "How not to do it." We must hope that some day there will be an exposition in which all the great arts of all the nations will be illustrated by the comparative method without regard to the advertising aspirations or the excluding jealousies either of persons, cities, or nations. Only under government auspices and the motive of public benefit could such subordination of the private and money-making be hoped for.

The greater delight the people found in wandering through the Paradise of tower, dome, column, façade, park, garden, and waterside, rather than in studying the treasures within the walls, recalls Motley's saying, "Give me the luxuries of life; I can do without the necessities." The people saw glimpses as they wandered through those magic avenues of the higher levels of social achievement which mankind is destined to reach. How little policing people need when they are happy and contented, was one of the sidelights thrown by the Fair on "the science of society." To bring so many people together from all parts of the world, joyfully and peacefully, was of itself a notable evidence of civilisation. We are not so many generations away from the stage of development when a man was a barbarian to be stoned if he got across the line into the next town. "Peace," Dante said, "is the great prerequisite of civilisation." And there is surely no more encouraging augury of the disappearance of war than the increasing frequency of expositions—the international dress-parades of Peace.

CHAPTER IX

BEGINNING AT HOME

IT was only in the shelter of home that the beauty of Henry Lloyd's personality could be fully seen. To follow him living this inner drama would be to reveal him as even more tender, more heroic, more the passionate human heart than is revealed in his public life. Like others of his type, he owed much of his distinction to the simple fact that the sympathy which was so real in his attitude to those dearest, he extended to the lowliest stranger. There was no double standard of kindness within and hardness without his gates. While expanding to the full the precious privileges and duties of kinship, he felt none the less deeply the universal tie of the whole human group. He believed that in the home were to be found the hints for the solutions of the future. His social ideal held that every man should have some of the dearness of a brother, every child be suffered to "come," every woman gain some of the security and honour and love of the wife, sister, or mother. Thus his public and his private life reacted on one another. His public work was touched by a tender human love, and his home life possessed a unique breadth and inclusiveness. This spirit Mrs. Lloyd shared with her husband. On the twenty-first anniversary of their marriage he wrote to her:

To-day the husband- and wifehood are of age. . . . We have a great debt to pay this generous world. My only hope of paying my score is that you with wise head and tender heart and clasping hand are pressing forward with me. Dear wife, dearest friend.

Their home in standing not only for self-service but for social service was the expression of their combined spirits. Their double attractiveness was irresistible. Mr. Lloyd radiated quietly a kindliness and inspiration.

When I think of him [said President Hadley of Yale University] what I most remember is not the brilliant writer, the active champion, but the man of such wonderful personal charm in his daily conversation.

Mrs. Lloyd possessed a nature warmly charged with social magnetism, which her friend "Susan Coolidge" said amounted to genius. This gift would naturally have drawn her into the current of what is known as "society." But from this she deliberately turned aside, setting it whenever possible an example of wealth devoted to simplicity and unselfish ends. She delighted to give her best efforts where the need was greatest. Her ardent nature had hoarded its warmth through a rather bleak childhood, and in her loneliness she had resolved that when she grew up she would spread happiness among children, a resolution which she lived amply to fulfil. I can see her now in my memory driving her express waggon to the woods and gathering in it children rich and poor until it looked like the family conveyance of the "old woman who lived in a shoe." With her the human relationship always prevailed, overstepping all artificial barriers of class or fortune.

With each enlargement of its sheltering roof their

home drew nearer to that expression for which it was finally to stand. From the beginning in Felicity Flat it passed to the house which the architect John Root built for them at 202 Michigan Avenue, on the site of that burned in the great fire, and where Mrs. Lloyd used to say that the dust which she wiped from shelf or table was the ashes of her girlhood's treasures. Finally in Winnetka was developed their representative home. When Mr. Lloyd's health had suffered after the loss of the *Daily News*, they had sought country peace in this village on the Lake bluff north of Chicago. Its arched avenue of trees, its green surrounded by the homes of New England families, lent it an almost historic charm, not found elsewhere in this new country. They were captivated and in spite of the protests of friends that two such shining lights should retire to life in an orchard with birds for neighbours, they moved here in 1878. Where the one small ridge in level prairie running north strikes the Lake side, they found an old inn, the Wayside, long since deserted, save by the staunch old trees and neglected shrubbery. In this, half-ruined and desolate as it was, they saw the possibility of a home. They accordingly acquired right and title, and enthusiastically restored it. Piazzas were propped, bushes pruned, overgrown paths to the bluff and the beach retraced chiefly by nestlings in the shape of the little sons.

To the east through gnarled branches of apple trees, or the slender tracery of silver birch, lay Lake Michigan, bearing on its surface a hundred moods in a hundred days—"our Mediterranean," they called it. In the west over the dark line of woods cut by the village steeple burned the sunsets leading the thoughts far over the country whose development was being studied with

Rest Hour. Mrs. Lloyd Reading.

such loving solicitude. It was not long before the Lloyds were assuring their strenuous city friends that they had never lived before. Here, in touch with the inspiring beauty and tranquillity of nature, Mr. Lloyd regained much of his lost buoyancy, and felt again the impulse to help with the world's work.

As the little family grew, the old inn added wings, opened new windows to welcome views, while nature with embowering shrub and vine bound it to herself. Here life playing upon these intense natures ran a rare gamut from joy to sorrow. In an upper wing of the house was Lloyd's study, where in its solitude peopled by the portraits of Emerson—"the greatest mind and heart of his time,"—Lincoln, Morris, Ruskin, and by the silent companionship of his books he faced his problems, grappled with his fainting courage, lived his hours of drudgery or exaltation. From its window he could look toward the beloved city of his adoption, the turbulent young giant, Chicago, indicated far to the south over field and wood by the trail of murky smoke moving slowly lakeward. Viewing from the calm of this far-off vantage point the mighty forces there contending, rushing on to the inevitable conflict, he turned to his task with renewed determination.

As I look back at this home I recall the delights of bygone winter days, of ideal Sundays when the goodly company of this social democracy lingered long around the dining-room table discussing the vital questions of the day, and continued their talk in walks through the tranquil shelter of the woods which then stretched northward along the Lake bluff. I recall the quiet evening hours around the wood fire when Henry always took a rest on the lounge while his wife read aloud from Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray for the benefit of "the

boys," who lay sprawled on the floor in various attitudes of rapt attention, not daring to move for fear of disturbing the sleeper. Odd bits of unimportant pictures steal back for no adequate reason, most of them containing as *dramatis personæ* one or more of "the boys." I see, for instance, the oldest suspending seven ninepins from the curtain rod—the seven Anarchists of whom the family talk was then full. Walking along the hallway I nearly put my foot into the court of some mediæval castle of blocks or I fatally interrupt the stage-coach about to be captured by Robin Hood's band or with one sweep of my skirt rout the whole of the enemy's forces at Agincourt, while listening I can hear from "the boys" some such appropriate exclamation as "Hang a calf skin over thy pate!" or a complaint from the youngest one, forced by that disability to take the unpopular rôles, "I always have to be the British." In fact a picture of this unique home would not be complete without a hint of the accessories furnished by these young humourists, who were always on the horizon in more or less diverting attitudes according to age or current enthusiasm, now training for baseball with a hot-water bottle for chest-protector, now fighting gallant tournaments in redoubtable armour of iron dish-cloths and saucepans. There was also transmuted into their vernacular that tender love of nature, joyous bulletins of new gentians or lady-slippers, of spring birds and sunsets, of which the home chronicles were full. There were "dandy rainbows" bridging lake to wood, and joyful secrets of "slick places" for trillium. "What Dad don't know about the Hubbard Woods is n't worth knowing, but I bet I know something he does n't," said Will. "I know where there are some hepaticas an inch broad, pretty fellows too, up in the

ravine. Regular whoppers, coming out like holy sixty!"

A neighbour recalling the early days of the home, said[1]:

No one cared what he had, or what he wore, or how he looked, but each one felt that he gave and received value in this clearing house of ideas where both poor and rich got richer, and every one gained but no one lost. . . . I recall one of the delightful dances of that happy Eocene period, quite impromptu and entirely unexpected, arising from the discovery by Mrs. Lloyd of two musical tramps, one of whom was an artist upon the accordion, while his partner performed upon the mouth organ. The tramps were of course hungry; the Lloyds always hospitable, and Winnetka ever ready to dance. So after a little collective bargain a tripartite agreement was entered into, Mrs. Lloyd furnishing the dinner, the tramps the music, and the populace dancing. The only ball which ever approached this one for genuine merriment, artistic dancing, and enthusiastic music, was the Fezziwigs' ball described by Mr. Scrooge in the *Christmas Carol*. And Henry Lloyd as a dancer came very close to the Fezziwig standard. . . . The Reverend Brooke Herford and his family came out here early in the Post Igneous epoch. . . . Towards the end of one of the meetings of the clan at Mrs. Lloyd's when even the British reserve had completely thawed, Mr. Herford, at parting, impulsively threw his arms about Mr. Lloyd's neck and exclaimed: "Henry Lloyd, this is what I call good society." In those horseless, motorless, golfless days we walked for pleasure, and Henry Lloyd on a country ramble through the woods or across the Skokie was Chief of the Clan. . . . Such walks and talks never had been nor will be. We "babbled o' green fields"—and talked of the differing glories

[1] Frederick Greeley at the Winnetka memorial meeting, September, 1903.

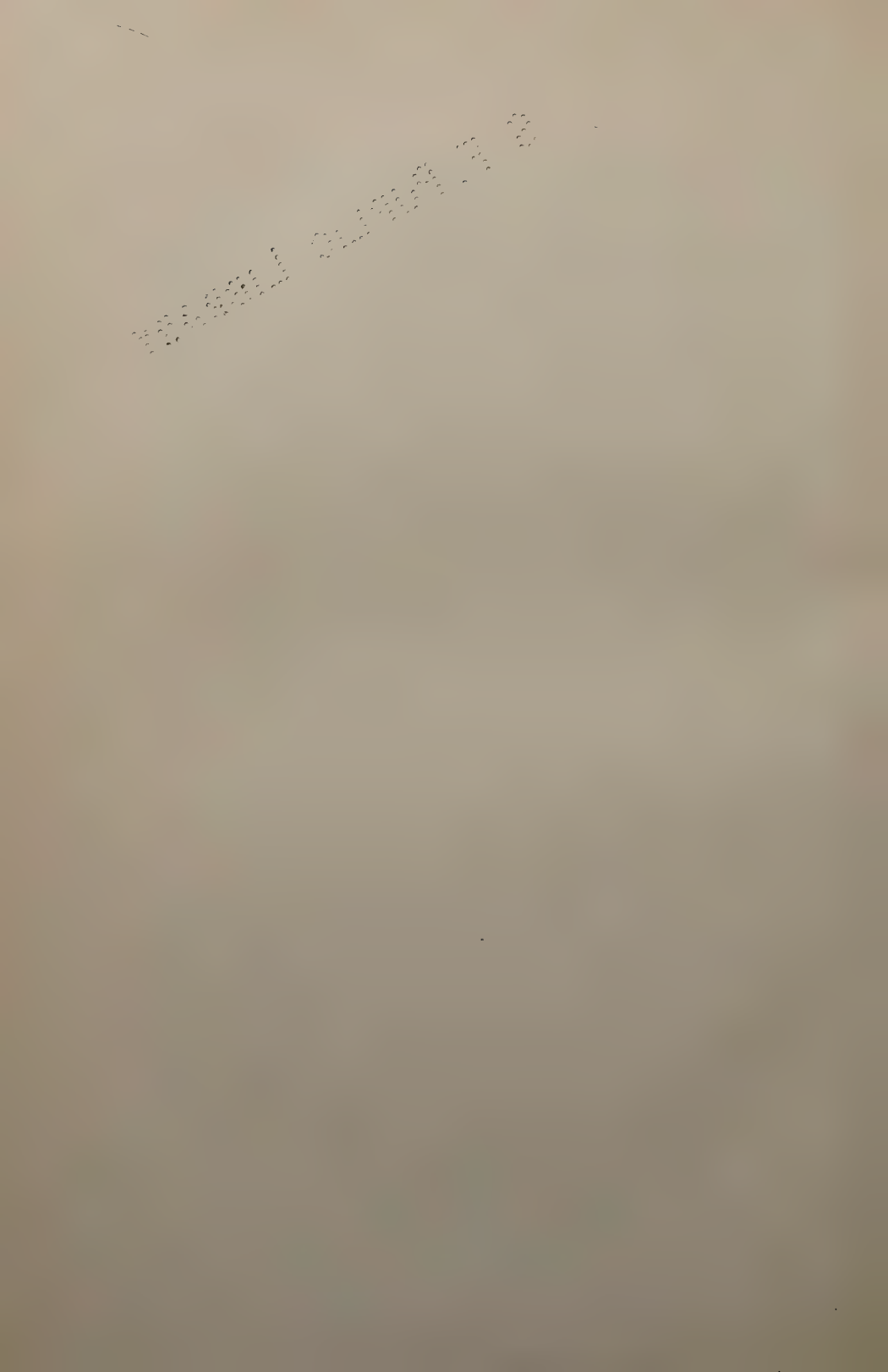
of the stars, and of the life that we knew and the life that we hoped for.

Nor did the home escape the ridicule attending its unusual quality, but none enjoyed this more than the Lloyds themselves. When, for instance, in a charade Mr. Lloyd, who often inveighed against strong coffee as a deleterious drug, saw himself depicted as saying to the waitress, "Hannah, bring me a cup of hot water, very weak please," or a notice was found posted in the guest-room, "In case of fire, come down softly, and do not wake Mr. Lloyd," the laugh of the victim was merriest of all.

A newly arrived guest usually found some interesting event transpiring, perhaps the dining-room cleared for a lecture, or the table surrounded by a corps of helpers addressing the papers and leaflets which Mr. Lloyd was continually distributing as propaganda, or the lawn in possession of girls from Marshall Field's store revelling in a country holiday; he was sure to find some progressive thinker enjoying its stimulus, as Florence Kelley fresh from her experiences as factory inspector or Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who wrote three poems there one morning, including that on immortality. "It was a good place to write poems," she said. Perhaps some special conference would be in progress, as when Professor Bemis came to discuss the statement of his case against the Chicago University, or Governor Altgeld or Booker T. Washington brought their problems, or some English social reformer or statesman such as William T. Stead, or Herbert Burrows, or George Trevelyan was there to discuss themes of international importance. Among others came Walter Crane in 1892 when the pardon of the surviving Anar-

Fancy sketch of guests assembled under the hospitable roof of Henry D. Lloyd at Winnetka – January 1892

A Leaf from Walter Crane's Sketch-book.



chists was being agitated. As Crane while in Boston had publicly endorsed this policy, the St. Botolph Club, which had issued invitations to a large reception in his honour, promptly withdrew them. Accordingly on his coming to Chicago, the Lloyds made a special effort to welcome him at a round-table luncheon.

Perhaps on one side the home might be described as in part a social settlement. Under its roof was usually some one wounded in soul or body, some outsider with no claim of friendship or kinship, marvelling at the unmeasured wealth of sympathy and help lavished upon him. Now it was some lonely self-supporting woman, now an overworked mother, who would be tucked into the steamer chair on the southern porch by Mrs. Lloyd's kind hands, now some young man away from home for the first time, who recognised her motherly touch, or some unpractical crank unable to adjust his queerness to any world except this broad home. "I went out there for a rest," said one. "I was a poor factory girl half starving on seven dollars a week, and Mrs. Lloyd nursed me as if I were her child or her sister. I never felt so much at home in my life." An old lady who came from the Home for a country week was never tired of boasting of her experience: "And me a poor Irish widder sat at the table with the Mister, and the Missus she waited on us." "My cook, I am sure," wrote a quondam visitor, "could give testimony to Mr. Lloyd's unfailing and unusual courtesy, for she always remembers his efforts to go to the kitchen to greet her when she was at his home." Here rich and poor, college bred and untutored, famous and humble, white and black, met on common ground. "A bit of nineteenth-century heaven," a friend described it. Jane Addams, to whom it proved a resource in dealing

with some of her problems, was pleased to call it "an annex to Hull House."

It was as well a kind of clearing house of advanced thought on the labour movement. Thinkers and workers in all branches of social service from all parts of the world passed through this home. Rarely was there a purposeless soul around its table, and the untrammelled freedom with which questions of religious and political regeneration were treated and the aspiration which often ascended from its liberated thought proved an experience which few who witnessed it ever forgot. Many a reformer in those days, when radicalism was much less common than now, came weary of the combat and found rest for his soul. Professor Vida Scudder of Wellesley, perplexed by the offer to her college of money from the Standard Oil Company, sought Mr. Lloyd's advice.

What refreshed me in Mr. Lloyd, [she said, recalling her visit,] was of course finding myself in the presence of a man—indeed of a family—to whom the principles of what I must consider the social ethics of the future were not dangerous vagaries or absurd fallacies, but assumptions that needed no question. To pass from an atmosphere charged with incredulous perplexity to one full of friendly, tranquil comradeship is an experience one does not forget; the Lloyds' home must, I should think, have afforded such a haven to many a solitary spirit.

That is what one remembers longest about "the Lloyds," the brave talk. There was a never-ending conference, its lecture rooms, informal as those of the Greek philosophers, now at the table or through wood paths, on a sand dune, or along the shore at sunset, now on the roof in the moonlight, around the log

The Dining-room at Winnetka.

fire on a rainy day, sometimes in the retirement of the study. For Lloyd regarded conversation as of primal importance. It was in the informal talk of free men and women that he looked for truth to evolve, and he listened as if its revelation might come at any moment. This intensity made itself felt and each contributed his best or else held his peace.

I shall never forget the pride and pleasure I had in walking that seven miles with Mr. Lloyd, [said a young girl] because he talked to me just as he would have talked to any one, with just as much charm and interest, discussing Darwin as if we had equally valuable opinions to exchange, and Matthew Arnold's poetry,—and all sorts of subjects on which a particularly green school girl is n't usually listened to with such an inspiring . . . consideration and fellowship. That is my first memory . . . and that impression was so often confirmed when he listened to all the youngsters at the table with as much interest as to experts.

He himself, free from the restraint of the public ear, lavishly gave his thought however radical and his hopes however lofty or shy. His talk was brilliant and fascinating, full of startling prophecy, firm in its convictions; it was now hard as steel and now tender. It seethed with indignation. It touched earth, firm-footed, and again it soared, in a creative flight, far off into theory. It was interesting to see him throw out the line of a theory tentatively, so that he might watch its impression on various minds, testing its value, even prankishly seeing how near he could come to the quick of his hearer's prejudices, tickling the talk as it were. All was moreover touched with wit and suffused with grace and courtesy. Like Emerson's wise man he went to this game of conversation "to play upon others and to be played upon."

The same spirit prevailed in the summer home on Sakonnet Point, the last tip of land at the mouth of Narragansett Bay. It had been the happy land first of the Sakonnet Indians, then of Plymouth Colonists, and its green fields running to the red rocks which walled them from the sea were smooth with many seasons' ploughing. Here on the edge of the continent, it seemed to have stolen away from the world, basking lazily by day, and guarded through the night by the watchful eye of the Sakonnet Lighthouse, which, flashing ever its three short reds and one long white, was a symbol of that social love which the State always signified to Lloyd. Sakonnet had no facilities, and seemed as hard to find as an enchanted country. When visitors arrived either down the Bay by the boat or along the road by the old stage, they felt that they had reached one of the corners of the earth. Such was its charm about 1889, when Mr. Lloyd first set foot there. On the day of his arrival he bought thirty-two acres of wind-swept coast, and here was built the summer home, Watch House. Sea grey and vine-covered, it stands on the hilltop, its front door nine feet wide, typifying its breadth of hospitality. Here as well it was a rare experience to witness the many currents of life, each free, yet all working together for the general welfare. Indeed, Mrs. Lloyd's social economy made of her domain a kind of co-operative commonwealth. After breakfast the younger guests usually formed themselves into groups for bed-making, dish-washing, flower-gathering. There were cosy times and good talks for the girls with Mrs. Lloyd, over the shelling of peas or hulling of berries. Mr. Lloyd usually enlisted a corps to pick peas or beans in the garden, during which process he dispensed philosophy as well as fun.

Mr. Lloyd Coming in from the Sakonnet Cornfield in a prankish Mood.

The freedom and the happy horizon of Sakonnet seemed especially to suit him, and he never looked more fascinating than here, his négligée white suit with blue shirt harmonising with his kind, blue eyes, and his mane of prematurely white hair.

There were morning frolics around the swimming raft, evenings of music, the midday hour of silence, when for the sake of newcomers placards were hung, which read, "Rest Hour, please keep quiet." At this time, according to a custom dating from Mr. Lloyd's insomnia, Mrs. Lloyd read to him and they tested the somnolent qualities of Plato, Emerson, or Wordsworth. There were afternoons yachting or driving in the four-seated carryall, "The Democrat." But under summer frivolity was the serious work. In the solitude of the long attic at one end worked Margaret Morley, writing, studying her colonies of wasps or bees in the rafters. At the other end sat Miss Stallbohm, Lloyd's never-failing helper, who rarely stopped either the click of the typewriter, or the clip of her editorial scissors, as she copied his manuscript or cut and sorted the items in the newspapers covering his desk from all parts of the world. In the room below Mr. Lloyd wrote. A part of his continuous work was the survey of the world's news. The passages which he marked, and all news bearing on the subjects of his life study, were classified and filed. As this method was applied for many years over a wide range of publications, the result was a collection of great value. He inherited from his father a keen sense of the historical value of contemporary documents, and kept all kinds of programmes and pamphlets connected with the labour movement. He also treated reverently the short-lived reform and labour papers, issued at great sacrifice by struggling men and

women, and in whose simple pages he saw the eloquence of new truth. All these together with a part of his library are now bequeathed to the University of Wisconsin, and to the John Crerar Library, Chicago, where they will serve as a treasure-house to future students of the era.

. . . Working with Mr. Lloyd was one of the most delightful experiences of my life, [said a secretary.] At Sakonnet . . . he would usually dictate from nine until eleven; then he would take a glass of hot milk and say, "I 'm going to blow my brains out," which meant that he was going out on the porch for a brisk walk of a few minutes. Then he would return and resume work until luncheon. . . . I am a fresh air fiend myself, but Mr. Lloyd transcended me. In September at Sakonnet when it was really intensely cold, . . . he would . . . dictate to me with every window open; and on several occasions I have sat . . . incased in a steamer rug, a golf cape with a hood about me, taking his dictation with . . . numb fingers. . . .

"He was a most considerate employer," wrote Abigail Clarke, the secretary of Edward Everett Hale, who also helped Mr. Lloyd during the residence in Boston.

A very interesting thing in my divided service for Mr. Lloyd and Dr. Hale, was their friendliness. They did not often meet, but I was constantly the bearer of affectionate greetings from one to the other. The charming and simple hospitality of the Lloyd home was a never-failing source of pleasure to Dr. Hale. "Well, whom did you meet at Lloyd's yesterday?" Dr. Hale would ask. Once when I had been telling about a particularly interesting group, he exclaimed:

Watch House, Sakonnet.

"Why, my dear, I believe Lloyd and his wife are bringing in the kingdom of God in Boston."

Perhaps the most characteristic hour of the Sakonnet day followed the evening meal, when it was the custom to pace the length of the unroofed porch. Here with the expanse of sea and sky, one caught an exhilaration and releasing of the spirit as on shipboard. Across the beautiful waters of Narragansett Bay could be seen in the glory of the sunset the marble palaces of Newport, homes reared on the proceeds of tyranny. Then indeed did the spirit of Watch House stand most nobly revealed by contrast, a protest against love confined to kinship, its hospitality to all classes and races symbolising the coming international unity, its daily programme pre-figuring co-operation, its benefits offered by preference to those in need typifying its holding nearest its heart the problems of the people's life—a true democracy in miniature.

It would be difficult to say which home of the Lloyds was more charming—Sakonnet or Boston the sojourning places, or Winnetka the real home. Wherever set, it was ever, in its best phases, an attempt to express the ideals of its era.

The home-makers are gone, but Watch House and The Wayside still stand overlooking sea and lake. Around their hearths, in every book, or chair, or picture, are memories of two strong, brave souls, "who made mankind their business," and from whose hearth-altar was ever arising an aspiration toward the heaven on earth. Oh, days long vanished, burned into nights long since spent that have rolled into new days now old, freighted with what hours of rest, inspiration, and struggle do you retreat into the past! Around the places that knew you may there ever linger your fine fragrance.

WATCH HOUSE

Who builds a house, does more; he blazons there
Himself, his aims, the genius of his mind.
So Watch House stands, broad open to the wind
And welcoming the sun. Around stretch, bare
Of trees, green fields that seem so high in air
They have the uplift of the moors. Confined
By red-rocked shores, the smiling sea is kind,
And healing brings, not harm. Unquiet care
Departs when, twilight fading down the West,
The ordered stars their nightly solace bring.
Long may it stand, sun-warmed to joy, wind-swept
Of care, to high endeavor heartening.
May those who breathe its finer air, attest
Its vision clear, its faith serenely kept.

HENRY W. GOODRICH.

1900.

CHAPTER X

WEALTH AGAINST COMMONWEALTH

FROM that natural law of compensation whereby energy is met with energy, the realm of man's struggle for freedom is not exempt. Every new tyranny finds a new protester in its path, every Ahab meets his Elijah, and our modern "bad wealth" is no exception.

In one of his rare confidential disclosures, the sphinx-like President of the oil trust said that in his early years, being fearful lest his business would never amount to anything, he often walked the streets all night, laying plans, solving problems. When about 1872 the results began to be manifest in bitter outbursts in the press against a certain South Improvement Company, a young journalist had started taking notes and from that time had never lost sight of that company, nor of the oil trust into which it evolved. Clippings, letters, and documents fell into the pigeon-holes of his study. His first exposure in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in 1881, was only a beginning. He relentlessly pursued his investigations. He too had sleepless hours when he pondered over the people's business. Would it "amount to anything"? Would they summon virtue and strength for their deliverance? This problem lay down with him at night and rose with him in the morning.

When at last he was ready and the hour had struck for the story to be told, a revulsion came over him. He felt an impulse to destroy his material, and not to put before the public the terrible narrative. Beyond his indignation he could see constructive work. Would not this be of greater value? Should he awaken the people's righteous wrath? Should he hasten the pace of events? Might not their natural play and counterplay more wisely unroll the appalling facts? There were times when the mere physical strain appeared too great. Life's forces had done their share in buffeting about his sensitive nature and delicate body. But fortunately he was built on weighty lines of spirit and conscience. He decided that the work had to be done, and that he was the man to do it. "I have something to tell the American people," he said, adding quietly, "and I shall do it without much rhetoric, either."

He approached the task from many sides. He wished to portray the spirit of the age as astray, to convince men that the moral principle underlying their industry, the self-interest of the individual, was an error, and to help them see that sympathy, mercy, justice must govern their intercourse in business as well as in the church, family, or state. He believed that the best way to do this was by concrete facts to make a realistic picture of the ruin, social, economic, and moral, which this error was already creating in the commercial world. For this illustration he selected the growth of the trust system, and "as an illustration of the illustration," he said, he chose to describe the career of the Standard Oil Company, the self-confessed "parent of the trust system."

I consider the episode of the rise and progress of the oil monopoly [he wrote to his friend Charles B. Mathews, the

Independent oil refiner, in 1889], to be on the whole the most characteristic thing in our business civilisation—the most illustrative of the past—the most threatening for the future. And I perceive its significance to be far more than American.

His broad purpose was in the performance made less evident because from limit of space his self-expression was largely excluded as least important.

The book is misunderstood by many people [he wrote to Alexander Irvine], as intended to be simply a destructive and almost vindictive criticism; but I wrote it with the most constructive hope of helping in the application of ethical and religious principles to the business administration of the industrial resources of our common humanity.

The failure of our social economy was being daily disclosed and the discussion of the problem both in Europe and America wasted much of its force in denunciatory generalities. While their wealth was being appropriated by illegal and even criminal means, the people were standing, Lloyd said, "paralysed and fascinated, as if helpless under the charm of an evil eye." He hoped to help arouse in them their redemptive power. What they needed was enlightenment.

The voluminousness of the work [he wrote] is part of the plan. It is not voluminousness of words—but of facts. My conclusions, no matter how eloquently and accurately put, would be of little value. What the public to-day demands is the materials from which it may draw its own conclusions.

He wanted to write it for "the men and women who do the work of the world," who were, he said, "rising to a point of information. They want to know how it

is that we, who profess the religion of the golden rule and the political economy of service for service, come to divide our produce into incalculable power and pleasure for a few, and partial existence for the many who are the fountains of these powers and pleasures." The aim of his book, which after considering one hundred and fifty titles, he decided to call *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, was to give them this information. He wrote to a friend:

> The real truth about the Standard Oil people is that they are thieves; the trouble is that neither they nor the people generally realise this. In the early days good men . . . could be pirates, and good men could applaud them. The moral sense has differentiated until it has at last seen clearly and taught that this piracy of Sir Francis Drake's was wicked. The task of to-day is to lay bare the realities of the Standard Oil methods, and the evils of the results so clearly that the public will all be driven, irresistibly, to see and confess that modern business is still piracy and theft and lying. There was a time when it was not murder to kill an enemy; when it was not theft to steal that which belonged to some one of another tribe; when breach of trust was unknown, because trust had not been conceived of; when it was not lying to tell untruths to strangers. The men who first as moral pioneers declared that all these were simply, clearly, and sharply, murder, theft, and lying were, as Goethe says must happen to all true reformers, burned or hanged, in their day, but have become prophets, and are now revered. As troublesome no doubt will be the pathway of those who declare and prove that the methods of modern business, as exemplified in the careers of its most brilliantly successful practitioners, are those still of lying, theft, murder, having other gods than the true God. But all this must be said and proved and believed, before this wicked and adulterous generation can be got to give up its evil practices.

"The Wayside," Winnetka, Showing Mr. Lloyd's Study with the Balcony.

Thus quickened by a sense of impending peril, and uplifted by the conviction of an inevitable mission, he faced his work. Within his Winnetka study lay the material, nearly twenty years' accumulation of documents, lawsuits, reports, thousands of newspaper clippings. From these he must construct a narrative, impregnable as a lawyer's brief, readable as a story. No one had been over the path before. His was the pioneer's task, for the first time to combine, correlate, interpret. The story was complex, but must be simply told. He said he wished to make some of the mysteries of modern business clear to the common people out of whose lives and labours its fabrics are made. It must be flawless, for against it would be arrayed all the powers of capital, experts, judges, the press, and "the most ingenious of the condottieri of the monopoly." Therefore, the case must be proved by full details, no matter how dry.

My article of 1881 [he wrote a friend] remains unanswered to this day, and my book I mean to make similarly impregnable.

Once for all, he would by facts, conclusive and irrefutable, disprove the pretensions of the trusts that their success was due to "greater capital, or skill, or priority, or enterprise, or cheapness."

The one point about the Standard business which I find has taken the strongest hold of the public mind is their claim that they have made oil cheap. This the public—dear fools—believe, and it entirely reconciles them—knavish fools—to the piracies, treasons, and murders by which the fabled cheapness has been brought to them. It is easy enough to argue that cheapness cannot be produced by these tactics of dearness, but that is not enough. It must

be *proved* arithmetically, statistically, historically that oil has been made dear by the methods of monopoly. This I propose to do, and do thoroughly, but I must have the assistance here of practical and expert oil men. . . . The demonstration must be so broad and thorough that it will command the attention and respect of political economists, and rout for once and for ever this silly, dishonest, and impossible, and yet popular, claim of cheapness.

This point I regard as the centre of the whole position, though it is such only on account of the shameful lack of moral sense in our people.

Finally, all the ponderous array of facts was to be made so interesting that it would win its way. The story of freight rates and oil barrels must flow with a charm to hold even women. And yet the grace of rhetoric could have no place in it. His imagination revealed to him the great possibilities of his material to writers of fiction. In these archives, he said, were romance, comedy, tragedy, to feed whole generations of literary men. But the time for that had not yet come. He knew that it would and often described his recital as "raw material," and was always alert to arouse the interest of some playwright or novelist. He hoped to tell the story in such a way as to include in the circle of those initiated into the mysteries of business, a larger section of the community, notably clergymen and women.

The conviction has long been borne in on the minds of many observers of our social drift [he said] that some new source of energy must be tapped, if the people are not to be overcome in their struggle with their new "Autocrats of the Breakfast Table"—and every other table, in home, shop, and store.

Writing " Wealth Against Commonwealth."

In an article in the *Altruistic Review* of December, 1894, which might have served as a preface to the book, he wrote:

> If writers and women can be enlisted in the new cause, it is surely won. No wrong has ever been able to stand out against the pens of the world. Once those points are turned against a system, its days are numbered. No matter what they may pretend to be writing about, the literary class, once they have set themselves against a folly, or slavery, or wickedness, will really write about nothing else. Their trees will give tongue against it, there will be books about it in their running brooks and sermons in stones. One main purpose of this book will have been fulfilled if it succeeds in giving our novelists, dramatists, poets, and historians some hint of the treasures of new material that lie waiting for them in real life. Here are whole continents of romance, adventure, and ungathered gold which have been *terræ incognitæ* to our explorers of the pen.

It was also his aim, as he wrote a publisher, to give the whole, "so far as the stiffness of the materials—*including the writer*—permitted," a dramatic quality, so that there should run through it a connected human interest. Thus he needed to have always two points of view, not parallel, that of the literary craftsman forced to interest, and of the lawyer with his brief. He could not even abstract or paraphrase the words of witnesses. "This is not," he wrote, "an historical romance with conversations of cleverly contrived verisimilitude à la Froude, but literally true, as to facts not only, but as to words." And here he met as well the problem of bulk.

> I could easily *tell the story* in one quarter the space [he wrote to a publisher] and . . . tell it better. But then the story would be only told; it would not be proved. The

story is not new, the public ear has been dulled into innocuous desuetude by the eloquence and wit and indignation which "monopoly" has had poured upon it. The only string left to play that I can see was this of the Fact-Official adjudicated, massed in avalanche. I realise thoroughly that I sacrifice literary effect by the method I have pursued. My object necessitated this sacrifice. I have aimed to collate the materials from which others will produce literary effects.

A résumé, no matter if brilliantly made, would not do the work that now needs to be done; the facts must be given in detail, all the facts, and given so clearly that nobody can fail to understand, and so fully that the demonstration leaves the reader no further work of investigation, reference, and verification.

The condensation into a rapid running narrative is, literally, entirely feasible, but it would open the door to the hopeless befuddlement of the public by the outcry ceaselessly reiterated that the facts did not warrant the statements and inferences, and it involves telling it in my own words instead of leaving it to be told in the words of the actors themselves and the courts and legislatures, which have passed upon them. . . .

From these hints may be seen the difficulties before him, and the tension and devotion with which he entered upon this self-imposed work of enlightenment. His fears were justified. So repulsive was the work, that the loftiness of his aim alone sustained him. To a friend he confessed that he wrote "in agony and depression of spirit," weighed down by the matter he was exposing. "It will grieve you," he wrote President Andrews of Brown University later, when sending him the book, "as it grieved me to write it. But we must face the facts."

I spend every morning at my desk working on a book

I spend my morning
at my desk working on a
book about the Druids, but
my progress seems lamentably slow. However it "do
move". The worst of it is the
work is really so delicate.
But it keeps me poking about
and scavenging in full
of telling human deed and
cruelty almost as nauseous as Candle. Nothing but

Facsimile of a Letter from Henry Demarest Lloyd to his Mother.

the sincerest sense of duty,
and the conviction that
men must understand the
laws of our present system
before they will be able to
amend or better them, drives me
back to my work every day.
When I get this book done,
I am going to write one to
suit myself. The subject will
be The Commonwealth of
Nations.

about the Trusts [he wrote to his mother] but my progress seems lamentably slow. However, it "do move." The worst of it is the work is really so distasteful. It keeps me poking about and scavengering in piles of filthy human greed and cruelty almost too nauseous to handle. Nothing but the sternest sense of duty and the conviction that men must understand the vices of our present system before they will be able to rise to a better, drives me back to my desk every day. When I get this book done, I am going to write one to suit myself. The subject will be "The Commonwealth of Nations."

I have recast it four times [he wrote to Professor Richard T. Ely]. The gun needs to be loaded carefully; the query uppermost in my mind is, which is going to be the most dangerous place, in front of it, or behind?"

Over three years rolled by in the actual preparation of the book. When it was finished, he submitted the chapters to leading specialists and attorneys; those on Toledo's contest were passed upon by the city gas trustees, and by A. E. Macomber, of that city, while the Rice and Mathews chapters were read by Adelbert Moot of Buffalo. The whole manuscript was placed in the hands of Roger Sherman, the eminent attorney of Pennsylvania, who was familiar by personal contact with the oil industry from its beginning. Those consulted were asked to read as though it were a legal brief, and report any point where he had failed to prove his case. Only trivial changes were called for. Fearful of the power of his enemy to annul his labour, Lloyd carefully considered the possibility of libel suits, and asked Sherman to read it "with an eagle eye for libels." Sherman pronounced it safe.

With his manuscript thus verified and endorsed, he sought a firm brave enough to accept it. In his judg-

ment the more conservative a publisher the better. It was rejected by four leading firms, although praised in many respects by their readers. At this juncture William Dean Howells, through whose influence his first article had been published, now offered to take the manuscript to Mr. Harper.

I feel an almost unconquerable reluctance to let this incubus of mine descend upon you [wrote Lloyd to Howells]. But I cannot deny it to myself—the pleasure and the honour of letting this book go through your hands. If you are willing, after squinting at it to call Mr. Harper's, attention to the book, there is nothing I think for me to add. I have given the working hours of more than two years to this compilation, and the sky seems full of signs that the time for the appearance of such information has come.

Harper & Brothers accepted and published it. "I of course think very highly of the Harpers," said Mr. Lloyd years after, "because they had the courage to print my book." At their request, he subjected his manuscript to rigid cutting, making less evident its ethical purpose. "I have reduced it by one quarter," he wrote, "by editing myself almost out of the book."

At last, June, 1894, found him correcting proof. "The publishers celebrated yesterday, the only day I have not had Fraulein with me, by sending me 50 pages of proof. . . . No wonder that the only saint ever mentioned in connection with printers is the devil." One day after the book was in the press, he discovered, to his dismay, an error. He rushed to the telephone and found that the printers were at that moment setting up the very page! "I do not claim to be omniscient," he wrote to a friend, "but I think it safe to say that seldom have greater pains and expense

been taken to make the statements of a book ironclad than were taken in this case." The work had indeed entailed not only devoted labor, but a financial sacrifice which from first to last amounted to six thousand dollars.

In September, 1894, it issued from the press to begin its high mission. Those who opened it read as if fascinated. They followed the trust's progress as it swept tornado-like through industry. Led only by statistics, they passed from one human fact of the rise of combination to another, through the story of the genius robbed of his invention and dying in poverty, of the widow's tragedy, of the attempt to blow up the rival's plant, of the brave struggle of the Independents, of the mysterious charm under which railroad managers yielded their stockholders' interests to the trust, namely, "the smokeless rebate," "the golden rule of the gospel of wealth," and " the source of more than one half of our great fortunes." They saw depicted the helplessness of legislatures, Congress, and courts, under this dominion grown from local to national, even to international, striving in fact to encircle the globe.

Throughout the recital no opportunity was missed to make the facts warm-blooded and to lighten the heaviness by glint of humour or picturesque detail. Pithy lines portrayed heroes or victims as living beings. Simple facts placed side by side thrilled one with anger or pity. Dull ones touched gaily were sent forth with solicitude to win their way; pathetic was their mute appeal when one realised the indignation, the trembling hope of their compiler. No space could be wasted, and the author who allowed himself no place in the text utilised page headings for illuminating comment. Thus turning the leaves one reads at the top of the page

"heart-beats of gold," "veiled profits," "endowments and the death-rate," "United Syndicates of America," "highways and highwaymen," and of the trust's failure to testify, "silence is golden." The same method enlivened even the dry list of over four hundred trusts in the appendix—the first which had ever been made, and as complete as possible under the daily changing development.

It was a bitter story for a kind man to tell. Not a page but its burden must be the anguish of humanity or its demoralisation. No wonder that stifling his anger he made every effort to avoid severity of language, saying "the severity of the facts is enough." He continually slipped in words to keep up our self-respect, to emphasise the good, to sound the notes of a human sympathy which no statistics can dull, but in the climax of the last two chapters, "The Old Self-Interest," "And the New," is found, condensed, the only real expression he permitted himself. Here he touched pithily upon the leading points of the international debate, and while making no claim to lead or solve, gave hints of a hopeful philosophy. His aim shines out at the close.

When it comes to know the facts, the human heart can no more endure monopoly than American slavery or Roman empire. The first step to a remedy is that the people care. If they know, they will care. To help them to know and care; to stimulate new hatred of evil, new love of good, new sympathy for the victims of power and, by enlarging its science, to quicken the old into a new conscience, this compilation of fact has been made. Democracy is not a lie. There live in the body of the commonalty the unexhausted virtue and the ever-refreshened strength which can rise equal to any problems of progress. In the hope of tapping

some reserve of their powers of self-help this story is told to the people.

Perhaps no quality in the concluding chapters is more striking than their lofty calm. When a friend wrote: "I must say most of my friends who have read the volume declare that it makes them so mad that they have to lay it down and rest between times," he answered that those were precisely the sensations he felt in writing the story. But he emerged at the end of his task serene with the strength of the passions he had controlled. To appreciate this one must realise the ardour of his temperament, his intense love for the Republic, his imaginative sympathy with the people's sufferings, and measure the effect upon them of the atrocities whose appalling details had filled his mind for long years. Nowhere does that control appear more clearly than in his attitude toward the persons of the drama. These tyrants he said were what our civilisation has made them, preaching, as it does, one code of morals and practising an opposite.

If we do not like the picture, and I do not for one, we cannot make the change we desire unless we first change ourselves, and adopt for our guidance, at home and abroad, better ideals than those now generally professed and practised.

They were men of the highest position. He was importuned on all sides to insert their names, some of the Independents even proposing to publish "a key to *Wealth Against Commonwealth*." But although honourable men are often named, he took pains even to the verge of awkwardness to avoid mention of others, almost the only exception being in the Payne Case,

where mention was unavoidable. He observed this method privately as well. Their names were, however, no secret, for the copious footnotes furnished means for the most complete verification. His purpose was not merely to avoid libel suits, but was mixed, as human motives usually are.

I suppressed names in my book for a variety of reasons. There was no desire to shield any of the guilty men, and no possibility of doing so as the principal men in the oil trust are as well known as Gould or Vanderbilt. But I felt that the main purpose of the book would be defeated if the names were given. I wrote not to attack or expose certain men but to unfold a realistic picture of modern business. It so happened that the oil trust afforded in all ways the very best illustration for my purpose, but owing to the fact that it is the creation of but two or three men, if I had mentioned them they would have appeared on almost every page, and the book would have taken on the appearance of being a personal assault. No matter how much the assault was deserved, to have given the work that aspect would have been fatal to the usefulness which I hope for it. I weighed this matter pro and con, very thoroughly, before I came to my decision, and I have felt more sure every day since that I did the best thing.

The result was a book commensurate in power with the magnitude of the crisis it described, a chronicle of living history, revealing an evil system in the full swing of power. Its dedication as well as its preface were cut out. Concerning this he wrote in a progressive journal (*Altruistic Review*, December, 1894):

If the author had followed his own predilection, he would have inscribed his book to woman. Not to woman in general. It was a woman who first found the words, "Immediate Emancipation," and set free the slave and his master.

It is in the womanhood of the world that are rising the great fountains of the enthusiasm and energy of the future. Through almost every page of his work the author was drawn on by the hope that some fact, some word, might kindle the mind of the woman who is to strike the keynote of the coming emancipation of the Commonwealth, and that out of our womanhood might come the wit, tenderness, and virtue to heal the question which has proved to be too big for the monopoly sex. To her who shall speak for this womanhood, this book was in spirit dedicated.

Lloyd was his own most zealous circulator. As the first edition was expensive, he sent it to many who would find it beyond their reach. "I am not going to thank you," wrote one, "I am going to lend it to some poor devils like myself who are unable to buy it. Imagine our pleasure!" Indeed all copies seemed to be lent to many readers and the book continually circulated on its mission. It reached the most illustrious thinkers of Europe, and one enthusiast even sent a copy to the German Emperor. When flooded with appeals for a cheap edition, Lloyd tried to have one issued in paper covers at twenty-five cents, offering to relinquish his royalties; he succeeded in securing a dollar edition, sold at the actual cost of production. He took great pains to see that this reached leaders of public opinion. He wrote to Rev. Washington Gladden:

> . . . I intend to place several hundred copies of it among the ministers and others who are prepared to discuss the industrial problems of the day from the ethical point of view—the only one which seems to me worth while. I should be very glad to receive from you the names of such clergymen and other speakers and writers as you think would be glad to receive a copy of the book and use it in their public work.

From this act came the first awakening of many a minister to an understanding of our dilemma. Five years later he wrote to Rev. Winfield Gaylord:

> Your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. There are no persons from whom such valuable service is to be expected in the work of social reform as the clergymen of the country. There is no class that has taken more to heart the message of the facts I gave in *Wealth Against Commonwealth* than they, and no class which has made more sacrifices than the ministers in doing their duty as the guardians of the people against these sinners of wealth. I always take pains when the topic comes within reason in my public discussions to speak to this effect. It seems to me only justice to do so, as there is so much indiscriminate attack upon the clergymen and all churches as being the friends of Mammon in this issue.

From all parts of the land there now came to him the warm response from an unknown host whose eyes had never looked into his. Into the study where he had wrestled with his task, there came words of blessing, gratitude, courage from men whose ideals rose to meet his own. He began to feel the beat of the people's hearts. He woke to find his self-controlled method of recital producing the most startling effects. Men read the book with the same absorbing interest which as boys they gave to pirate stories. So exciting was it that they could read only a little at a time. Opponents pronounced it "rant." There were those who opened it, only to close it with the convictions of a lifetime unsettled. Such revelations, it was felt, could not but usher in a new era. On all sides was echoed Edward Everett Hale's verdict, that it was an epoch-making book, an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the labour movement. In their

enthusiasm men compared it to Burke's indictment of Warren Hastings, and said it was as significant for the present crisis as Helper's *Impending Crisis* had been for the past. Many were willing to call it at once a great book, and believed that no more wonderful romance of real life had ever been written. It startled many Americans out of that comfortable assurance that, having the franchise, their liberties were secure. To lawyers it was particularly convincing. Ministers and writers preached and wrote upon it, thrilled with a sense of the peril before the Republic. Many too busy to read books found that this one they must read, word by word. A few professors included it in their courses, as at Johns Hopkins University. Robert Louis Stevenson decided to found a novel upon its disclosures. John Burroughs said that after an hour's reading he was so angry that he "had to go out and kick stumps." Those indeed were days when good men swore and even a minister confessed that he threw down the book and cried, "Damn those rascals." William Dean Howells wrote:

40 West 57th St., Nov. 2, 1894.

My Dear Lloyd:

I am reading your great book as I get the nervous strength for it, and I find that it takes a good deal of nervous strength. To think that the monstrous iniquity whose story you tell so powerfully, accomplished itself in our time, is so astounding, so infuriating, that I have to stop from chapter to chapter, and take breath. It is like a tale of some remote corruption, some ancient oppression, far from us, and merely masquerading in the terms of our civilisation. So prosperity was destroyed and law baffled and justice bought in lands where freedom never was, but surely not in this home of liberty! The truth is so repulsive that one almost wishes the Standard might come to one's

relief with a lie of the sort which has made it irresistible everywhere but in your pages.

I do not know what effect your book will have in this generation, but hereafter it will form the source from which all must draw who try to paint the evillest phase of the century. What strikes me in it, however, is not merely that it is inexhaustible material, but that it is itself better than any narrative that can be drawn from it; more dramatic, more intensely fascinating. It is a sort of kinetoscopic impression of the abomination it treats of, and leaves no movement, no colour of it unseen.

By and by when I have read the book through, I will write you again. I only wished now to thank you for it, and to try, however inadequately, to give you my sense of it.

Yours ever,

W. D. Howells.

Tolstoy also read it, as one of Mr. Lloyd's friends wrote to him:

The Count and I were taking a walk and he got to talking about certain American writers who interested him. Howells he seemed to like on account of what he called his "fine spirit"; he also admired a number of his books as well as his manner of writing. Mr. George he considered one of the greatest apostles of modern times, and he was quite nonplussed that his single-tax theory had not been put into practice in the United States. Your book *Wealth Against Commonwealth* he also praised very highly, and had evidently read it with great care. As we walked—the Count is a great tramper—he suddenly exclaimed: "There are four men in this world that I should like to be the means of bringing together," and my recollection is that three of the four were you, Mr. George, and Mr. Howells. The fourth was a clergyman in England, I believe, although I am not quite sure. The Count seemed to think that if all of you got together, and had a long soulful conversation, an advance

would have been made toward the regeneration of degenerate humanity. . . . My impression of him was that he was the sweetest and kindest old gentleman it had been my lot to know. Indeed the entire atmosphere in which I lived for about ten days made me so ashamed of my . . . shortcomings that . . . I felt as if I had had the greatest spiritual bath of my life. Later when I had got back my worldly senses . . . I could not help feeling that there was a good deal in the Count's life as well as in his teachings which was utterly impracticable. But I have never forgotten the beautiful time I had in his company, and I have wished at least fifty-two times a year that I could be half as good as he is. . . .

None were more stirred than the heroic body of Independent refiners fighting for life. They were astounded that technical facts familiar to them could be made to the lay public so enthralling. Many were questioning the justice of their government, but within these covers they felt their wrongs righted by a judgment that would last longer than that of any court. They sent him impassioned words of gratitude. "How I read that book, night and day," wrote one, "every minute of my time, I hung over it." Many became his devoted friends and saw beyond his righting of their class the broad sweep of his noble purpose.

Even to radicals who had long looked upon the social system from the same view-point, and known many of the facts, it was a revelation. Its indictment of the capitalist system gave a welcome dignity and endorsement to their side. It seemed one of the Titan efforts which must be made to save popular government and true liberty. It revealed that in some form an energy and concentration greater than that of the magnates must be generated by the people. John Swinton

wrote pages of enthusiasm, ending: "Before every revolution marches a book, the *Contrat Social*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Wealth Against Commonwealth*."

Yet in spite of the evident effect of the book upon classes and individuals, no body of protest arose from the people.

I wonder that Lloyd's book has not caused more excitement [wrote Washington Gladden]. I hope and trust that it is doing its work silently; but it surprises me that it does not cause an insurrection. We must wait. The day of judgment will come.

To Charles Mosher, editor of the *Cincinnati Daily Post*, Mr. Lloyd wrote (1895):

. . . I am rejoiced to know that your powerful press is to be enlisted in the task of rousing the public to the dangers of monopoly. That constrictor has wound itself about us to very near the last coil of itself and the last breath of the freedom of its victim. The public seem to be utterly stagnant, but their enemy is not. The aggressions on the rights of meeting, of free speech, of working, and of quitting work, and of trial by jury, which are made upon the working people, in times of popular panic like last July,[1] are zealously fostered and supported by the monopolist class because thereby are established the convenient precedents which they will use later to deprive the middle classes of the means for peaceful resistance to extortion. The labour movement and resistance to monopoly are two wings of the same advance. This question has as many different sides as civilisation, but the aspect of it which most perplexes me is this: How can a liberty-loving people like the American submit as they do to the most pervasive, penetrating, crushing, corrupting of all tyrannies—tyranny in the markets? Theoretically and practically, there have never been realer tyrants than the men who stand at the point of exchange of

[1] During the Pullman Strike.

services and dictate without appeal how much we shall give, how much we shall have. . . .

To F. F. Murray of Titusville, Pennsylvania:

. . . The indifference and lethargy of all classes of the American public to the maintenance of their rights is one of the most astonishing features of our times. It would be discouraging did we not know that always, without any exception, in history, liberty has been advanced despite just that obstacle. It was so in France. It was so in this country in the abolition agitation and in the American Revolution. It was so in Germany. It has always been so. . . .

One thing which I think accounts for the apathy of the working men, the farmers, and the middle class in the cities, is that with that logic which the people seem to possess by instinct they divine that the problem of our times is a much more complicated one than the various vendors of specific panaceas would have them believe. They are certainly, we know, reading and thinking; but they are not likely to move until they have got a pretty clear idea of how the evil is to be attacked at its roots and then not until they are aroused by some dramatic event. . . .

A year after publication he wrote:

I have to thank you for your interest in my work. Although the book has sold and is selling well I must confess myself mystified, on the whole, by the equanimity with which the public submit to the facts disclosed by such a résumé. Think how many times since the Crédit Mobilier Report and the Erie Essays by C. F. Adams, the alarm has been sounded to the American sheep by faithful shepherds and how placidly the sheep has gone on feeding, and being fed upon! Plato says reading destroys memory, I sometimes think it destroys everything. We read to be narcotised.

One phrase nowadays rings continually in my ears—The Failure of the People. . . . How faithfully have even the State legislatures and Congress unveiled to the people the processes by which their liberties were being drained away. And what response do the people make? . . .

I am an optimist but not for to-day—for some to-morrow.

Trust magnates were now vigorously building bulwarks to their power by endowing religious and educational institutions, against which Washington Gladden was making his first valiant protests. No wonder that Lloyd wrote to him.

WINNETKA, Dec. 24, 1895.

Your brave and thoughtful article on Tainted Money is doing good. I hear of it everywhere. But what are the American people doing with all the good things they are absorbing? *And the American People*—where is the American People? Is there any such people?

The book seemed indeed like a blow which stunned. "Really great books such as yours," wrote W. T. Stead, "are too big to have their value recognised immediately on publication." Few men could open a book with firm faith in the country's institutions and close it convinced that the Republic was hanging in the balance. It needed to be followed by years of gradual disclosure and corroborating events. And yet the times were ripe for it, the literature of the subject being almost entirely in the magazines. Appearing in the period of depression, when armies of unemployed were startling the country, it met the universal outcry of the suffering people with the story of dazzling wealth appropriated by a few men, standing, he said, at the receipt of custom at the railroad gates to the oil regions, to the mines,

to forests, to fields of cotton and wheat. But from this picture of monstrous wrong, conservative minds instinctively turned away. "It cannot be so black as it is painted," they said. "There must be qualifying facts withheld." Far and wide they challenged the trust, demanding to know whether these appalling charges were true.

As he was combating a power rapidly becoming international, he tried to make the scope of his book's influence international. His plan of publishing in France and Germany was not carried out, nor was the book ever translated except in certain chapters published by French and German papers, and an abridged translation issued by a monthly magazine, *Obrazovaine*, of St. Petersburg, but he sent it to a few of the public libraries abroad and to leading publicists. He followed closely and stimulated all the foreign investigations and efforts to thwart the oil monopoly. He was particularly disappointed at the failure of his exposures to receive any application in England, although the *Investor's Review*, considered there the ablest and most honest financial paper, devoted fourteen pages to reviewing his book, which depicted the wreckage of the oil refining business of Scotland and produced evidence to show that it had passed under the practically complete control of the American trust. As he wrote to Dr. Alfred von der Leyen at this time:

> I show that there is the strongest presumption to believe that similar control has been obtained in Germany, France, Italy, the Low Countries, and Scandinavia, if not in other parts of the world; and yet the London *Daily Chronicle*, which is supposed to take a broad, almost socialistic view of the modern industrial situation, entirely overlooks this view of the matter, and treats the subject as I have said—simply

as an appetising demonstration of the vices of American society. I am very anxious that a broader view should be presented. I feel certain that the knowledge that their market liberties are passing away, would have a profound effect upon the people when it is once understood. I should therefore very gratefully appreciate any information which you would send me as to German newspapers to which I could send copies of this book with the expectation that they would treat the subject in all its breadth, and not content themselves with the opportunity it affords for a temporary peal of exultation at the misfortunes of America.

Wherever he saw an opportunity of convincing influential Englishmen that, through the use of low flash oil, they were subservient to the trust, he did so. He believed the recognition of this could not safely be ignored. He wrote to the London *Chemical Trade Journal*, for instance, in October, 1896, a letter which attracted much attention in the trade, and encouraged those combating the trust to renew their efforts.[1] He also sent a private letter to several of the principal newspaper editors and succeeded in swinging the policy of the London *Daily Chronicle*. On his visits to England, when the reporters came to him for some new sensation concerning our trusts, he usually drove a home thrust. "What are you going to do about it?" he would say. "Now—we have tried to deal with the Octopus, and we have failed. Suppose you have a try. When is the English people going to begin?"

Thus was the drudgery of the exposure done once for all. While the oil trust was assuming the air of a public benefactor, it was disproved that its success was due to "greater capital, or skill, or enterprise, or priority, or cheapness," and in the face of its denial of charges, there

[1] See Appendix.

were exhumed from unfrequented storehouses, where it had supposed them for ever lost to view, the incriminating proofs, twenty-five years of evidence clarified until the vital truths stood luminous in their true proportions. Future historians were spared this hopeless task, and the people given the clue whereby they could study and interpret coming events. Monopoly, the supreme expression of our era, is impaled. Among the forces to accomplish that end must be counted this conscientious piece of work. After its share in emancipation is fulfilled, it may well pass into an honoured place among the classics of a new era.

CHAPTER XI

"I DECLINE TO ANSWER"

WEALTH Against Commonwealth stands to-day unshaken. After its appearance Lloyd waited in suspense for the retort from his Titanic combatants. "You enquire about my book," he had written George Iles. "It will be published in a few weeks. As the time for its appearance comes near, I shiver, for it is not scientific, only human." "I remember his anxiety at Winnetka," said George Warner, "when a notice of *Wealth Against Commonwealth* was received one Sunday morning, and his remark that he expected to be *crushed* by the Standard people." But the book was never answered by them directly. George Gunton, however, came forward in July, 1895, in *The Social Economist*, a monthly review of which he was editor, declaring that he had no wish to uphold the members of the Standard Oil trust, whose methods had been those of business men generally, but that he spoke from great fear for "The Integrity of Economic Literature," which was indeed his subject. He attacked Lloyd's book as a one-sided presentation, charging unfair quotation and the suppression of rebuttal.

Such books as *Wealth Against Commonwealth* [he said] are calculated to do more to invalidate history and corrupt the morals of public thought and action than could

a hundred trusts. . . . He [Lloyd] could have come, like the bee, with the purpose of honest labour. He preferred to come like the spider or the centipede, and the result is poison.

Mr. Lloyd confessed that when he took up this article, which he believed was the answer from the great trust itself, it was with some trembling, not because of the abuse, which was "the language of desperation," but because he feared the discovery of some error.

I saw the article and read it [he said] not doubting but that, although extraordinary pains were taken to avoid mistakes, the critic would be able to detect some in a work so crammed with facts. . . . But his article shows that he failed to discover the only serious error—a typographical one—that was made, so far as we have been able to tell.

He wrote to Charles B. Spahr: "It must I suppose be received as the best reply the trust can make, incredible as that seems." After considering whether it was worth while to waste powder on this attack, he wrote a reply covering several columns of the *Boston Herald*.[1] It was prepared with great care and submitted to the adviser of Harper & Brothers, to Rev. John Bascom of Williams College, and to Mr. Edwin D. Mead, editor of the *New England Magazine*. They pronounced it conclusive, as Lloyd himself knew it to be. "It seems to me [it] does not leave him ground enough to be buried in," he wrote to Professor Ely.

"Instead of utterly repressing all rebuttal, as charged," he said in the article, "*Wealth Against Commonwealth* not only gives every substantial point made

[1] October 23, 1895.

by these men in legal and legislative proceedings, but goes among their exculpatory press interviews and public speeches to glean additional light." There were by actual count, he said, two hundred and twenty-five quotations in his book from the "defence." Some of these, he said privately, were "the choicest bits in the book." The charge of suppressing testimony seemed to him absurd:

> The greatest trouble of the authorities has been to get the men of the various trusts into the witness box. They are very retiring, and there seems to be some law of nature by which the habit of retiring with other people's property evolves into the habit of retiring from the witness box. They have dodged subpœnas from New York to Texas, and when rarely they have been got hold of, the one thing they have known least about has been their own business. "I don't know," "I don't remember," "I decline to answer," has been their constant refrain.

To this article, Gunton wrote a rejoinder, in which, to quote Mr. Lloyd, "he hoisted himself for ever." It contained no new matter except on one point. This was in his denial of Lloyd's proof that the oil trust and the South Improvement Company were virtually one, to substantiate which he cited a letter which he had just received from John A. Hobson, the noted English economist, and which he claimed corroborated his views and showed that English students rejected Lloyd's version. "Amazed," said Lloyd, "that Hobson should have written thus, inasmuch as he is a friend of mine and we think alike on almost all questions, I wrote to him, and received the reply, that he had *written precisely the opposite* to Mr. Gunton, and, moreover, had written the letter for publication." Mr. Lloyd

gave the result of this episode to the *Boston Herald* (February 1, 1896).

To the Editor of the *Herald:*

In an interview in the *Herald* of Dec. 16, Mr. George Gunton returns to his championship of the integrity of economic literature, by repeating his denials of the accuracy and good faith of the statements about the oil trust in *Wealth Against Commonwealth.* As before, he denies with special emphasis the facts, proved therein, that the oil trust and the South Improvement Company infamy were under the same control and were substantially one, and that the latter was abandoned only because it had to be for fear of civil war in the oil regions, where the people actually rose in revolution and began to destroy the property of the railroads. To strengthen his denial he says:

"As an instance of the kind of impression this South Improvement Company creates and which it seems specially calculated to create, it has been reproduced in a work on *The Evolution of Modern Capitalism*, published in London.

"The English author relates the case in good faith, as if the South Improvement Company had actually existed, did business, and was discontinued only through public indignation. In a personal letter just received, the author assures me that he had supposed such to be the case."

From the author of *The Evolution of Modern Capitalism* and the writer of the letter which Mr. Gunton uses as a certificate of his "Economic Integrity," Mr. John A. Hobson himself, I have it:

First—That this letter was not a "personal letter," but was sent to Mr. Gunton for publication.

Second—That this letter was not in any way intended, as Mr. Gunton seeks to make the public believe, as an acceptance of the colour Mr. Gunton gives the South Improvement Company and its relation to the oil trust, but exactly the opposite. His letter, as he describes it to

me, reaffirmed that so far from accepting Mr. Gunton's view of the matter, all Englishmen who read the evidence were convinced that the charges brought against the South Improvement Company were correct.

The variance between Mr. Hobson's statement about his letter and Mr. Gunton's statement about it raises an awkward question. But this can easily be settled. His letter was sent to Mr. Gunton for publication by him. Let him publish it. Until he does so, and it appears that he can correctly describe so simple a thing as this letter "just received" and lying before him, the public will not attach much importance to his efforts to paint the black of the oil trust white, and the white of *Wealth Against Commonwealth* black.

Mr. Gunton never, to Mr. Lloyd's knowledge, published Hobson's letter, nor made any reply to this exposure of his duplicity. "By this conduct," said Lloyd, "Gunton has placed himself outside of the pale of controversy with gentlemen. . . . I should never again condescend to any controversy with him on any subject." In summing up Gunton's two attacks, he wrote to a friend:

You will see that in neither does he in the slightest degree invalidate the record I have made against the oil trust. Upon the careless reader his artful and copious use of adjectives and phrases implying misrepresentation, etc., might produce the impression that he had made out such a case. But he has not done so nor can he or any one else do so. I kept closely within the adjudicated record. The book gains what value it has, not from making known anything not already known to those familiar with the facts, but only from putting the facts together in one coherent presentation. Any one who will take the trouble to examine these papers and is competent to judge of the dialectics of

them, must I think see that Mr. Gunton's falsehood about Mr. Hobson's letter is of a piece with the whole tissue of his first attack on the book, which, as my interview in the *Herald* shows, was a mass of misstatements.[1]

As Mr. Lloyd often stated, there was not one substantial point made either by Mr. Gunton or by S. C. T. Dodd, the trust's attorney, who later took up its defence, nor any rebutting statement by itself in legislative and court proceedings which was not mentioned in his book. Indeed the sum of these few attempts to answer resulted not only in their complete failure to discover any error, but also in their inability to produce one specimen of the multitude of "suppressed facts," they alleged.[2]

There were other indirect attempts to answer or to stem the tide of incrimination, such as a defence of the trust's methods by Professor Laughlin of Chicago University, which was promptly met by Mr. Lloyd.[3] In 1896 when he was distributing the new cheap edition of *Wealth Against Commonwealth* to moulders of the public conscience, the oil trust solicited from a group of leading ministers and professors an investigation

[1] The bibliography of this controversy is as follows: Mr. Gunton's article in the *Social Economist*, July, 1895, and following this in the *Boston Herald* an interview with Lloyd answering Gunton's charges, October 23, 1895; a rejoinder from Gunton, December 16, 1895, in which he again attacked *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, and Lloyd's reply, February 1, 1896.

[2] In 1906 George Gunton was sued by Amelia Gunton for divorce. In granting the decree the papers were ordered sealed. The following words of Amelia Gunton appeared in the *New York Sunday American*, January 14, 1906: "I am out of funds now, but Mr. Gunton has promised to get the Standard Oil to advance him half his yearly retainer, or $7,500, and as soon as he receives that he will give me the money I need."

[3] *Chicago Tribune*, November 10, 1895.

of its affairs. This resulted from a call of Rev. B. Fay Mills at the Standard's office.

I told them [wrote Mr. Mills to Henry Lloyd] that I had come to ask Mr. Rockefeller what his theory was of life by which he seemed in his private life to be so estimable and in his public life to be so wicked. I was received with . . . great . . . courtesy and spent six or eight hours with his private manager and with Col. Dodd . . . I went through *Wealth Against Commonwealth*. . . .

Mr. Mills asked Mr. Dodd why they did not find some way to present their case to those who like himself wished to be fair, and yet found it difficult to justify their methods. Mr. Dodd answered that there was nothing they would like better than to give the fullest opportunity for investigation to a committee of ministers and economists. Mr. Mills then wrote to Edward Everett Hale:

. . . in response to the very urgent request of Mr. Rockefeller that I would write to you with his authority, stating that all the charges made against the Standard Oil Co., of various forms of immorality, are unfounded and false, and that he is pleased to extend to you an invitation—either alone or in company with others—to visit their office in New York, where he himself and the Solicitor of the Standard Oil Trust will be glad to take their own time and to put all the facilities of the office at their disposal—for your investigation of the serious charges made against them. They would not want to do this, except for one whom they believed to be honestly desiring to know the truth for the best purposes.

I have sent a copy of this letter to the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., the Rev. Thos. Hall, D.D., the Rev. Graham Taylor, D.D., Prof. John R. Commons, Prof. Richard T. Ely, the Rev. E. G. Updike, D. D., the Rev. Washington Gladden,

D.D., President Geo. A. Gates, D.D., Prof. Geo. D. Herron, the Rev. Jas. H. Ecob, D.D., the Rev. Leighton Williams.

Dr. Lyman Abbott and Professor J. W. Jenks were also invited. Mr. Lloyd wrote at once to all of these men:

I have had word from several friends in the East about an invitation which has been issued by the Oil Trust people to a number of eminent divines to investigate the truth of the charges against them, especially those contained in my book. It has been suggested that I should be invited to attend. I am entirely ready to do so. I have been thinking of ways by which the Oil Trust could be made to break its silence. If now the challenge comes from it, so much the better. I will meet Mr. Rockefeller anywhere and at any time before these ministers to consider these "charges," stipulating only that the unreversed findings of the courts, State and Federal, civil and criminal, and of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as given in my book, be accepted in the investigation as conclusive as to the facts covered by them unless the Oil Trust can show that they—the findings —are incorrectly reported by me.

The investigating committee, as I understand it, is to sit in the building of the Trust, where it is promised all the facilities of the office shall be put at the service of the enquiry. The leading members of the Trust have testified under oath that it kept no books and that the records of the proceedings of the managing directors are destroyed after their meetings. See the testimony before the New York Senate committee, 1888, pp. 455, 576, 577, 589, and before Congress, 1888, pp. 391–2. The proper place to investigate is among the public records of the very numerous judicial and legislative investigations; but if the ministers are willing to go to the headquarters of the Trust, I am.

Mr. Lloyd hoped that the project would be carried out:

I care for nothing but the enlightenment of the public [he said privately] and I do not think anything has occurred in connection with the trust movement in the United States which would so instantly arrest the attention of the people and set their minds to fermenting as such a procedure.

Those invited, however, including Mr. Mills, declared themselves unwilling to pass so important a judgment in an unfamiliar field, and without access to necessary sources of information, and several refused to appear unless Mr. Lloyd and attorneys could be present to answer questions. The company was unwilling that Lloyd be present, and the conference never took place. He took pains to correct any unfair results of Mr. Mills's conference, and wrote to him:

WINNETKA, ILL., May 12, 1896.

I was very glad to get your frank and kind letter, . . . and . . . was intensely interested in what you say of your interview with the Oil Trust people. The question that you wanted to ask Mr. Rockefeller is one which has been constantly in my mind. The apparent contradiction between his personal and his commercial life is very baffling unless one takes the ground that a man's commercial character is also a part of his personal character.

I think I understand perfectly your general feelings on this question and your desire to avoid putting yourself into a merely destructive attitude. I am sure that with your genius and your great love of truth and righteousness, you will serve the cause, whatever policy you adopt. I hear echoes of your work from all sides accompanied with enthusiastic commendation. The people are hungering and thirsting for the message of applied Christianity, and the more definitely and bravely it is given, the more grateful will be their response.

There is one thing which I want to ask of you, and I feel

sure that you will comply with my request. . . . I wish you would write me at once what were the particular points made by the Oil Trust people which seemed to you to mitigate the case against them? I need to know this, because having done what I have I need to know everything that can be said by them as well as on the other side. I think I am pretty familiar with all the various defences that they have put forth, and if they have anything new I want to know what it is.

Possibly, too, I can be of help to you in this matter, because as one who is preaching the gospel of Christ for practical application in the business world of to-day, you need to be not only as harmless as a dove but wise as a serpent, and I may be able to throw some light where these men have darkened counsel. . . .

WINNETKA, ILL., May 21, 1896.

I am very much indebted to you for your very courteous and complete answer. . . . I venture to hope that one result . . . will be that I may be of some service to you. For this is a matter upon which I have taken great pains to inform myself. All that I know is at your service, because I know that both from inspirational and prudential motives you seek only the truth, and that you cannot afford to act upon any smaller capital than the whole truth.

I am going to take up the points which were made to you by these people, one by one, and reply to them in full. Let me preface this by one or two remarks.

First, I make no attack on the domestic life of any of the men concerned. In my book I even went so far as purposely to confuse references so that the ordinary reader should not be able to follow any clue of personal identity. Also, I took pains in my summing up to reiterate that it was we—society—who have made these men what they are, and are, consequently, primarily responsible for the whole business.

The better these men are shown to be, the stronger is my case. The brief I hold is against monopoly, not against any certain individuals; and the better these men in their private lives the more convincing the proof that even the best of men cannot be trusted with the temptations and arbitrary power of monopoly. Conversely any plea of their private perfections as a set-off to their public depredations is pure sophistication.

In what follows I shall confine myself to the matters treated in my book, as I do not desire to travel outside that record, and that will be enough to illustrate the whole matter. . . .

"1. From the beginning they claim that it has been the policy of the Standard Oil Company and the Standard Oil Trust to make no reply to public or private attacks upon their methods."

Entirely untrue except so far as they have refused to obey subpœnas and to answer questions when on the witness stand. (Report of the New York Assembly Hepburn Committee, 1879, p. 42.) The members of the Oil Trust have defended themselves in magazines like the *North American Review* and *The Forum;* in newspaper interviews, and in addresses before commercial bodies, legislative committees, college assemblies, etc. A president of the Trust filled four columns of the *New York World* of March 29, 1890, with an exculpatory interview. The secretary of the Trust went before the committee of Congress in 1889, which was investigating the oil monopoly, and requested to be heard in its defence, and was heard to the extent of 22 pages, their lawyers having even prepared a memorandum of the questions that he was to be asked. After the committee had concluded its investigations, they asked to be heard again. This pretence of not replying is to give them an appearance of dignity in not answering now that which they cannot answer.

"2. They do not claim to be Christian in their methods in the sense in which you and I would use that term."

There is only one Christ and one kind of Christianity.

"3. They do claim to be thoroughly honest and honourable, and even to a certain extent charitable, in their business practices."

This claim has been made for twenty years before the courts and other tribunals, but has never been made good by the evidence or sustained by the decisions.

"4. They utterly deny the expenditure of any money at any time for the purpose of influencing legislation or for the producing of any effect on courts, juries, commissions, etc., etc. They challenge investigation upon this matter, and say that whatever accusation may be brought against them is entirely without foundation."

Senator Payne stated in the Senate that when he was running for Congress in 1871, no association in his district went to so large an expense to defeat him as the Standard Oil Company; and the representatives of the State of Ohio offered to prove to the United States Senate that the purchase of Senator Payne's election to the Senate in 1885 had been made by the help of four of the principal members of the Oil Trust in Ohio. Jay Gould had to explain to the New York Legislature the meaning of the famous "india rubber" account, which showed the expenditure of $700,000 in one year as a corruption fund, because the State authorities got hold of the books of the Erie road. But the members of the Trust have sworn that they keep no books and even destroy the memoranda of their meetings. They can, therefore, safely "challenge investigation," but no man of the world can have the least doubt as to the facts.

"5. They deny any unkind or unjust or dishonourable

methods in the endeavour to force competitors out of the business."

This also has been investigated and adjudicated *ad nauseam*. See 3 [Answer 3].

"6. In fact, they say that they have endeavoured to protect competitors just as far as possible, but, that, owing to their greater facilities for manufacture, transportation, etc., if they are just to the public in furnishing oil at a reasonable price, they must necessarily crush out competition."

They were not the first to enter the oil business in any department. They did not have as great capital or skill as others, as found by the Hepburn committee. The committee shows that they did not have as great facilities as their competitors except facilities for getting rebates. (See report of Hepburn committee, p. 44.)

"7. But they claim that they have been more than honourable and have been exceedingly kind when it became necessary for a competitor to yield up his business, in offering him the largest possible value for his plant, and in a very large proportion of cases paying considerably more than any fair estimate of value for such property."

See 3 and 5. The evidence shows that their rule was to pay 50% on the construction account, or half the cost of buildings, machinery, and material, with nothing for good will.

"8. They say that the fact is, they have not crushed out competition, as there is now produced by other companies three times as much as all the competitors of the Standard Oil produced put together when the Trust was formed."

In 6 competition is crushed, here it is not crushed! It is true that competition is not entirely suppressed, but the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission

show that they control 90%; and, as pointed out by E. Benjamin Andrews, in his article on Trusts in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, and by Judge Barrett, in his decision in the Sugar Trust case,—and as held by all political economists and jurists,—the control of such a proportion of the business is a monopoly and carries with it a monopolistic power over prices and competition.

"9. They disclaim responsibility for some of the acts of their agents."

This disclaimer of responsibility for the acts of their agents will sound weak until reinforced by the disclaimer of resulting profits.

"10. They say that not infrequently some man who has been made to believe, by various statements (for instance, such as I have made in public or by your book) concerning the aims and methods of the managers of the Company, that they are dishonourable and unscrupulous, will sometimes do glaringly wrong things with the idea of pleasing the authorities of the Trust. In such instances they say that they immediately try to undo the wrong and thoroughly punish or discharge the agent."

In the Rice case (see 11) in which they claim the credit of disavowal and reparation, they did not discharge their agent, but have kept him and promoted him, and to-day he is one of the most important members of the Trust.

"11. Col. Dodd says that in the case of Rice, the only direct transaction with the Company at that time was in the case where a contract was made by their local agent, which was disavowed by telegraph just as soon as the home office received a copy of it, and that reparation was made to Rice to more than the extent of the amount that he had been damaged by this contract during the brief time it was in operation."

Rice says that this refund was not made until after he had appealed to Judge Baxter. Judge Baxter, who decided the case, evidently knew nothing of any refund, because part of his decision was that the damage to Rice must be ascertained and made good.

"12. In the Matthews case they said that it was proven on the trial or believed by them:

"1st. That the Standard did not have a controlling interest in the Vacuum."

The Standard officials have themselves proved that they owned the controlling interest in the Vacuum. In their testimony before the New York investigating committee of 1888 (page 571) they stated that the Oil Trust owned three quarters of the stock of the Vacuum Oil Company. Mr. Rockefeller stated in his testimony in Buffalo in the explosion case that this stock of the Vacuum company had been transferred to the trustees of the Oil Trust and that he knew in advance of its purchase.

"13. 2d. That Matthews founded his refinery with the idea of forcing the Vacuum or Standard people to buy him out."

Only Matthews knows his idea, and he denies this. He did enter upon actual and effective competition, forcing down the price of oil, which has never since been as high in Buffalo as before he went into the business.

"14. 3d. That there was no reason to suppose that any attempt had been made to blow up the refinery."

The judge devoted two pages out of five in his charge to the evidence of the conspiracy for explosion, and the verdict of the jury was that there was such an attempt.

"15. 4th. That the charge of conspiracy was on three counts: (1) The attempt to induce an employee to leave the

service of his employer; (2) The attempt to injure the business of the Buffalo company; (3) The attempt to blow up the refinery. They said that the verdict of guilty was given only in consideration of the first count; that the jury, or at least a majority of them, signed a statement to this effect, which was the thing that influenced the judge in pronouncing a light sentence upon the Everests."

The majority of the jury did not sign any such statement. The judge gave an entirely different reason for his sentence. The statement referred to was signed by only six of the jury, and the district attorney stated in court that their signatures had been obtained by the use of money. He said that he would prove this if challenged. He was not challenged. The fact that six of the jury, taken separately some time after the trial, should have signed such a paper proves nothing; but the fact that six refused to sign it is very significant. If it had been true, why should they not have signed it?

"16. They also said that the Everests considered themselves perfectly justified in their attempt to get Miller away from Matthews, as he was unjustly using the secrets of their business even tho' it was impossible that some of the most valuable methods should be protected by patents."

The jury did not seem to think so.

"17. 5th. Regarding the testimony of Truesdale, they have in their possession a document signed by about one hundred of the leading citizens of Rochester saying that they have no confidence in his statement and that they have perfect confidence in the Everests, and that in an issue of veracity between Everest and Truesdale they would not hesitate a second to take the testimony of the Everests."

This should have been presented at the trial. If this and the other defences were good, why did the

accused abandon their appeal? They secured the right to try the case all over again by appeal; but they afterwards gave this up. The public cannot be influenced now by the offer of "evidence" which when the accused had the right they failed to take into court for judicial scrutiny and endorsement if true.

"18. Matthews said on the witness stand that he might have said that he had built his refinery in order to make the Standard buy him out, and this was testified to by other witnesses in a most positive manner."

Matthews made no such statement either in form or substance; on the contrary, he denied it again and again without qualification. These other witnesses were Oil Trust employees and connections.

"19. There was no testimony of any sort conclusive that there had been any conspiracy to blow up the refinery, and the prosecution did not dare to question Miller upon this subject."

Truesdale's testimony was conclusive, as the jury thought. The prosecution did not question Miller because he was their witness and they had no need to humiliate him as they had enough other evidence, as the verdict showed.

I have gone into these details because my book must stand as a faithful report of the commercial life of the world; but these details are, after all, but side-issues. The main point is the simple issue of monopoly. If the men of the various trusts, no matter if they are angels, have obtained the power of controlling the markets, with all that that implies of other control, social, ecclesiastical, political, and educational, we have here a question as great as any of those which have made the previous crises in history. The power to make both sides of its bargains is one to which

the world has never submitted and never will submit. Our English ancestors rose successfully three hundred years ago to break the power of the crown monopolies in Great Britain; and the American people are better able than they to help themselves. No glitter of wealth or personality in those who hold these anti-social powers will deter the people from making good their rights.

Mr. Mills replied in part: ". . . I sent out the circular letter because I was asked . . . and the proposition was so honourable . . . I could not refuse. . . . I have not changed one word of my public addresses because of my conference in New York." To this Mr. Lloyd answered:

I can hardly hope to describe to you the delight your letter has brought me. I will frankly own up that I was afraid the Philistines had succeeded in deceiving you. It did not seem possible to me that one who had lived on the heights you inhabit, and who sought in the love of God and man the secrets that make life worth living, could comprehend the cruel and sinister wickedness—I will not say of these men, for I wish to be just even to the humanity of the bad, but—of the principles by which they act. . . .

After these skirmishes, Lloyd was left in possession of the field. "So far the armour-plate of *Wealth Against Commonwealth* remains shot proof," he wrote to Harper & Brothers in 1898, and in the same year he again defined his position, writing to his friend Samuel Bowles, editor of the *Springfield Republican:*

I wish positively to disclaim that I have any "view" of the Standard Oil matter that is peculiarly my own, as you imply.

If the little I have done has any significance it is not at all that I have set myself up either as prophet or critic

to discover a new iniquity, or proclaim a new moral standard or anything of that kind. That might have been a higher work than what I have done, but it is not what I have done.

I have been simply a reporter. My book is only what lawyers call a *transcript of the record. My* views, *my* opinions, *my* moral standards, are not a part of the case.

If you would some time look into *Wealth Against Commonwealth* you will be surprised to find that it is wholly official and documentary—except what your father used to call "the evangelical snapper," the end.

The terrible thing about the business is that the American people stand convicted of a willingness to allow to go unpunished and unprevented an habitual course of procedure which their own laws declare criminal, and which their own courts have specifically condemned.

Any intelligent man knows enough of history to know how safe his property will be in the long—or short—run under such a state of affairs.

You will of course see at once that I have written this not to explain myself, but to explain the situation.

Of the effect of the book he wrote to F. Southworth of Portland, Maine, in 1898:

Your letter . . . has given me a great deal of pleasure. Such appreciation as yours brings me the only reward I get except the consciousness of a duty done. The reception of the book by the public has interested me very much. It has had the effect that I hoped it would upon clergymen, editors, and students of public affairs, but has penetrated only a short distance through the hippopotamus hide that protects the sensibilities of the people. Just how to understand this I do not know. The Rev. Washington Gladden wrote me that he should have thought the book would have made a revolution. One would suppose that the facts which the book describes, if not the book itself, would have some

effect upon the public mind, and they have had. Why they have not had more can only be explained on the theory, I think, that the people are not really as yet ready to grasp the subject. We have so large a country, so extremely complicated a problem—our crisis being manifestly political, industrial, religious, and social, all in one,—that progress must necessarily be very, very slow. I place my hope chiefly on the enemy. The rich men who are now governing America are barbarians and fanatics, and I think they can be safely trusted to do the fool things that will sting the people out of their inertia.

You ask what has been the result on my theme of the four years since I laid down the pen. I answer that all the evil tendencies that I described are in not only unchecked but accelerated operation. On the one side, the evil grows; on the other side, however slowly it is perfectly plain, grow the sentiment and conscience to oppose the evil. We are moving on to great events, whether *we* shall see them or not, and the thousands of years' history of human emancipation which lies behind us can leave no doubt in any sane mind of the issue. . . .

In 1898 an attack, not an answer, came from a trust official. Public indignation over social injustice was increasing and Congress appointed an Industrial Commission to investigate the questions of immigration, labour, agriculture, manufacture, and business. In the course of his testimony, M. L. Lockwood, a leading Independent refiner, referred to the chapters on the Rice contest "in Henry Demarest Lloyd's great book," which he advised the Commission to read.[1] To this John D. Archbold of the oil trust made answer:

A. I desire to say a word regarding the effort at pathetic reference of Mr. Lockwood to the Rice case in Mr. Lloyd's

[1] House Documents, 57th Congress, Industrial Commission's Report, vol. i., p. 39.

book. I desire to characterise this statement in Mr. Lloyd's book, as well indeed as all the other statements with reference to our business, as cunning fiction made up entirely of one-sided testimony and dressed for sale. Whether Mr. Lloyd expected to share as a result of his advocacy of Rice, in what Mr. Rice might be able to get from us, I am unable to say; but he certainly lays himself open to that suspicion. I desire to say further with reference to this book of Mr. Lloyd's that if you are disposed to waste your time reading it, you will find it with reference to its statements regarding the business of the Standard Oil Co. one of the most untruthful distorted compilations that was ever inflicted upon a suffering public.

Q. Will you state the title of the book?

A. *Wealth Against Commonwealth.*[1]

Lloyd would immediately have asked to be heard in answer, but before he was aware of what had been said, the session had closed. He considered the advisability of submitting an affidavit, to be incorporated in the Commission's report. It was of doubtful importance, he thought at first, for no specific statement was made, and "the insinuation," he said, "was wholly an insinuation." According to his frequent custom when about to take an important step, he fortified himself with the opinion of men of various points of view. Among others he consulted the editors Edwin D. Mead, Charles Spahr, Willis J. Abbot; the independent refiners George Rice and M. L. Lockwood; Professors John Bascom of Williams College, Edward M. Bemis, late of Chicago University; the Rev. Washington Gladden and Lewis Emery,—all representatives of the best elements opposed to monopoly. In a battle for all, he needed the strength of all. "I always rejoice when I

[1] Industrial Commission's Report, vol. i., p. 559.

hear of your being persecuted," wrote Charles B. Spahr, "for I know what is coming."

He prepared an elaborate affidavit of six thousand words, and sent it to various specialists for criticism, among others to Professor Frank Parsons, to George Rice, to Samuel S. Mehard to test it on the libel question, and to Professor J. W. Jenks, Expert Agent of the Commission. It was published in the Commission's report for 1901,[1] and described the nature of his book, its impregnable position, and the irreconcilable attitude of the trust toward all adverse records or decisions. He gave new data concerning secret freight rates, showing discrimination in New England and Canada in 1898 and 1900, and further stated that the success of the oil monopoly had encouraged the formation of other monopolies by similar means, "filling the minds of the people with alarm, and threatening not only the prosperity but the peace of the country." As to Mr. Archbold's insinuation in regard to his motives, he challenged him to produce a single iota of fact to justify its utterance. This document produced a strong impression. Other fighters of the tyranny who had been similarly attacked made affidavits as well, to all of whom Archbold made a sworn rejoinder included in the report, except to Lloyd. To him no answer was made.

In a letter to a conference on trusts held at the People's Institute in February, 1900, Rev. Heber Newton expressed wonder that the oil trust had not brought a libel suit against the author of *Wealth Against Commonwealth*. He received an indignant letter from John D. Archbold, who, referring him to Mr. Gunton, said:

[1] Industrial Commission's Report, vol. xiii, pp. 639–646.

It seems incredible to me who have had admiration for you as a teacher that you should have made such a statement, and especially that you should have made it at this juncture when the public mind is excited to an acute point on the subject of industrial organisation. The fact of the matter is, as you could easily have discovered, that the supreme merit, if any, of Mr. Lloyd's book is that both he and his publishers cunningly and carefully avoided the risk of a libel action. There is not the name of an individual mentioned in connection with his untruthful and distorted statements regarding our company and you can rest assured that this chance was most carefully measured by him and his publishers. His statements were made entirely from a one-sided and utterly perverted point of view. He never made any effort to know the other side, and, as a matter of fact, his statements have been shown over and over again to be absolutely untruthful and perverted. His motive in the publication was, first, sensationalism to sell his book, and, second, I have personally a strong suspicion which I think is well grounded that there was a motive on his part meaner and more mercenary even than this.

Mr. Newton sent a copy of this to Mr. Lloyd saying: "You ought to know what they say," and asking for further information.

The . . . surprise of these men that any one should dare to question the source of their enormous wealth may be unaffected, but certainly will not be effective to stop the enquiry [Mr. Lloyd replied in part]. . . . Your Trust correspondent's statement that I cunningly avoided the risk of a libel action is wholly erroneous. He no doubt knows perfectly well that my book is full of libels. He has no doubt been so informed by his lawyer. My omission of names was no safeguard. The names were omitted, not to avoid the risk of a libel action, but to avoid the appearance of any personal feeling or any mere personal pursuit. They

were omitted in order that the attention of the public might be concentrated on the evil behind the obnoxious persons who were enriching themselves by it. I felt that this was too momentous a matter to be given the appearance of an attack on individuals.

Your correspondent says I "never made any effort to know the other side." I know all of the other side that they have been able to present in connection with the various proceedings, for I read them all. . . . What these men really mean is, that I ought to have come to them to take down their *ex post adjudicato* version. Their "other side" consists in their anarchistic refusal to accept or allow the public to accept the decisions of the courts as final. They are adjudicated criminals, but because they are very rich criminals, they insist that they have the right to disregard these adjudications and demand that the public shall accept, in place of the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Ohio Supreme Court and the other courts and the Hepburn committee, their own desperate gloss. . . .

As to the attacks on my personality, I will say, first, as to the "sensationalism," that sensationalism in the description of a crime does not alter the position of the criminal.

Your correspondent does not specify the particulars of the "strong suspicion which I think is well grounded that there was a motive on his part meaner and more mercenary than this." But John D. Archbold was specific on this point in his testimony before the Industrial Commission. He stated that he had a suspicion, which was as far as he ventured to go, that my book was intended to force the oil trust to buy Rice's refineries at a blackmail price which I was to share.

Now, as to myself personally, I do not propose to make the slightest reply to that. If my life does not speak for itself, my lips would not be witnesses worth hearing, but I will point out how perfectly absurd the charge is on the very face of it.

On page 241, *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, you will find that the oil trust in 1891 stigmatised, in court, Rice as a blackmailer, because, as they said, he had wanted to sell them his refineries, etc., at a high price and they, of course, had refused to deal with him on that basis. The blackmail schemes, in other words, had been sprung on them, killed, and publicly exposed by them three years before my arrival with my book in 1894. And the means by which I was to resurrect this three-years-old corpse was by reprinting official findings which were already and for years have been the common property of the public, found on the shelves of all the law libraries and in the files of all of the leading newspapers.

Is not this contemptible? I do not mean contemptible towards me, but contemptible as an exhibition of the moral and intellectual pauperism of their defence. Is it not fair, also, for me to say that there could be no stronger confirmation of the accuracy of my work and the truth of the charges which I have codified, than that after five years going over the book and my personal career they are able to make no other reply than this? . . .

Their denial, defence, and explanation consist either of reopening contumaciously out of court cases which have been decided in court, or importing irrelevant details like the return of the money of Rice, or third, irrelevant abuse of the people's attorney, my humble self. . . .

These men ought to be in the penitentiary. Civil equality in this country is at an end, the republic is at an end, if we enforce our laws only against the poor and not against the rich. We should as democrats and true men, either put the big thieves in jail or let the little thieves out.

Following Lockwood's testimony before the Industrial Commission and Archbold's rejoinder, a renewal of attacks on *Wealth Against Commonwealth* appeared

in a few leading papers.[1] Mr. Lloyd usually replied by a letter of protest to the paper. To the *New York Evening Post*, now edited by E. L. Godkin, he wrote:

In your editorial of Monday last, you refer to a book of mine, *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, in terms which might convey, however unintentionally, a mistaken idea of its method to those who have not read it. Will you kindly allow me a word of explanation?

You say, "There is a book called *Wealth Against Commonwealth* which is directed against monopolies. It is filled with the most frightful accusations, and it has no doubt made a great impression on the public mind, but many of its charges are improbable, if not false, on their face, and none is established by sufficient evidence to sustain a verdict by a jury."

There are no "accusations" of mine in the book. It does not assume in the least to be a work of original research, nor to narrate things which I discovered. Except where its recital is of facts which are not in controversy, and some occurrences abroad, it is but a résumé of the official records, many of them court records.

You speak of a "verdict by a jury." The statements in the book—the book is mine, but the statements are not—are based specifically on the verdicts of juries in civil and criminal cases, the decisions of state and federal courts, special tribunals like the Interstate Commerce Commission, and on the findings of state and national legislative investigations. The book has been before the public for five years, but it has not yet been shown that its résumé of the "verdicts" has been incorrectly given, or has gone beyond

[1] *Chicago Times-Herald*, editorial attacking *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, November 12, 1898, answered by Lloyd in the paper, December 5, 1898; *New York Evening Post*, editorial, September 18, 1899, answered by Lloyd, September 26, 1899; *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, editorial, June 15, 1899, answered July 27, 1899.

the attested record. In every case I have reported the versions of the facts given by those concerned, as well as those versions which these official findings entitle all students to accept as the authorised versions. . . .

Of course, there is a mathematical possibility in the doctrine of chances, that all our judges and investigators, from United States Judge Baxter and the judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio to the Honourable T. M. Cooley and his associates of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Honourable A. B. Hepburn and his committee of the New York Legislature of 1879, and the Honourable Shelby M. Cullom and his fellow-members of the Senate special committee, and all the other members of all the other commissions and courts have been all wrong, and that not one of these "verdicts," which have been found by them after examination and cross-examination of witnesses under oath, is true, and that all the things done by men who, beginning penniless, have accumulated uncounted millions while they are yet in the prime of life, have been merely evangelical and "benevolent assimilation." If this be true, and these authorities fall, my book, I admit—but, under the circumstances, I admit it cheerfully,—must fall with them, for it is built on them. . . .

Now that, through your courtesy, I have the "open door" of the *Evening Post*, will you allow me to submit one thought to the constituency of the *Evening Post*, whom it concerns, perhaps, more than the readers of any other American paper?

Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "It is high time our bad wealth came to an end." "Our criminal rich" is the phrase in which Governor Roosevelt expressed the same idea in the days when his pen was mightier than his sword.

I urge that our good wealth will commit the greatest mistake ever made in history by any people if it allows its interests to be confounded in the public mind with the interests of those whom the Earl of Shaftesbury called "the truly dangerous classes." If the good wealth permits the

"bad wealth" to take that leadership in business, church, education, politics, and society which it is, for obvious reasons of self-preservation, so anxious to take and to pay for most liberally in campaign contributions, pew-rents, and endowments, the day may come when the people will be so confused as not to see any difference between "bad wealth" and "good wealth." Such a "confusion of tongues" has happened before, and may happen again."

Not only did Mr. Lloyd's work prove impregnable, but it was reinforced by Ida M. Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Company.* He followed with close interest and sympathy every line of her work, as far as he lived to see it. He wrote to a friend: "Miss Tarbell seems to me to be doing her work with great fidelity and ability. If she does not sometimes push the probe into the quick of the nerve, she is perhaps well advised in not doing so."

I sought his acquaintance early in my work [said Miss Tarbell]. I had long been familiar with his *Wealth vs. Commonwealth,* and I was anxious to know if Mr. Lloyd after ten years of experience still felt as thoroughly convinced of the position concerning the Standard which he had taken in that volume, as he did when he wrote it. The kindness of his reception, the cordial and generous way in which he put any of his papers at my command, I shall always remember. In order to see him I made a trip to Sakonnet Beach in September, I think it was, of 1902. Mr. Lloyd met me at the train and I shall never forget the ride we had down that beautiful point of land to his home by the sea. He was in the most buoyant spirits and gave me the most animated and amusing account of the history of the promontory, of its characters of to-day and of a hundred years ago. . . . Rarely have I met a man who on immediate acquaintance I found so companionable, so animated, and

so full of fresh and healthy interests. I talked over the plan of my work quite fully with Mr. Lloyd, and from that time on he never failed to give me any assistance or encouragement in his power. He frequently sent me newspaper clippings through his secretary, or called my attention to new points. Altogether, I found him most sympathetic and helpful. I felt when I received the news of his death that I had lost a genuine friend.

There were certain court documents in the case of the Standard Oil Company vs. W. C. Scofield, which concerned the story of the widow refiner, Mrs. Backus of Cleveland, of which Lloyd had taken the precaution to procure certified copies. Before publishing his book, he had gone to re-examine the originals, only to find that they had mysteriously disappeared. His copies, locked in his safe deposit vault, were, therefore, the only ones to be had. The fact of this disappearance was stated in the first edition of his book.[1] Shortly after, however, he found that the documents had been restored to their place, by whom no one knew, and accordingly in succeeding editions, the paragraph was omitted. When Miss Tarbell wished to re-tell the story, she journeyed to Cleveland to examine these records. To her amazement she found that they had again disappeared! She accordingly applied to Mr. Lloyd and he replied (1902):

. . . It will give me great pleasure if I can render any service to one whose work I know and admire so much. . . .

I took the precaution to have the principal ones [affidavits] copied and certified and in case you wish to see them I would be happy to place them at your disposal. . . . You will be interested to know that I have learned from a friend in California that Mrs. Backus says that when Mr. Rocke-

[1] Page 83, concluding paragraph of Chapter VII.

feller, who was the person who initiated the negotiations with her, began his courting, he opened by kneeling in prayer with her. . . .

The oil trust interested me only as the most conspicuous illustration of the movement towards monopoly. . . . I would . . . suggest that you see personally Charles B. Matthews, . . . and George Rice. . . . Both are men of steel and in both, though Rice is most ineffective in conversation except as to his straightforward eyes, you will find that quality of resistance to tyranny, which fortunately has always appeared in men when tyranny appeared, and which the newest tyranny, that of wealth, is not going to find absent from its path. . . . Current indications in many quarters show that the great combinations are still pursuing precisely the same tactics as I described. The Interstate Commerce Commission year after year points out that rebates are still given by the railroads, and that the beneficiaries of this course are the largest shippers; and who are the largest shippers? Probably you noticed that in a recent investigation before this I. S. C. C. the railway officials, blushingly or unblushingly, I don't know which, testified that they *habitually* destroyed the records of their freight payments in order to conceal the evidence of violation of law. The oil trust has several times destroyed its records, and habitually destroys the records of the meetings of its trustees, as Archbold testified.

I am told by a man of affairs, many times a millionaire, that Mr. R—— now owns $1,000,000,000. He has lost more than his hair in this accumulation. I regard him and his associates as incarnations of the most dangerous tendencies in modern life. Emerson said; "Good nature is plentiful, but we want justice with heart of steel to fight down the proud," and he said again, "The scholar who defends monopoly is a traitor." I understand that the independent oil men of Pennsylvania (worn out, or rather, slackening in efforts which seem to them to have less of private advantage than of public service for a public which

does not care to be thus served, apparently) are making arrangements with the monopoly for a division of territory, especially in Europe, and a chance to live. They cannot be blamed. It is only from the public that the public has a right to demand public spirit. But the true literary man has as his special function to keep the conscience of mankind. Self-interest, let alone this ideal, dictates the policy of the artist towards the monopolist. There is no animal to whom the close air that comes with arbitrary power is more deadly than to the writer and thinker. As things are going now, it will not be long before we will all have to have paladins again, and will carry our pens as a butler carries his tray.

I shall be back at the end of July, and shall be eager to serve you in any way. . . .

Thus fully two thirds of the certified copies used by Miss Tarbell in this case were his. When in 1908 the Federal government instituted a suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company under the provisions of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and its attorney wished to consult this case, the government learned for the first time that these documents had disappeared from the Cleveland Court-house. Mr. Lloyd's copies were placed at its disposal, and a very important affidavit secured.

The years have confirmed his arraignment. State courts and legislatures at one time drove the trust to announce its own dissolution. "In the case of natural persons," wrote Mr. Lloyd in comment, "dissolution is attended by grief, decay, and disappearance; but the artificial person, the oil trust, although five years in the agonies of dissolution, has never been happier or more prosperous." Enquiry and attack have passed from State to Federal tribunal, culminating in the de-

cree of the Federal Supreme Court in 1911 ordering the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company.

One opportunity after another has thus been given it to vindicate itself before the law, but from the time of Mr. Lloyd's exposures to the present, its answer to the cumulative indictment is still ineffective defence or silence.

CHAPTER XII

THE PEOPLE'S PARTY

NO sooner had *Wealth Against Commonwealth* gone to press, than Mr. Lloyd received a call to active service which he could not refuse. While he had been weaving into his book a hope that the people would move to win their liberty, an uprising had been gathering. In the early nineties industrial distress was causing universal discontent. The middle class generally were suffering from the trusts. Especially were the farmers of the South and West demanding reform in transportation and currency. To their sudden, unorganised protest was added the discontent of organised labour, now conscious of its strength, and educated by experience to a practical understanding of the issues. All these elements turned to a political remedy, and believing no relief possible from either Republican or Democratic parties, deserted their ranks in great numbers. A third party began to coalesce.

As early as 1890, Lloyd had worked on a committee and attended conferences to organise the movement into a new independent political party. A convention in Cincinnati, May 19, 1891, first brought together all the elements, and inaugurated a National People's party. A conference at St. Louis, February 22, 1892, issued the call for its first national convention for

presidential nominations, which was held in Omaha, July 4, 1892. Here the working men first appeared officially in national politics, figuring either as delegates at large of the American Federation of Labor, or as representatives of separate unions. Here, too, the new party began to experience those internal dissensions inseparable from the union of diverse and unformed elements. Its main body was of the middle class, the farmers predominating, and the platform adopted, although radical enough to demand government ownership of railroads, committed itself to few of labour's demands. But the fact that the convention was able to agree upon any platform whatever, sent it wild with joy. 'For over an hour," said Lloyd, "the thousand members sang, cheered, danced, and gave thanks. It was one of the most thrilling scenes in the panorama of American political conventions." In the following November, at its first presidential election, the party, unknown in 1888, cast a million votes. Then the hope arose that it would repeat the historic success of the Republican party which in 1856 had likewise cast a million votes. It began to be recognised as a possible rival in 1896 of the old parties. By 1894 it had a group of representatives in Congress, "men," said Lloyd, "whom the fierce light of the opposition never revealed to be anything but brave, honest, and intelligent." Continued "hard times" fed its ranks. In 1893, Gompers numbered the unemployed at 3,000,000; armies of these under "General" Coxey marched to the steps of the Capitol and proclaimed their distress.

Nowhere were conditions worse than in Chicago, not only among the unemployed but in the relations between capital and labour generally. Here the workers, in answer to the business men's attempt to disrupt the

unions, had strengthened them only to find their inadequacy in dealing with the unemployed problem. In the Pullman strike was also being revealed the hostile attitude toward them of courts and Federal government. "They are mystified, troubled, apprehensive," said Lloyd, "and scarcely know which way to turn." These extreme conditions were leading them toward political action. Thus Chicago led the van in the new movement, not only in numbers but in the enthusiasm and sincerity of its programme. Here it was fortunate in its corps of earnest workers. Indeed all over the country there appeared noble natures ready to serve. All who were capable of self-sacrifice for humanity, all whom injustice fired to resistance could find abundant work. But there were no prizes. Its candidates were prepared to wage a hopeless fight, to suffer the opprobrium of friends and the ridicule of the press. With neither organisation, money, nor experience, with no newspaper, no leaders of distinction such as had launched the Liberal Republican movement, the party was composed of the disinherited. From its birth, said Lloyd, it had been a party of the people. Its funds were pathetically inadequate. Even in Illinois there was not even money enough to print a sufficient number of platforms. At one time the national headquarters at Washington were closed, the news of which depressed Lloyd. "There is no sign of the times that strikes one more with dismay," he wrote, "than the fact that the people living under government by party have so relinquished the duty of supporting their party." One has only to glance through his letters to realise the brave work of obscure members who wrote to him from all quarters, men who spent the bulk of their salaries in the cause, and who strained their responsibility

toward their families to the last point of endurance. The party's only hope lay in numbers, which were rolling toward two millions. Such was the band of resisters who bravely challenged the two great parties, entrenched in riches and privilege.

To this rising of the people Henry Lloyd now enthusiastically devoted his powers. He had long deplored the prevailing political coma, in which men endowed with free citizenship were either so inert or so demoralised as to allow their government to pass to a privileged few. Elections, he said, had become mock battles. Men went through the form of voting but made no attempt to control the caucus and political machinery, the seat of power. He rejoiced to see them awakening and taking peaceful, law-abiding methods of redress. Whereas, on all sides the party was described as a menace to liberty and the Constitution, he proclaimed it "one of those pacific revolutions which this free government was created to encourage, and make as frequent as possible," "a counter-revolution" to that taking place in industry. He believed that to organise the uprising under any other than a broad principle involving justice to all would be wasted effort, and often at this time quoted Mommsen's saying that Rome fell because her reformers advocated only half reforms. Such a principle he found in the socialist demand for the ownership by the people of the means of production and distribution. His effort was to unite the movement if possible under that banner.

A conference to formulate a political policy was called by the Illinois Federation of Labor, July 4, 1894, at Springfield. Although the delegates were almost all working men, and although, as Mr. Lloyd said, he had not the honour to be a member of any labour organisa-

tion, he was invited to represent German Typographical Union No. 9, composed largely of socialists. His province was, he said, "to help lick the platform into shape." The Pullman strike was then at its height. How could the delegates get to Springfield? Union men did not wish to use even such trains as were running.

I had a conference this afternoon with Mr. Debs [wrote M. H. Madden of Typographical Union No. 16, and President of the Illinois Federation of Labor, to Mr. Lloyd], and told him of the calamity to our movement should we not go ahead and install this convention after all the months of labour, and asked that at least no criticism should lie against the delegates in case the ordinary facilities were used. We could not recall the convention as the coming national anniversary was to be used to dedicate anew the common people to the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and that more help could be given his struggle now than subsequently, as we would make an issue of it. He accepted that view and said that he would regard us as his assistants, and to go ahead and use what service we could find, and his heart would be with us.

Delegate Thomas J. Morgan describes the two hundred-mile journey, which took two nights:

We left Chicago late at night behind a "scab" engineer who . . . stuck us in a swamp just outside the city on the Wabash Railroad. One of our number, a photographer, . . . took several pictures of the engine and the men around it while we were held up. In the afternoon we reached Decatur where the railroad's ability to run its train ended for lack of "scabs" and we had to leave the train, almost landing on the bayonets of soldiers who surrounded it. Repairing to a hotel, arrangements were made to reach Springfield, forty miles away, by waggon, and all retired with that ride

before them except a half dozen of us who were led to a largely attended secret midnight meeting of striking railroad men. After an interesting talk, arrangements were made to get out a train, and all hands were called up at 2.30 A.M., and we were carried the forty miles by daylight.

Although small, the conference was important as a fountain-head of inspiration and political principle. All factions were present, single-taxers, socialists, anarchists, trade-unionists, reformers. It broke almost immediately into a contest over the seating of Schwab, the pardoned anarchist, a delegate from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

Henry D. Lloyd said no man who advocated revolution by force had any place in any political convention. He asked that this calamitous debate be stopped and Schwab be asked to say whether he advocated . . . action by force or by the ballot.[1]

Schwab stated that the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* for some years previous to 1887, incensed by the defrauding of their councilman elect of his office, had advocated violent tactics, but that this was now considered to have been a mistake and the paper stood for peaceful political action. He was then seated amid cheers.

An earnest effort was made to swing the diverse elements into agreement. Mr. Lloyd spoke over an hour, "the only man . . . whose remarks were received with marked courtesy and without interruption."[2] He gave the agitation which was overspreading the country a deep significance:

I would not enter into it [he said], did I not see in it the

[1] *Chicago Tribune*, July 4, 1894. [2] *Chicago Tribune*, July 6, 1894.

promise of the ultimate supremacy of labour . . . We stand on the brink of a great step forward. . . . The people are about to take possession of the property of the people. We are almost to enter a new paradise.

Here as in other speeches at the outset of this movement, it was evident that his political hope was reillumined. His words and the testimony of fellow workers show that at times a tumultuous joy possessed him. He urged the working men to seek relief through political action. He advocated a temporary union with the People's party, but met with vigorous opposition. The conference's most intense debate occurred over the forming of a platform, and the insertion of the socialists' demand for the collective ownership by the people of the means of production and distribution. This principle had recently been admitted to the programme of the British trade-unions, but was now first appearing in the American labour movement. At the American Federation of Labor convention in Philadelphia in 1892 it had received a favourable one third vote and at the next annual convention in Chicago, 1893, the year of Mr. Lloyd's address, it was incorporated as "Plank 10" in a programme drawn and presented by Thomas Morgan. The convention referred it to a year's consideration by the labour unions of the country, requesting that they instruct delegates how to vote at the next convention in Denver, December, 1894. The year's discussion led to the adoption of the programme by a very large majority. But at Denver it was defeated by the failure of certain delegates to vote as instructed, due, it is said, to confusion caused by a change in the number of the plank. The struggle to resuscitate it at Springfield was a bitter one. Lloyd finally succeeded in drafting a resolution, virtually

Plank 10, but described as a "sugar-coated edition," which to his delight was carried by a vote of fifty-one to fifty. It read:

We recommend those we represent in this Conference to vote for those candidates of the People's party at the coming election who will pledge themselves to the principles of the collective ownership by the people of all such means of production and distribution *as the people elect* to operate for the commonwealth.

The saving clause, "as the people elect," applied the principle upon which all were agreed, namely the initiative and referendum. That their delegate should have saved the conference for the socialists was a source of pride to Typographical Union No. 9.

We feel it a special honour to have had as our representative this faithful champion of the rights of the workers, this pioneer in their emancipation, the generous, noble-hearted Henry Demarest Lloyd.[1]

They were also impressed by the modest bill which only after urgent request he sent them, asking to have the money turned over to their Debs defence fund. "Surely, a new proof of the noble spirit of Mr. Lloyd."[2] In reporting to them, he said, in part (*Arbeiter-Zeitung*, 5 August, 1894):

The People's party is a middle class party; a permanent union of the working men with it might prove . . . unprofitable, as it contains too many doubtful and unprogressive elements. On the other hand I consider a closer union of the industrial workers with the more advanced farmers to be necessary; in that way the more conservative farmers

[1] Translated from *Chicagoer Arbeiter-Zeitung*, 2 August, 1894.
[2] *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, 5, August.

would in time be won over to us. . . . In the future the unions should give more attention than formerly to the farmer class and seek in every possible way to draw it into common action. The American Federation of Labor at its next convention . . . will have to give a large representation to the organised farmers. In the present struggle the general government is showing itself openly as a money power. Its attack upon the working people is a national one, and therefore the resistance must be the same. . . . Let us seek a protecting haven against the coming storm. . . . I shall always stand in the future, as in the past, for the rights of my working brothers, so far as in me lies.

Having helped to secure for Illinois the coalition of the elements under a radical programme, he endeavoured to make the position national. He appealed to Gompers, to lead the American Federation of Labor under the banner.

I hope you approved the work of the Springfield convention. I took the liberty of telegraphing you when you were in Chicago, suggesting that as means of uniting the farmers and working men you ask Governors Waite, Pennoyer, and Lewelling to unite with you in a call for a national conference of all reformers. This crisis is greater than that of 1776 and 1861. You have in your place at the head of the working men the key to the immediate future. You can write your name by the side of our greatest patriots. What is done needs to be done quickly; so, it will be twice done. I should be glad to get a word from you, and to do what I can to further your plans. . . .

And in disapproval of a proposed conference under the auspices of the Civic Federation, he wrote to him:

What is needed in my view is a delegate assembly of all the reform elements to give immediate direction and concentration to the acts of the coming election. It should be

for the whole country what the Springfield convention was for Illinois. It should be held not later than the last week of September. The time is not so short but that with the telegraph all the details can be arranged. Such a convention should make terms for the working men with the People's party and the Socialist Labour party and the Single-Taxers, that would be equal to the fruits of ten years of agitation. If such a convention gave the word, as I think it would, and as I think it ought to do—*for this moment*—that all the voters of discontent should unite on the candidate of the People's party, we would revolutionise the politics of this country.

The time has come for the leaders to lead. No man in history has had a greater opportunity for usefulness than now begs you to embrace it. The people are scattered, distracted, leaderless, waiting for just such guidance. And the opportunity will not recur. If not taken now the reins will pass to other hands, or what is more likely, no reins will be able to control the people. It is a great crisis. Meet it greatly!

The Illinois campaign ushered in by the Springfield conference was a model for all independent movements. Lloyd, who was now a leader among Chicago radicals, "an idol of the Chicago working men," "loved by the farmers" of the State, and trusted by all, was nominated for Congress by the People's party in the Seventh District. He declined.

. . . I do not mean to shirk my share of the work and sacrifices of the campaign, but I will make them in another way. Moreover, I think the party honours belong to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and not to late comers like myself. It was for this reason, among others, and because of a strong belief that I can serve the cause better without office than with it, that I regretted the

reference to myself in connection with the United States senatorship at the Springfield conference. . . .

On the same day he wrote to William M. Salter:

. . . I have been kept a prisoner of the proofs till now. . . . I am just recovering from a severe attack of appendicitis, which is to say, I have been wrestling this week with the revises of my Appendix. . . . How well I remember that day in my room when I first mentioned the scheme of the book[1] to you—the first time I had spoken of it to any one. It has been a much more serious task than I dreamed. Facts are difficult things to harness. . . .

Perhaps you noticed that I was nominated for Congress by the People's party. It was a delicate compliment—almost too delicate to survive—in view of the fact that the district has a Republican majority of 7000, and its greatest voter is the Chicago & North-Western Railroad. I have declined, because I think it better politics to spend myself helping others get elected in more practicable districts, because I don't want office, and because I think I know I can serve the cause better in other ways than by going to Congress.

Many appeals, however, induced him to accept. His fine campaign was described as characteristic, for his speeches paid "little attention to his own candidacy, but preached the gospel of hope and progress for humanity." He declined the proffered nomination by the Democrats, giving among other reasons the customary campaign assessment.

. . . My views . . . may be all wrong, but I have always felt that the practice of assessing candidates was thoroughly undemocratic, and one of the most powerful of the secondary causes of political corruption. It is the duty of every

[1] *Wealth Against Commonwealth.*

member of a party to contribute to its success, and I am giving to the committee of the People's party all the money I can spare. . . .

In regard to leaders, he added:

. . . The Democrats in Washington by surrendering to the Senate and the trusts, instead of declaring war upon them, have just missed one of the two greatest political opportunities I have seen; the other will be thrown away by the managers of the People's party if they do not rise equal to the cry of the people for leadership. Let us not deceive ourselves about one thing: if in spite of want of leadership, and all that, the people by the mere momentum of their own uprising should cast a majority of the votes at the coming presidential election for the candidates of the People's party, they will have to fight to seat them. No one should be given the leadership who does not see this, and who has not the nerve to act as the emergency will require. You and I are going to see a good deal of history made.

The campaign opened with a brilliant meeting in Central Music Hall, with Clarence Darrow as chairman. Thousands were unable to gain admission. The appearance of the venerable Lyman Trumbull as an eloquent champion of the new party caused a national sensation. Mr. Lloyd's speech said in part:

It is a fact of political history, that no new party was ever false to the cause for which it was formed. If the People's party as organised in Cook County is supported by the country, and the people get the control of their industries as of the government, the abolition of monopoly will as surely follow as the abolition of slavery followed the entrance of Abraham Lincoln into the White House in 1861. Then we will have the judges and the injunctions, the presi-

dent and the House of Representatives. There will be no Senate; we will have the referendum and the Senate will go out when the people come in. The same Constitution that could take the property of unwilling citizens for the railroads for rights of way, can take the railroads, willing or unwilling, to be the nation's property when the people come in. Then the national debt, instead of representing the waste of war, will represent the railroads, and other productive works owned by the people, and worth more, as in Australia, than the bonds issued for them. The same Constitution that could demonetise silver can remonetise it, or demonetise gold for a better money than either. . . .

Women will vote, and some day we will have a woman president when the people come in. The post-office will carry your telegrams and your parcels, . . . and will be the people's bank for savings, and their life and accident insurance company, as it is elsewhere already. Every dark place in our cities will be brilliant with electricity, made by the municipalities for themselves. Working men and women will ride for three cents . . . on street car lines owned by municipalities, and paying by their profits a large part of the cost of government now falling on the taxpayer. When the people come in . . . boss rule and boodle will go out, because these spring mainly from the intrigues . . . of syndicates to get hold of public functions for their private profit. We will have a real civil service founded . . . on a system of public education which shall give every child . . . the opportunity to fit himself for the public service. The same Constitution which granted empires of public lands to create the Pacific railroad kings will find land for working men's homes and land for co-operative colonies of the unemployed.

There will soon be no unemployed when the people come in. There will be no shoemakers locked out or shoe factories shut down while there is a foot unshod, and all the mines and factories the needs of the people require, the people shall keep going. Every man who works will get a

SOCIALISM

as defined in Webster's Dictionary: "A theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonius arrangement of the social relations of mankind."

Socialism as defined by your enemies, the Plutocratic press and the Millionaires:

"Is anarchy, violence, destruction and disorder."

The universe is the property of every creature in it.—*Emerson.*

The people's hearts are the only title deeds.—*Wendell Phillips*

Give a man power over my existence, and you give him power over my whole moral nature

—*Alexander Hamilton*

You take my life, when you take the means by which I live.

—*Shakespeare.*

You are a stock holder in the government, will you vote for dividends or assessments?

Bad Politics have made times bad

Good Politics can make them good.

—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

Of all successive shapes which society has taken, that most nearly approaches perfection in which the war of individual against individual is most strictly limited.

—*Prof. Huxley.*

I affirm it as my conviction that class law, placing capital above labor in the structure of government, is more dangerous to the republic than was chattel slavery in the days of its haughtiest supremacy.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

No reform, moral or intellectual, ever came from the upper class of society, each and all came from the protest of martyr and victim. The emancipation of the working people must be achieved by the working people themselves,

—*Wendell Phillips.*

Reformers Beware, there is Danger!

There is danger that platitudes, sophistry and frothy declamation against individuals, parties and surface effects, will waste the great opportunities of this campaign and obscure the vital issue of the nineteenth century, Wage-Slavery vs. the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Here is our kind of candidate,

HENRY D. LLOYD

who says: "I will not veil, or soften, or ambiguify my belief that there is no way out of the present situation, but the Co-operative Commonwealth, and that, that is the only live issue before us to-day!"

That is the declaration of a Reformer, not a mere *hunter* for votes.

With such men, and such determination to tell the whole truth, a People's Party can live, grow and become the greatest power in the land.—*Thomas J Morgan*

People's Party Meeting

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Socialist Labor Party.

Mass Meeting

Central Turner Hall, 1111 Milwaukee Ave.

Monday, Oct. 29th, 8 P. M.

SPEAKERS: COX AND MORGAN.

"Stealing our Right to Vote!" Hopkins, Pomeroy, Ryan Gang, with their bogus democratic "Labor" ticket, stealing the name of the People's Party.

Great PROTEST!

OF THE

Building Trades and Trades Unionists

Wednesday, October 31st,

at 8 P. M., at

BATTERY D, Michigan Ave. and Monroe Street.

TRADE UNIONISTS, TURN OUT!

Surrender to the money power the right to make but one price, the control of all prices will be sure to follow. They who control the prices of a nation, control the liberties of its markets, and those who control the liberties of its markets, will come to control all its other liberties.—*Henry D. Lloyd*

Rome fell because its reformers were only half reformers.

—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

Revolution by Reform, not Reform by Revolution.

—*John Burns.*

"Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed, if labor had not *first* existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The concentration of so many branches of trade, in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself.

—*Pope Leo XIII*

The Public be damned.

—*Vanderbilt*

Liberty cannot long endure in any country where the tendency of legislation is to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few.

—*Webster.*

PLANK 10

—IN—

LABOR POLITICS.

Its fundamental basis is the demand for the collective ownership by the people of all the means of production and distribution.

"As it is not possible for the worker to hold his own, shut out as he is to-day from the land from which his food must be drawn, and from the free use of the machinery and property without which he cannot ply his calling?"

—*Tom Mann.*

No man shall rule me with my consent; I will rule over no man.

—*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

Far-seeing men count the increasing power of wealth and its combinations as one of the chief dangers with which the institution of the United States are threatened in the not distant future.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

J. E. BECKER & CO., PRINTERS. 363 W. 12TH STREET, CHICAGO.

A Handbill of the People's Party, Chicago, 1894.

living, and every man who gets a living shall work when the people come in.

This meeting initiated a county campaign of great thoroughness, whose platform pledged itself to regain control of all franchises already granted for existing gas, street railways, and other monopolies, and to make them the property of the people. Lloyd said it was the most wonderful outburst of popular hope and enthusiasm in recent politics. An attempt was made to exclude the party ticket from the official ballot, and Mr. Lloyd added his protest at the meeting against this threat to deprive the people of their inherent American right to voice their claims. Although physically not strong, he worked very hard in the cause, acting as secretary of the campaign committee, making almost nightly speeches, some of which reached the country as leaflets. While purposely localising to municipal interests, he never failed to sound the universal note which amidst the many petty skirmishes gave his attitude distinction. The political air was charged with his graphic words imprinting the new issues on thousands of minds,—"No private use of public powers," "People's transportation, . . . people's money, . . . people's land, . . . people's wealth, . . . and people's co-operation."

The climax of the local 1894 campaign was a torchlight parade, when a peaceful army of fifteen thousand, lighted by rockets and red fire, sang, shouted, trumpeted its way through the city, and trooped into Tattersall's Hall. Those who saw it will never forget it. The words with which Mr. Lloyd here closed his campaign were as fervid as the opening speech:

. . . The People's party represents the mightiest hope

that ever stirred in the hearts of the masses, . . . the hope of realising and incarnating in the lives of the common people the fulness of the divinity of humanity. . . . When the people unite in liberty and equality, they become divine, irresistible. The air of our beloved America has been heavy for many years with the weary footfalls of the people —the working men tramping about to find no door open for them in the palaces of industry they built—the farmer surrendering first the produce of the year, and then his farm itself to market riggers and usurers; one half the clerks, the salesmen, the skilled organisers of business, set adrift, and the other half made to do double duty, in order that "operating expenses may be reduced" and "dividends" increased; more than half the merchants and manufacturers in the great industries driven out of their mills, refineries, and stores by conquering syndicates and trusts. . . . He that had ears to hear could hear these feet in all the highways and byways, too discouraged to keep time, and shuffling along in a sort of Beggars' Opera of Despair. But a new sound arises from these tramping millions now. The people who have been begging for work, for mercy, are getting off their knees. Their tramp for work is changing to a march for their rights. A new spirit is rising in them. They are men; therefore they have a right to be men. The earth is the Lord's and they are the children of the Lord, and so the earth is theirs, and the fulness thereof. They are beginning to keep time—time—good times. From the mountains of Colorado, the uplands and lowlands of Georgia, the prairies of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Illinois, from the north, the south, the east, and the west, we can hear the march of these millions rising to join the People's party, in order to make and govern a people's government. . . .

His defeat at the polls was a foregone conclusion. His district was wealthy, the stronghold of the Chicago & North-Western Railroad, whose share in the Spring Valley conspiracy he had exposed. He polled, however,

nearly six thousand votes, and bore a good part in a campaign widely observed the country over. This was the only time he served by running for office.

I hope they will have the wit and wisdom to nominate you for president [wrote Frances Willard]; you seem to be far and away the right one to head the labour movement at this crisis. . . . I think I shall follow where your plume waves.

When nominated for lieutenant-governor, he immediately declined, but doing so inadvertently to the wrong official, his name appeared on the ballot, and some recall with pleasure that they cast their vote for him.

We served together on the campaign committee [wrote Robert H. Howe] and I learned to know and admire him as one of the most lovable men it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

In the presidential campaign which followed, Lloyd worked hard to keep the party together on the advanced position taken by Illinois. He wrote to the *Chicago Times*, October 14, 1894:

Will you give me space to express my pleasure in reading . . . "Single-Taxers and Socialists" in the *Times*. . . . To divide the people and conquer them has always been the policy of the oppressors. This insidious and too clever attempt to break up the newly organised reform forces of the people by fanning the flames of economic controversy is like that other effort we are all watching to use religious differences for the same irreligious purposes. This sowing of tares by the enemy will not prevail. The people have come together in the People's party, the most remarkable uprising of popular sovereignty in our history, in spite of these differences in doctrine, and they will remain together

in spite of the distress of the politicians and monopolists, whose occupation will be gone when the People's party succeeds. There are no greater variances between the different economic sects who have united themselves in this movement than between the radically differing schools of political, economic, and social thought who made common cause in this country a hundred years ago against a common enemy. There is again a common enemy and a common cause. Our most pressing and most irreconcilable difference is with this common enemy. We can afford to sink our differences with ourselves until that greater one is settled. We cannot afford not to do so. American liberty would not yet have been won if our fathers had insisted on debating the Constitution before they fought the war for independence. Let us first get the government into the hands of those who are determined to put an end to all private use of social powers—from land to trusts—and fight afterward for the precedence of our favourite reform. . . .

Concerning the socialists, he wrote to Clarence Darrow:

. . . The course of the socialists in Chicago deserves sympathetic attention. Contrary to all their past politics, their predilections, and the threats and persuasions of the party's leaders elsewhere, as in New York, the Chicago socialists gave up their political identity and went in with all their might for the success of the People's party. They made a greater sacrifice than any other element of the party. Unlike the A. R. U.[1] and the other unions the socialists actually worked for the ticket. The People's party platform is socialistic, as all democratic doctrine is. No question of principle is involved in the admission of the socialists as full and regular members of the People's party. They are the most intelligent, most energetic, most reliable

[1] The American Railway Union.

workers we have. . . . Our cue is to get the socialists of other States to do as the Chicago socialists have done. . . . The Catholic Englishmen joined the Protestant Englishmen to fight the Catholic Philip II., and we must unite in the same way our dissimilar elements in the face of a common danger greater than that of the Spanish Armada. What we ought to have at once is a conference of the most active reformers from all over the country to try to bring about this co-operation of all. But if we begin to read each other out of the ranks for differences of opinion we are lost. . . .

But a shadow of coming disaster began to appear. Some of the leaders in the party seemed determined to throw the radicals overboard, and this at a time when the enemy was adding aggression to aggression.

Revolutions never go backward [said Mr. Lloyd in comment]. If the People's party goes backward it will prove that it is not a revolution, and if it is not a revolution, it is nothing.

In a few months he wrote to President Gates of Iowa University:

I have hopes that the People's party may grow into a great popular movement for liberty. But there is a rift within the lute, and it is growing fast.

The party was being captured by those who would narrow it to a demand for the remonetisation of the silver dollar. Although he believed in the restoration of silver as against its continued suppression, and denounced its demonetisation as a repudiation especially "heinous," since done not by desperate poor but by greedy rich, he considered that the need was for a social programme of which even the whole money question would be only a part.

When I see such a panorama of oppression unfolding as is to be seen in the records of the concentration of wealth [he wrote to a friend], the latest example of which is the public (?) bond sale, it makes me bewildered to hear it proposed to cure this evil by—what?—going back to the metallic part of the currency system we had in 1873! To go back to 1873, to restore silver, that will cure us. This whole brood of curses was hatched before 1873, before any one thought of demonetising silver, or resuming specie payment. By 1873 we had Fisk, Gould, Vanderbilt, the prototypes of all the procession of corrupters and oppressors that has followed. One trouble with the People's party is that so many of its members think that political problems which are being manufactured by steam-engine and dynamo methods can be cured by spinning-wheel and ox-team political remedies.

He was now carefully considering with himself and other socialists whether to continue their fight in the People's party or to withdraw. He wrote:

. . . I will never recede the microscopic fraction of an inch from the position of the Springfield Conference and the Uhlich Hall Convention.[1] But this question presses upon me. Is it not better policy to carry this struggle into the next National Convention of the People's party? . . . If we recover the position in Chicago we had in . . . 1894 we can fire a shot in the National Convention that will be heard round the world.

What vantage ground does the alternative policy of withdrawing now offer us? We cannot join the Socialist Labor party. At least I cannot. We could not make even an agitation by forming a new party so close to the . . . coming campaign? Is it not better . . . to . . . recover our lost place, and put Chicago into the next Presidential Convention as the foremost picket on the forward line of the Co-operative Commonwealth? I am writing, as if . . .

[1] A convention which ratified the platform secured at Springfield. See Appendix.

thinking out loud. . . . I am anxious only that we shall make the most capital for our cause. . . . You know, and I know, that there is not one chance in ten thousand millions that this crisis will have a political solution. The political motives of our people are as rotten with selfishness and greed as their industrial morals, and the reform parties seem to be deeper in decomposition than the Grand Old Parties.

Think over these views carefully before organising . . . any "split." If we must "split," let it be a split that will be heard far and wide. . . .

He decided to continue the struggle. At a preliminary conference of leaders in St. Louis in 1895 the "silverites" made a determined effort to keep the nationalists' or socialists' demands out of the platform. "Never," said one of the leaders, "did I see a man do abler or better work than Lloyd accomplished in that three days' contest, and to his efforts were in a great measure due the defeat of the schemes of the silver men." The result was the Omaha platform, enlarged into one which he said was "the most advanced practical political document ever submitted to the suffrages of a people." The conduct of the forces at the coming national nominating convention to open on July 22 at St. Louis continually filled his thoughts. "You saved the platform, now you must save the party," wrote one to him. But he had small hope that the catastrophe which he saw coming could be averted. He wrote to Richard T. Ely (April 2, 1896):

. . . Do you not depreciate the platform of the party unduly? It can hardly be said to rest "principally upon a temporary monetary situation." Free silver is a subordinate issue in the Omaha platform. I should say that the strongest plank under the party is the government

ownership of railroads. Still, I must admit that all the signs indicate that the plans of the managers will succeed, and that at the next national convention the People's party will be overslaughed wholly by the Free Silverites. Then what?

I send you with this an interesting letter which I have from Bellamy on this subject. We must, it seems to me, either be prepared to make some sacrifices to lead the American people along the path of political action or else face the alternative of revolution, which I do not expect, or of a rotting down which I think is already well under way. . . .

Nevertheless he did not relax. He wrote again to Ely:

I send you a book by Taubeneck, the managing head of the People's party. I judge it to be designed to prepare the way for the coming coalition which he intends to bring about between the People's party and the Silverites. It has occurred to me that possibly a little pamphlet of criticism of his views by yourself, Bellamy, Bemis, . . . distributed to the People's party newspapers and the leading speakers and writers of the party, might have a great effect in spiking his guns. Will you kindly look at it with this thing in view and see if it looks vulnerable to you, and let me know if you would be willing to write five hundred to one thousand words in reply, to be printed in conjunction with replies from the others I have mentioned, provided I would go to the expense of printing and circulating it? This may be a chance to do the country a patriotic service.

The Democrats held their presidential nominating convention before that of the People's party, and selected a radical free-silver candidate, William J. Bryan, on a platform which apparently captured the People's party position, but one in reality, said Lloyd, very different.

LITTLE COMPTON, R. I., July 10, 1896.

I have read your letter of July 6th with great interest and sympathy. My own preference for a ticket would be Coxey and Debs. Those are the two men who have done something, and have made the record that proves them indomitable and incorruptible.

But how can you get the delegates whom Taubeneck and his associates have been slumming for to support any such men? . . . The simple truth is Taubeneck has been flimflammed. The politicians at Washington . . . persuaded him that "free silver" was the supreme issue, while it is only what the homeopaths call the "tenth dilution" of an issue. They got him to turn all the party manœuvres into building up this silver issue. Then they sweep in at Chicago,[1] pocket the whole thing for themselves, and leave us at St. Louis only the Hobson's choice of sinking ourselves out of sight and resurrection in the Democracy; or of beginning, *de novo*, within a few weeks of election, the task of making an issue and finding followers. The masses have been taught by us that "silver" is *the issue*, and they will of course have the common sense to give their votes to the most powerful of the parties promising it. If the management of the party had been in the hands of *really* practical politicians, instead of "Glaubenichts" like Taubeneck, the full Omaha platform could easily have been made the issue that would have held us together for a brilliant campaign, but now that cannot be done. If we fuse, we are sunk; if we don't fuse, all the silver men we have will leave us for the more powerful Democrats. And this is what . . . Taubeneck calls politics! Curious that the new party, the Reform party, the People's party, should be more boss-ridden, ring-ruled, gang-gangrened than the two old parties of monopoly. The party that makes itself the special champion of the Referendum and Initiative tricked out of its very life and soul by a permanent National Chairman—

[1] Democratic nominating convention, 1896.

something no other party has! Our Initiative and Referendum had better begin, like charity, at home!

When he was nominated as a delegate to the St. Louis convention by the 7th District socialists, he wrote to a friend (July 18, 1896):

Your letter of the 11th was very interesting, and spoke to me the only question about which I think at all nowadays. . . . But the poor people are throwing up their hats in the air for those who promise "to lead them out of the wilderness" by the currency route. It is awful. The people are to be kept wandering forty years in the currency labyrinth, as they have for the last forty years been led up and down the tariff hill. . . .

As to gathering up twelve baskets full of socialism out of the fragments that remain after the inevitable explosion at St. Louis, I don't believe that that scene of ruin, confusion, and defeat will be the place and time to organise a really radical party. There will be some earnest and honest men there, but they will be forced into the position of "Kickers" and not very influential ones. It does not seem to me that we had better begin that way. Whether I go to St. Louis will depend upon the advices I get from Chicago; if I go I shall fight (if admitted to the convention, which is most unlikely) for the most aggressive possible revision of the Omaha platform, and for paper money *instead* of free silver. But my judgment is that if we intended to make such a fight at St. Louis, we ought to have been at it long ago.

Despite the dark outlook he went to St. Louis,—political conventions are prolific in surprises; the party might even yet fulfil its promise. Perhaps his hopes stirred when Debs telegraphed that he would try his best to come. Of all presidential conventions, so typical a feature of our national life, this one stands unique. It drew ridicule from thoughtless reporters.

When Mr. Lloyd studied it sympathetically he saw a convention of poor men. He learned that some, lacking funds, had walked all the way, that others had gone without sleeping places in order to save their nickels for meals, and were suffering from the need of food. He marvelled at their devotion. Many were "blacklisted" railway employees, hoping to make their hero, Debs, a candidate. The prevailing expression on the faces was, he said, anxiety, fear of the unknown. The majority feared betrayal; the traitorous members who had planned fusion with one or the other of the old parties feared the many resolute radicals opposing them, and the radicals, in their turn, feared lest by insisting too much on their sweeping reforms they might prevent a coalition which would later prove invaluable. The main sentiment was an intense craving to effect a union of all the forces, and thus insure a victory. For in all minds trembled the hope that this was really the rising of the people. All feared to check it. Mr. Lloyd threw his influence to make it name a candidate and a platform of its own, and to prevent the blunder and "the crime" of the independent movement of 1872. But, now as then, he was powerless. In an article in the *Progressive Review* of London, November, 1896, he wrote:

The National Convention was gagged, clique-ridden, and machine ruled. Members who were opposed to the plans they knew to be afoot to deliver the People's party to the Democracy were privately informed with cynical frankness by the presiding officer that he would never allow them to catch his eye to get the floor. The Committee on Resolutions was packed and summarily squelched any attempt to get into the platform anything that would endanger the leader's plans of fusion. When the platform

was reported to the Convention, the previous question was at once moved and declared carried, and the party sent into the campaign on a declaration of principles, of which the delegates who adopted it knew only so much as they had been able to catch, as it was read rapidly, amid the tumult and disorder of a convention of fifteen hundred, surrounded by a noisy audience of thousands of onlookers.

He studied closely the feelings and beliefs of the delegates. The radical anti-monopolists were the strongest single body. There was a time when the convention was wavering, and should they force the issue, there was an even chance, he computed, of their splitting the convention near the middle on a platform calling for "the public ownership of all monopolies." He had at hand a carefully prepared speech, a powerful warning against fusion and "free silver." Should he speak? In his hands was Debs's telegram: "Please do not permit the use of my name for nomination." Some who were disappointed at the non-appearance of Debs besieged Mr. Lloyd to lead a radical ring. He turned to Clarencce Darrow and George H. Schilling, who were silent, asking their opinion. They said it was better not to speak. Other men of bravery and initiative stood spellbound, fearing to break the union. "The leaders did not lead, and their followers did not clamour to be lead," said Lloyd. Thus passed what he called "a psychological moment" in the life of American reform. The prearranged scheme moved on, and the convention did what its enemies desired, it nominated Bryan and merged its current in the ocean of the Democratic party. In the shock of the first moments, Lloyd waited for a protest, a halt, but none came, and through eighteen minutes of tempestuous applause he watched the exit of this once promising movement. His friend and host,

Mr. N. O. Nelson, said that on the night of the fusion, Mr. Lloyd came home late "in feverish excitement, and exploded with the expression that the party was buried, hopelessly sold out."

St. Louis was a nightmare [he wrote to Professor Ely]. To see the blow to political reform being dealt, and to be unable to say a word to break the spell of the victims, or to do a thing to stay the hand of the depredator was dreadful. The possibility of peaceful reform, or of any reform, is greatly hindered by such an issue of this attempt to get a remedy by political action. What are we to think of the wits of a people who allow themselves to be hypnotised by gifts of a few millions by the men who at the same moment are stealing ten times as many millions, and all the people's liberties?

Oct. 10, 1896.

I did n't answer your letter because I was too sore about the whole business. The People's Party Convention at St. Louis was the most discouraging experience of my life. It was not so much that the leaders tricked and bulldozed and betrayed, but that the people submitted. The craze for success "this time" had full possession of all of them. It was in the main a splendid body of men, but, withal, there was lacking in them that grasp of fundamental principle which alone keeps parties together. No party can cohere unless its members have some common article of faith so completely engrained in the very texture of their minds that they spontaneously and without the necessity of conference will take practically the same views of the same questions. The People's party is a fortuitous collection of the dissatisfied. If it had been organised around a clear-cut *principle*, of which its practical proposals were merely external expressions, it could never have been seduced into fusion, nor induced even to consider the nomination of a man like Bryan who rejects its bottom doctrine. Such a

party will have to be built up by conscious effort or evolved by the sharp pressure of events.

The Free Silver movement is a fake. Free Silver is the cow-bird of the Reform movement. It waited until the nest had been built by the sacrifices and labour of others, and then it laid its eggs in it, pushing out the others which lie smashed on the ground. It is now flying around while we are expected to do the incubating. I for one decline to sit on the nest to help any such game.

. . . The People's party has been betrayed, . . . but after all it is its own fault. No party that does not lead its leaders will ever succeed. Lincoln had to be pulled along by his party every step he took. There was a *principle* there that had taken complete possession of 4,000,000 men and if it could not have found effectuation in one man it would have done it through another.

I may vote for Bryan as the Knight of the Disinherited, like Ivanhoe, but he will not be the next President, and I am content. . . .

Among the forecasts which appeared in the press was Lloyd's:

Democracy[1] is that bourn from which no reform party returns. . . . But if the party dies, or degenerates into a mere vermiform appendix of the Democracy, to be removed by skilful surgery during an "off year," the movement will go on. The Free Soil party of 1848 scattered. . . . But in 1856 the same elements combined under another name—Republican. In 1860 they carried the election and before 1864, they had accomplished in the complete emancipation of slavery a reform as wide and deep as the wildest hopes of the most fanatical idealists who preceded the movement.

One of the immediate results of this merger at St. Louis will be that a large percentage of the radical members of the party will go into one or another of the socialist parties or

[1] Mr. Lloyd means here the Democratic party.

organisations . . . Perhaps in 1900, perhaps not until 1904, the ideas and the men who went down here before the silver cyclone will reappear. The politicians in the party who have been having all the fun of a witch-burning heresy will find that they have not even scotched the snake.[1]

When it came to voting, he was long undecided. A letter records his vote:

After the People's party took up Bryan, I voted the Socialist Labor party ticket, and I shall probably be compelled by my attitude towards its fundamental doctrines to continue doing so, at least until some other organisation is formed under more representatively American leadership to advocate the same principles.

For a second time he retired from practical politics, convinced that until men had thought out the issues involved it was useless to seek redress through that channel. "I can see nothing to do for the moment," he wrote, "but keep on laying our eggs in the sand, waiting for the sun of some future spring to hatch them out."

[1] *Buffalo* (N. Y.) *Express*, July 27, 1896.

CHAPTER XIII

A CITIZEN OF "NO MEAN CITY"

MANY Americans now felt politically helpless and apathetic. Seeking an escape through the ballot from the tyranny of monopoly, they found their only means of expression to be a party machinery controlled by the very monopolists from whom they were trying to be freed. Advanced thinkers began to plan a restoration to the people of the law-making power through the initiative and referendum, or direct legislation, then an old story in Switzerland but untried in the United States. This provides for the suggestion of legislation initiated by a certain percentage of the voters—the initiative,—and the reference of proposed legislation to popular vote—the referendum. The American Federation of Labor had begun to advocate this in its resolutions. But how to achieve it was the problem. By the nature of the Constitution, the system of government in each city is controlled by its State legislature. To obtain the referendum power a city must therefore achieve an enactment of a State law, or a change in the city charter. Should public sentiment be sufficiently enlightened to work for this, it would encounter monopoly entrenched in the ruling party and its machinery, and controlling the legislature. The citizens of the village of Winnetka, con-

taining in 1896 about 2000 inhabitants, meeting one of their own problems with the spirit of liberty and ingenuity, worked out a system of self-emancipation, which opened a way out of the dilemma. They invented an easy method of immediately obtaining the initiative and referendum and restoring self-government in local issues.

There prevailed among these villagers a united and intelligent civic conscience. It had been from its beginning not a mere suburb of Chicago, but an entity. The village charter provided for an almost ideal collection of homes. Its wise founders, Artemus Carter, Gilbert Hubbard, and their neighbours, including Jenkin Lloyd Jones who came there for his first pulpit charge, laid well its corner-stone. They planned for beauty and health, laying out broad avenues planted with oaks and elms, arranged for an unusually high grade of schools, and safeguarded the homes from the evils of saloons; they recognised the communal life, making the heart of the village a common or "green." Thus from the first it garnered traditions of civic duty, and by a happy fortune succeeding villagers carried further the ideals of its founders. To quote its Congregational minister, Rev. Quincy L. Dowd, himself a rare embodiment of enlightened citizenship: "One of its chief charms from its early days has been that its ideal was to be a community of friends whose diversified traits and training should be put into a common store of human, social good."

When the Lloyds first came to Winnetka, in 1878, it was in what its humourist called "the Post-Igneous"—After the Fire—period. It was then a straggling village whose homes were separated by stretches of woods, and whose currents of neighbourhood intimacy were

likewise detached. There was a rudimentary but no ideal communal spirit. Its intercourse was about what is found in the best type of farm neighbourhood, said Mr. Dowd. There was one institution, however, which had come from its past as a precious inheritance, namely, the annual village meeting at which the inhabitants met to consider their common interests. This was the instrument which was to be seized upon and developed into a means of emancipation.

From the first Henry Lloyd took very seriously his Winnetka citizenship. From 1884 to 1886 he acted as vice-president of the Council, in 1887 and 1888 he was village treasurer. He was several times elected trustee and member of the Board of Education, and was president of the Town Meeting in 1898. Above all he was deeply interested in furthering the control by the community of its own public service, and in all progressive thought and action along that line was always in the van. When in 1890 Mr. Dowd sought to convert the village caucus into a larger community club, he went to Mr. Lloyd with his plan. "He welcomed the idea at once," said Mr. Dowd, "and by his own constructive thought hoped to revive the aims and style of the Town Meeting, once so important a factor in New England life." That institution, recognised by the highest authorities as one of the bulwarks of our liberties, had fallen into disuse in the land of its origin, but this western village now caught up the idea and carried it on in its voluntary monthly meetings. At this village forum, named in accordance with Mr. Lloyd's suggestion the Winnetka Town Meeting and first held in December, 1890, the citizens became acquainted with one another and freely discussed all local public questions as well as the

broader field of human society. The meetings were held in the basement of the Congregational Church and afforded an open platform for all. Programmes consisted of an address followed by discussion, the consideration of local policy, and sometimes some form of entertainment. For instance, they voted for enforcement of laws against sale of liquors, for the institution of evening schools, they resolved as early as 1894 to own all poles thereafter erected in the village on which wires were strung, they discussed the projects of parks and public library, and invited the political candidates to address them. Naturally Mr. Lloyd was a frequent speaker. Early in the history of these meetings, he urged the village to secure a portion of the Hubbard Woods on the Lake shore for a public park, pointing out that it could easily reimburse itself by the sale of lots. But it failed to adopt this idea. When about ten years later, in 1901, it awoke to the advisability of the plan, it was too late. Mr. Lloyd then hoped to bequeath his Lake shore to the village for the purpose. It was before the Town Meeting of November, 1894, that he delivered his lecture on "No Mean City," probably for the first time.

Many of you will remember [said Mr. Dowd to the citizens after Lloyd's death] the active part Mr. Lloyd took in those public discussions, outlining a high order of policy for the citizens to pursue. Mr. Lloyd was an idealist in regard to what it means to be a citizen. He could not conceive of a decent man being a mean citizen in a mean village. In something the same spirit that impelled Mr. Emerson always to attend the town meeting of Concord, so did Mr. Lloyd loyally and ardently support the non-partisan village caucus. Well do I remember how earnestly he spoke of the point of honour involved in maintaining this rally of

citizens as such to provide for and safeguard the village service and interests. . . . Did not the hearts of many burn within us, as we saw him rise to speak among us, and as we listened to his direct, simple, most eloquent statements of what human lives are doing, or ought to do, the world over that citizen life may be complete and worthy? . . . As the years passed, he brought to this popular, voluntary meeting contributions of his own cleverest vision and widest observation bearing on human problems and local needs. As he came and went, I felt that in Mr. Lloyd we had our pre-eminent friend and fellow-citizen.

Thus a civic intelligence had been developed in Winnetka that was in advance of the communities of its time. Even the streets revealed its spirit. The stranger walking through the village saw cultivated flowers and shrubs bordering the public side of its paths as well as the private. Its conscious aim had become to establish the community's ownership of its own public functions. By 1896 it possessed a publicly owned water-works system. When therefore in October of that year a private company of would-be monopolists, the North-Western Gaslight and Coke Company, proposed to the Council that they grant it a forty years' franchise for a gas plant, the village mind was already made up. While the project was being considered by the elected rulers in the Council, the Town Meeting also discussed it thoroughly, and there was brought clearly before the citizens the fact that they possessed no legal power to veto such a contract should it be consummated by their representatives. The stress of the situation aroused public spirit, and the meeting adopted a resolution asking the Council to submit the question to the voters. This was the first step toward self-government.

Shortly after, Thursday, November 5, a citizen of the village, while in Chicago, happened to overhear a conversation revealing, to his dismay, that the Council was to meet "on the quiet" that evening—not its regular meeting night—and grant the forty years' franchise. This public-spirited citizen, H. I. Orwig, at once telephoned to a second, F. E. Herdman, and soon the news was thrilling over the wires to all. By evening the citizens were a united body, determined to assert their rights as voters in regard to the disposal of the village franchise. Accordingly at eight o'clock when the Council assembled, what was their surprise to see a body of leading citizens file into the room. Moreover, when the gas franchise came up for consideration, these citizens stoutly demanded a hearing. Lloyd was allowed to speak and urged that the question be referred to the voters. A long and heated discussion followed. The Council were unwilling to concede that privilege, two of them declaring that the people were not competent to decide such a matter. After a stubborn resistance, they finally with reluctance consented to adjourn without action for two weeks. In the Council records for this meeting no mention is made of this visit of the citizens and their protest. A petition written by Mr. Lloyd was then circulated, signed by 172 residents, and incorporated in the town records:

WINNETKA, November 7, 1896.

The undersigned residents of said village being informed that some corporation or persons have applied to your honourable body for a franchise to erect a gas plant and lay gas mains in this village, we hereby respectfully declare that we are emphatically opposed to the introduction of a gas or other lighting system in this village unless it be built, owned, and operated by the village.

The Council refused to hold an election referring the question to the voters, but the citizens, undaunted, arranged one. It was held on November 14, and resulted in 182 votes against the franchise and only 4 in favour. At the next meeting of the Council the citizens were again present, this time bearing with them the expression of the people through this advisory referendum vote. The vote was read, and as a result the franchise was refused.

Having once realised their power, the citizens resolved to retain it. At the next primary election for the nomination of village trustees, it was voted that only those men should be nominated who would promise that if elected they would refer all important questions to a vote of the people and abide by their decision; each nominee for trustee then stood before his fellow-citizens and pledged himself. That night the initiative and referendum became the unwritten law of Winnetka. The Council then elected were faithful to their agreement and their successors have followed the same course. In subsequent years the village shaped its experience into an ordinance.[1]

Thus did the people of Winnetka without any change in the written constitution of the State or the local charter become the sovereign power in their government. This simple act of 182 resolute and intelligent voters has become widely famous as "the Winnetka system"—that is, the securing of the advisory referendum by the questioning of candidates before nomination as to whether if elected they will agree to refer important measures to the people's vote and abide by the result. In this way, involving a minimum of effort and a maximum of results, cities, with-

[1] See Appendix.

VOTERS OF WINNETKA

Do You Want

A GAS MONOPOLY in WINNETKA?

Do You Know

that an unannounced ordinance is more than half-way through the Council to establish such a monopoly for FORTY YEARS?

Do You Know

that this ordinance gives not a cent of compensation to the village, contains no provisions for the protection of public interests, nor for lighting the streets, and concedes no right of municipal purchase?

Do You Know

that this ordinance does not bind the monopoly to furnish gas to any one, but is evidently introduced not so much to supply gas as to prevent any other company or the village itself from furnishing heat and light?

Do You Think

Winnetka should own its own light and heat?

You are deeply interested in this proposed 40-year monopoly. Come with all your neighbors to the Mass Meeting, Saturday Eve., Nov. 5th, at 8 o'clock, in basement of Congregational Church.

Committee: H. D. LLOYD, THOS. G. WINDES, J. A. PUGH, A. B. JONES, LOUIS FAVOUR, H. F. THURSTON, W. H. KING, J. C. WINSHIP,

Leaflet used in Winnetka, November, 1898.

out waiting to obtain from their legislature the right to express their will, may, through a league or union, immediately emancipate themselves.

The people of Winnetka made excellent use of self-government. After the formal establishment of the direct vote system, the people voted upon the question: "Shall a municipal electric light plant be installed?" The answer was "Yes." At this election nine votes in favour of the municipal plant were cast by women and counted. In 1898 the North-Western Gaslight and Coke Company again attempted to obtain the gas franchise. To combat t Mr. Lloyd, who was then president of the Town Meeting, fortified himself with expert advice. At a meeting of citizens, a resolution of protest was passed, and a committee with Mr. Lloyd as chairman presented it to the Council, together with the suggestion of a novel plan in use in one or two other communities for the installation of a municipal lighting plant; as the village was already bonded to the limit, the citizens proposed that a private corporation be formed with an agreement among the incorporators and with the village that the plant installed be transferred to the village free of charge when its cost should all have been paid from profits. To the surprise of all, the Council rejected the gas company's franchise and decided to follow the citizens' suggestion. In two years the lighting plant was owned and operated by the village.

Far-reaching have been the rays from these simple deeds. The Winnetka system, which may be termed an invention in political machinery, intended for use only until the usual constitutional form can be installed, has proved applicable to governmental machinery—state, county, and municipal, and, in

part, to federal. This was largely accomplished through the enthusiastic work of George H. Shibley, who was devoting all his resources to the furtherance of popular government and against machine rule. After the defeat of the progressive democrats in the election of 1900, he began the work of popularising the Winnetka system. His volume, *The Trust Problem Solved*, brought about its endorsement by such organisations as the National Direct Legislation League, the Social and Political Conference at Detroit, and the American Federation of Labor representing a million and a quarter voters. At the annual convention of the latter body, in 1901, President Gompers in predicating a demand for direct legislation cited the Winnetka experiment as a model to be followed by the municipalities of the country. The Executive Council ordered that an address explaining the system be forwarded to the trade-unions of the country, having in view its immediate application to cities, and later to States and the nation. The address was prepared by Mr. Shibley, then Chairman of the National Non-Partisan Federation for Majority Rule, and published in an extra number of the *American Federationist* in January, 1902, of which about twenty-six thousand copies were distributed. Immediately following its publication results were manifest. Labour unions, farmers' granges, anti-trust leagues, and towns, here and there, the country over, endorsed or adopted it. The Federations of Labor in eight States declared for a modified programme, while in several other States organised labour questioned candidates. In Chicago, in 1902, it met with a startling success in a difficult field, the issue at stake being the street railway franchise whose proposed extension was valued at $60,000,-

000. The questioning of candidates resulted in pledges not only to observe the referendum vote, but to vote to install the advisory referendum as to franchises for municipal monopolies. In Detroit the mere proposal of the Winnetka system in 1901 and 1902 prevented the extension of the street railway franchises.

These municipal achievements have been widely published and the questioning of candidates has become an established institution. From municipal affairs, the plan was in 1902 extended to State issues and candidates questioned as to whether if elected they would submit an amendment to the constitution for the initiative and referendum. This met with immediate success in seven States. The system was also applied in national affairs and candidates for the Senate and Congress were pledged. It is gaining ground in Canada and Australia.

The spectacle of the advanced guard of citizenship everywhere pressing forward to apply this self-help renewed the courage of workers for political regeneration. The following letter to Mr. Shibley shows Mr. Lloyd's view:

I have received and read with great interest *The Trust Problem Solved.*

The prominence you give the Winnetka experience is most gratifying to me. What made that especially encouraging to me was that it was the result of the application of the simple good sense of an average little community to the solution of a practical problem. It was not due to any special propaganda for municipal ownership, or any form of socialism, or even for a referendum. But the moment the vast social problem presented itself in a little concrete problem to these people they "saw the point," and acted accordingly. That gives me great hope that when the

American people "see the point"—and some day they will see it in a flash—they will act with equal directness.

You are doing a work to be greatly commended, and are sowing seed sure to break ground. . . .

P.S.—I think it would be wiser not to emphasise my name in the Winnetka affair. The policy was the thought of all the best citizens.

Unimportant it is indeed to determine which item in the plan his creative touch developed, for a like spirit of liberty was present in his neighbours and in himself. When one reads the epitaph which Wordsworth's neighbours have placed to his memory in the village church of Grasmere, one would say that he himself had written it, so truly does it breathe his calm and lofty temper. In the same way the democracy for which Mr. Lloyd stood so bravely to the world was woven warp and woof in the fibre of his village. During the quarter of a century he lived there, it was in a limited way an experimental station for his progressive ideas. Nowhere did he more clearly emphasise his principles of human brotherhood. But had he been able to contrive alone some institution of public usefulness, his gratification would have been scant in proportion. What fortified him and lighted his hopes, was that in this crisis he saw all the people acting together with courage and conviction. Those who worked with him in village affairs speak of his openness to the suggestions of others, and the absence of any desire to have a plan go through because proposed by him.

The general question of direct legislation, unattached to any fuller programme, was now occupying his thoughts. He wrote to Eltweed Pomeroy:

The attitude of the English Fabians with regard to the direct legislation question has produced a very great impression upon my mind. [They opposed it.] I feel that politics is breaking politics down; that modern political means of ascertaining the public will are proving themselves only a little less defective than the ancient methods of *viva voce* shrieking in the Athenian market-place. . . . I feel that to ask the people to attend to the exacting duties of direct legislation will be to overload an animal whose back is already very nearly broken; and that as long as we leave wealth and monopoly in charge of the men who now hold them, it will be they who will control the initiatives and referendums as they now control legislatures. I want to agree with you, and to help you in your work; but I have not yet been able to overcome the obstacles thereto which arise in my mind from these considerations. If you have time write to me. . . .

. . . I am not opposed to the initiative and referendum, but I cannot bring myself to believe that the advocacy of them is the most important reform of the present moment. The people have plenty of machinery already to right their wrongs if they would only use it. . . . What the people have not got is the grasp of the economic question which, if they had it, would lead them not to wait another day until they put an end to the privileges and monopolies. Give them the most perfect political machinery in the world, and without that grasp, they will remain as now helpless and enslaved. It therefore seems to me to be feared that by discussing political machinery instead of economic principle, we are really going backward. I express these views *tentatively*.

He contributed to the movement, however, and with each year it grew in importance to him, as one of the lines of advance. It was slow, cumbersome, but the slower the surer, he said. "One day of the referendum

is worth fifty years of representatives and leading citizens." He became a member of its national and international organisations. During his residence in Boston in 1902, when the trade-unions of Massachusetts were making a brave fight for it in their legislature, he did what he could to aid, joining with men like Edward Everett Hale and Edwin D. Mead in influencing the committees of the House, at the same time bringing to the attention of leading unions the Winnetka system. He advocated working for both the immediate Winnetka programme and for constitutional action. "In fact," he said, "I am so extremely skeptical about the possibility of obtaining the constitutional action, at least on the Atlantic slope, that I feel the Winnetka system to be much more practical." For the work of Mr. Shibley he felt the warmest enthusiasm:

> The record which you make of results is wonderful. If one citizen can do so much, what might not be done by the many if they would but rouse themselves. Your work is of very great value, and I wish that hundreds of thousands of the citizens of this country would rally around you, and give you the support that you—and their own safety—so much deserve.

Thus in the confines of his village, as in the four walls of home, did Mr. Lloyd practise the gospel he preached. He earned the right to become an example of the citizen's high calling. When in 1904, a new wing was built to the schoolhouse, a tablet bore the names of Illinois's great sons, and the list concludes: "Eugene Field, Henry D. Lloyd, John Hay."

> Whatever his growing and lasting influence may prove to be in the universal community [said Mr. Dowd], he performed a personal service by high example and eloquent

teaching, which gave a tone and spirit to the local community of Winnetka, which remains as a living tribute to his memory, and would of itself be sufficient fruitage of a man's purpose and effort.

However wide his work, the human relation, whether in the home or as neighbour, won his quick response. "When any local matter came up involving the village life," said a fellow-citizen, "he threw himself into the public cause with an enthusiasm as real and a thoughtfulness as earnest as though some large national issue was at stake." At the expiration of his term as treasurer he turned over to the Public Library a bond as a fund for the purchase of books, the equivalent of his salary. At another time in the early days he sent in a good-sized check to the village as his self-imposed tax on some unassessed property. Even while living temporarily elsewhere, his warm interest in the village welfare did not relax. In July, 1898, when his vote as member of the Board of Education was necessary to insure the erection of the Horace Mann School building, he journeyed from Sakonnet to Winnetka to cast it. For he truly loved Winnetka, not only for its beauty of field and garden overlooking the pageant of the Lake, not only that here stood the tenderest spot on earth, his home, but because of its prevailing spirit of democracy, where each was for all and all for each. During his periods of residence elsewhere he was merely sojourning. He preferred to remain a citizen of Winnetka. Here alone he lived the full human life, loving his home, communing with his neighbours, working for humanity.

CHAPTER XIV

CONSIDERING THE WAY OUT

IN the collapse of the People's party, the political way out had received for the moment its closure. Hope died in thousands of hearts. Leaders paused, bewildered. Lloyd, looking ahead along the slow path to successful political action, was dejected, feeling that peaceful reform had received a set-back. He wrote to Bellamy, Ely, Debs, asking: "What next? Shall we try to do anything with the Socialist Labour party?" Victor Berger, destined after many years to become the first Socialist member of Congress, turned to Lloyd, whom he revered as a messiah of the rising movement. "I journeyed to Winnetka to see Henry," says Berger. "I implored him to gather the scattered forces, and to lead in organising a new Socialist party, for we had little faith in the old Socialist Labour Party; but he said that he was unfitted for that kind of work. He was in a despondent mood. 'What is the use in voting?' he said. 'They will do the counting. And we can't shoot. They own all the guns.' I left him in great disappointment."

While the people stood helpless, the power of plutocracy was swiftly increasing. No wonder that he could say he had no illusions as to any influence which his work might have. His attack in *Wealth*

Against Commonwealth seemed like a salute for a start. "A carnival of the trusts is now in progress," he wrote in 1897. Their influence in church, the press, society, and the government could no longer be denied. Monopoly must be abolished, he said, or it will abolish us. The letters and notes of these years, in the middle of the nineties, show that he was continually revolving the question of how this was to be done. But he made no formal statement of his thought. He was feeling his way with the people, studying and waiting for events. "My only aim is to do whatever I can to help," were his words to William Dean Howells, with whom he discussed our dilemma, for "Howells," he wrote to a friend, "is a very noble-hearted man, and takes the whole world into his sympathy."

The problem had its destructive and its constructive side. On the former, the unseating of the tyranny, he repeatedly said that there were ample means in the hands of the State. He wrote to Frederick H. Gillett (1896):

> First, I should demand the inflexible administration of the criminal laws and the punishment of the men, no matter how rich . . . they may be, who in the formation of these trusts have violated the law. It seems to me that all other questions halt until this is settled. If merely because they are rich and powerful, a certain number of gentlemen can take possession of the property of their neighbours by criminal means, without punishment, the American Republic is a failure, and the dissolution of American society has begun, although the fact may not be chronicled by our Gibbon until sometime long after this. The man in public life who will stand up in his place and cry aloud for justice for the people against these men will, I believe, make for himself the greatest career of any statesman this country

has produced. . . . Especially it is incumbent upon those who refuse to consider proposals of social reconstruction to prove that the present . . . system can be administered with justice and success, for if it cannot be, it is a humbug and a snare. . . .

. . . I deliberately say that I believe that every important man in the oil, coal, and many other trusts ought today to be in some one of our penitentiaries. All that is needed to put them there is no new laws, but simply a prosecuting attorney, judge, and jury.

He wrote to lawyers urging upon them the study of the reapplication of the spirit of the law to our new problems. To a socialist, Thomas Morgan, about to enter the profession, he wrote:

One of the great works to be done in the reconstruction of society we are all aiming at is the *extension* of the fundamental ideas of the law to the new conditions of modern life. There is no dynamite more destructive of the abuses of our world than the law developed to its logical conclusions, and held fast to its principles. . . . There can be no compromise between the spirit of law and the present usurpers, thieves, and tyrants of industry and property. . . .

The kind of work necessary, he suggested in a letter to Roger Sherman:

. . . I would also like to see presented by a first-class lawyer the law as to the forfeitability for non-user and mis-user of the franchises of our corporate bodies. If we are to have a peaceful settlement, we shall have to use a good deal of that kind of law. The doctrine that a grant is a contract seems to me a sword with an edge in its handle. If it is a contract, it must be kept by the party of the second part; and if not kept, the courts can give relief; that is, ideal courts could.

In an interview in the *Boston Herald* (October 23, 1895), he said:

The flimsiness of the defence of these monopolies is the exact measure of the simplicity of the means needed to overthrow them. There has never been, and is not now, the slightest need of new laws, or new political economy, or a new social system. The common law we have had for hundreds of years, our oldest fashioned political economy, any theory and form of civilised government contain all the principles and agencies for putting an end to such depredations on individuals and commonwealth. All that is needed is a judge and twelve jurymen and a prosecuting attorney, and a public opinion to set them to work. And there is the rub. The public opinion as yet is lacking. We have all the machinery, but the power to exercise it is not yet generated.

Why?

Not for lack of morality or patriotism, but because the public mind is confused. It sees these things being done under cover of the forms of enterprise, integrity, and wealth-making consecrated by centuries of use and wont, and it thinks they are enterprise, integrity, and wealth. It thinks that it is the fittest who are surviving. But it will at last discover that these forms are only the cloak for the destruction of enterprise, integrity, and wealth, and that the homes of the people are being dismantled to build palaces for their invaders and betrayers. When the people at last get that through their heads, no one will any longer have any occasion to complain of the slow pace of reform. "The American idea," Emerson says, "is emancipation"; and in comparison with all previous emancipations, the coming emancipation will be done in a flash. We can already see the light. We are like the explorers in Rider Haggard's story, sailing the subterranean river in the volcano. We can feel that we are safely caught in the current which will sweep us into the full glory of a new day and a new country.

The sentence that no new laws or new system were needed was criticised by *The Coming Nation.*

Taken from its connection [Lloyd wrote to a socialist] the sentence quoted gives the lie direct to all my views. . . . Any constitutional authority would support what I say, that the existing machinery and principles of the law are ample to knock every one of these trusts . . . on the head if public opinion would only energise them. . . . Whether or not we can get the public opinion under our present conditions is another question, and one which I was not discussing. I do not myself believe that we can. I think the public opinion will come only with radical changes in our institutions. . . . The close of the interview . . . shows with clearness that when I come to speak of the general situation, I am looking for, praying for, working for a new day and a new country.

What curious people we reformers are! The capitalists unite by instinct and act with common energy and faithfulness for their common purposes, without conferences or conventions or preconcert, simultaneously all over this country and Europe. . . . But the working men and the reformers, socialists and all, seem to spend their energy in trying to break up their own movements by jealousies, accusations. . . . Here, for instance, is *The Coming Nation*, willing to strike at one who has given and is giving all his life to fighting the cause of the people, and fighting as near the front line as he can get, although to do so it has to disregard the deliberate and published utterances . . . for twenty years. That of course is just the way to encourage and inspirit a fellow-worker, and urge him on to his best!

He worked and hoped that these readjustments might be made peaceably. "No need to fight," he wrote in a manuscript in 1896, "only to think. We must think as we have never thought before. The crisis of our civilisation is upon us. Which way shall

we turn?" In the rising issue that side will win, he said, which has the judges, since to enforce their decisions they have behind them the police, sheriffs, militia, and the regular army and navy.

Washington fought that we, his heirs, need not fight [he told the audience assembled to greet Debs]. . . . Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, if they were here to-day, would not need the musket to free the people. They would say to us, If you can vote public lands and public bonds and public streets and public rights to private citizens for private profit, can you not vote the same to the public . . . for public profit? . . . There can come to the bench any day you choose to elect them judges who can declare void all the sales of monopoly, coal, oil, salt, lumber, iron, at monopoly prices, and can order the wealth returned to its real owners —the people—because taken from them by a "hold-up."

His manuscripts and letters indicate his belief at this time (1896) that as a self-governing people we should make our programme reform and compensation, rather than revolution and confiscation, but that he doubted whether the tyrants would admit of this solution.

. . . It takes only a modicum of shrewdness and of virtue to discover ways of circumventing the public depredator far cheaper and more efficacious than the resort to violence. . . . We have given precious franchises to street car lines, and transcontinental lines, but we have not and could not have given away the sovereign right of the people to use their co-operative energies in such public works as they will to undertake. We have but to build roads for the public service, and the question of whether we shall pay the stock market price or the actual cash outlay price for the private car lines and railroads becomes "a back number." . . . There are other means to the people's hands. They have

the right of forfeiture for non-user and for mis-user. They have the right of taxation illustrated when the national government taxed the state banks out of existence to give their business to the national banks. Precedents? Plenty and more.

He wrote to James L. Cowles (1896):

. . . I am not prepared to express an opinion about your plan of having the United States guarantee the dividends on the stocks of existing railroads. I am afraid it would lead to a practice of building roads anywhere and everywhere to get the guaranty. At first blush, it seems to me a simpler plan to have no conflicting interests of any sort but to make a clean sweep of the whole business and let the government buy and operate the railroads. I have always believed that we should have to pay the *market* value of the stock, water and all, if we take the roads by peaceful processes of the law; but the value to be paid should be the average of a series of years preceding the purchase, not the quotation which can be made at the last moment by "boomers" in anticipation of the government purchasing. . . .

In July, 1897, he wrote in a letter:

It seems to me that for a people who profess to be self-governing to repudiate and revolute is to throw upon others that burden of the mistakes and treacheries of others which they should bear themselves. It is we who elected or permitted to be elected these Judases. It seems wiser and better for a people as well as an individual to keep bad bargains and foolish promises, and learn thereby to do better.

We may come to repudiation and revolution, but it will be because we have been unfit for higher methods of reform, and are still in the brutish stage.

Moreover, it is not fair for the whole people to throw upon

the few holders of franchises, etc., the penalty of the ignorance and fraud of which a very large part of the people are guilty. Only universal repudiation and rehabilitation of all in the safety of a universal commune would be fair.

I think my reasons are practically identical with those which led William Lloyd Garrison and Abraham Lincoln to advocate compensated emancipation. It was the cheapest and the fairest policy. The fact that I do not believe "the plutes" will allow us to pursue this cheap and kind procedure does not the less make it our policy to proffer it.

Later, as will appear, his ideas as to the form of compensation were changed, but he never, to my knowledge, advocated confiscation without compensation as a policy.

Looking constructively for measures of remedy, he did not of course turn backward to competition. Only long time hence under an entirely regenerated system would free competition ever be possible again. When it again emerges, he said, "it will elevate us to the Elysian fields where all shall struggle with each other in beauties of service and felicities of art." Strange to say, his book led some to think that he was combating the principle of combination.

. . . A word as to the purpose of the book. It was not my intention to oppose the tendency to centralisation, which is, of course, as you say, one of the tendencies of the age. I desired only to help bring it about that the concentrations shall be legal, moral, and social, . . . only to draw such a realistic picture of the ruin and wickedness which attended our present commercial methods as to revolt the people into passing on to a better system.

Indeed, he considered the corporation the typical form of American industry, and one inherited from

Holland, of which country we were quite as much the heirs as of England.

. . . It enables a few persons to become one of those mighty artificial beings that can accomplish enterprises that before have only been for kings. . . . It enables us mortals to put on immortality for our works, if not for ourselves. . . . It is more potent than any church, more cosmopolitan than any nation, more democratic than any state. . . . Only in corporations have been realised the dreams of international co-operation.

He did not, however, defend the trusts as "unavoidable." He combated the economists, who, proving them to be in the line of social evolution, allowed the people to draw the illogical conclusion that therefore their tyrannical sway should be permitted to continue. This defence was urged by Ernst von Hallé of Hamburg, in his *Trusts and Combinations in the United States*, which followed *Wealth Against Commonwealth* by a few months. In reviewing the volume,[1] Lloyd protested against this paralysis of the people's will, this "science of impotence."

Because they will not recognise the true law of human association, nor admit that it must rule as inflexibly in industry as in the family, the church, the state, or any other tie, it is that this school is radically and entirely unscientific. They are teaching the same false science which has misled the greedy and their victims to every social catastrophe of the past. . . . That the trusts are does not prove that they are "unavoidable." . . . The author repeatedly refers to the question as one between large and small methods of production. . . . A larger question is whether true political economy shall not investigate to see if business and industry are honest, whether large or small, and thereby profitable,

[1] *Chicago Times-Herald*, April 14, 1895.

"scientifically." . . . The real question is whether the power of the trusts has been rightly got, and is rightly held. Has this power been acquired by methods that were a benefit, physical, economic, spiritual, to all concerned, and is the present administration of this power advantageous to individuals and the community, on political and moral, as well as on pecuniary grounds? There can be no "science" of the trusts which does not deal with these questions as the fundamental ones.

I have just read von Hallé's little book [he wrote to Albert Shaw]. He has been very industrious, but seems to me weak in his economics. This I was ready for as when he was at my house he argued strenuously that the great German standing army was an economic benefit to the people because it kept the soldiers out of competition with working men. His acceptance of the trusts as "unavoidable" is the attitude taken by commonplace and conventional economists towards what they call Facts. It was thus the economists accepted American slavery and the English factory system, and left to persons really "scientific" the work of study, protest, and reform. I was unprepared for the tone of v. Hallé's references to my book and particularly for his misstatements—as that I presented one side only, while I have scrupulously given any defence the trust has to make—and that my list of trusts was made from newspaper clippings, etc.,—but as Emerson said of the minister who prayed against him—He seems an excellent, well-meaning man.

He wrote to Frederick H. Gillett (1896):

I have not yet attempted to form any bill with regard to trust legislation. The problem involved in the trusts can be understood and handled only by always keeping separate, it seems to me, the question of combination and the question of arbitrary power in the market. The men who are

combining are only pioneers in our commercial evolution. Combination cannot possibly be prevented; nor do I see any reason why the attempt to prevent it should be made. But combination which obtains the power to crush competition and manipulate prices is combination which has reached the point at which something must be done. . . .

He also combated any defence of them as superior administrators. "To maintain their supremacy, they need only suppress, not surpass." Especially was the claim of "cheapness" contested by him outside of his book. Even if true, he said, it would still be true that if the American people were content to accept this cheapness as the gift of men who had obtained the power to make the price, they would thereby prove themselves no longer fit to be free. "Freedom is the first cheapness." "Liberty that comes by the grace of a king is not true liberty, and a price that is made low by the favour of a king of the market is not cheapness." But it is not true, was his constant assertion.

The mother-wit of the people knows that prices are not cheap which produce ten-ply millionaires. To this syndicate you give an hour, to that a day, to that a week. Each of these is the payment of an indemnity because like the Chinese to-day you are at the mercy of a conqueror. Each of these is a servitude.

He showed his contempt for such "cheapness" as the occasional lowering of a price. "Dead Sea fruit," he called it. "For every dollar the monopolists have made they have destroyed creative energy in the people that would have made one thousand dollars." From the point of view of the whole public—the only economic one, he said,—it is not cheapness to give

things at lower prices to some at the cost of broken hearts and fortunes to others.

If the public, when it learns the facts, does not become sensitive to the dearness, which is the chief end of the trusts, . . . it will show two things—a public conscience so dulled that it looks with the same indifference upon markets made the theatres of crime as the Romans upon the iniquities which furnished them with their amusements in the Colosseum, and a mental arithmetic so rudimentary that a civilisation which offers its all—homes, motherhood, childhood, virtue, and happiness—for cheapness, can be fooled into accepting dearness for cheapness. . . . It takes two to make a bargain in cheapness. Within the territories of combination, the party of the second part has disappeared, . . . he must be restored . . . even if it be necessary for him to be personated by the whole people.

As a remedy, he turned to ownership by the people. To those who were crying for "moderation," he answered that there was no moderation on the part of the syndicates and plutocrats. He wrote to the chairman of the National Reform Association (1897):

A policy of "moderation" proposes to fight the devil without fire. When moderately cold ice and moderately hot boiling water, moderately pious Christs and moderately honest "Old Abes" count for anything, the philosophy of moderation in fighting the immoderate aggressors will deserve more success than it can possibly have now.

To continue to accept as our sovereign social ideal the self-interest of the individual and to meet the resultant evils by constitutional restraint and regulation was, he said, repeatedly, a failure. "Ownership has the floor."

We have had thirty years of regulation, and it has been a thirty-years' war, the people losing all the time, and knowing it. Special interests are admirably fitted for such a contest; the people wholly unfitted for it. Regulation asks the state to play a double part; to give away its power and to retain it; to bestow grants and to recall them. Regulation is a people divided against itself. When regulation, as in early social development, is accomplished by the attritions of competition in an open market, it is as if a law of nature did the work and no one feels aggrieved; but when you regulate the property of others, even if you are the state, you multiply resentment and every force of nature plays against the state, including its own inevitable tenderness. . . . I cannot think of any remedial measure to which I would attach the slightest importance except agitation to awaken the public to the necessity of themselves becoming the owners of every monopoly. Municipal agitation for municipal ownership, and national agitation for the ownership, as an entering wedge, of the railways, telegraphs, and all the monopolies involving a monopoly of land like that of the coal mines and the oil wells, are the only direction in which I can look for profitable effort. . . . The development in this direction is so inchoate in this country that there is as yet [1896] no field for national legislation. . . .

That he believed the fundamental remedy to be a change of our ideals, his whole life-work testifies. Through the years he had been evolving his social philosophy. His note-books are full of his balancing of the claims of the individual and of society. He read all history as the record of the alternation of these two forces. He believed that finer than the perfected individualism which was Emerson's goal in morals, Jefferson's in politics, and Cobden's in industry, was the fusion of perfected individuals in social action. He exalted the social consciousness into a sixth sense. "The

Sixth Sense is the social sense."[1] Self-interest, he said, is not so bad as it has been painted, but there is a self-interest of the whole as real as the self-interest of the one.

Love is that which makes us do for others; self-interest is that which makes us do for ourselves. A universe of love unopposed by self-interest, of self-interest not centripetalised by love, would be a universe either without orbits or without centres. A religion that did not preach self-interest would be only half a religion. "God is love" is but half the fact. Love and self-interest in harmony is the full fact. That is the Supreme Being.

Individualism and socialism formed "the twin march" in human history. The conflict between them was only an apparent one. The higher the socialism the higher must be the individualism, he said. "The free individual will crown his individuality by uniting with his equal in countless forms of association. . . . Our individuality will never surrender itself." Parallel with his hope for a new order of society built on "the self-interest of the whole," there ran to the very last a hope in the coming of a great personality or Deliverer, who should personify the new aspiration of the people.

In our present stage he believed that one of the best social forms by which the individuality of all could be served was the state—"the greatest concentration of all." Its fundamental idea was the principle of brotherhood, of love; the idea of force which had become involved in it was wrong. "Through it every citizen may love his neighbour though he know him not." Thus he

[1] Note-book, 1888.

could not for our era endorse the philosophy of anarchism, and he had studied all its literature. He believed in institutionalising public opinion and conscience. "Democracy is public opinion plus the law, and obedience to the law is voluntary for the majority, and compulsory only for the intractable." Without law public opinion would get neither obedience nor publicity. But public opinion was the principal, the state and the law only its agent. To make changes, to re-equalise privilege, was, he said, "a necessary and constant function of government." He believed that the present state was not meeting the needs of the people; in their ideals was growing a new free state, which would be the agent of all the people, "a government by brotherhood which is the essence of democracy." Through the ideals and programme of socialism he believed it possible to create this new state, to institutionalise the new ideals. Above all else socialism meant to him "a reconstructed sentiment." If there were a voluntary association of all, socialism would operate through that as the superior. In proportion as the motive of public interest is adopted by the individuals of a community will socialistic machinery become unnecessary.

To say that socialism is governmentalism is as if one were to define the farmer as a rake. The rake is only one of the tools of his work. The socialist is one who believes that the contact of men in industry must, like all human contact that is to endure, be made a society—an association of friends. He will use the government as one of his tools. He is endeavouring to replace the supremacy of selfishness by that of loving service, the principle of friendship. Since the fundamental principle of the state is that it exists by all

for all, the socialist naturally sees in it his, at present, best instrument.

Hence its programme meant infinitely more than a mere transference to our present state of the vast industries.

The least democratic countries in the world have state coal mines and state railroads, but they have no ownership by the people. The socialism of a kingly state is kingly still; of a plutocratic state, plutocratic. We mean to transform at the same moment we transfer.

Indeed he believed a great danger lay in the ownership of enterprises by our state in its present capitalistic administration. He had already reached the conviction, which grew with the years, that when ownership came some substitute would have to be made for party politics. Our perpetual politics were enough, he said, to give any nation nervous prostration. People were becoming weary and were leaving politics to the politicians. He wrote to his father:

. . . No one seems able to shake off the influence of partisanship. Washington's warnings to his countrymen, in his Farewell Message, are being justified in nothing more clearly, it seems to me, than in the development of the very fury of factionism against which he warned them. For myself, I begin to doubt whether it is possible to carry on democracy by means of electoral machinery and party government without this development of factional feeling; and I am, consequently, turning more and more to believe that for operating democracy we shall have to substitute some other form of institutions. It seems to me that politics is breaking politics down. The same opinions are being formed, I notice, in England among some of the most

advanced reformers there, men who believe thoroughly in the rule of the people and in government only which is a government of, by, and for all, but who cannot help seeing that the ordinary political means of voting and campaigning make it impossible for the real will and the real interests of the people to come forth as a result.

Searching for help on the ultimate way out from this dilemma, he found the thought-germ in Emerson's saying, "Some day we will supersede politics by education." By this light, following the lines already beginning in manual training and civil-service examination, he saw foreshadowed the education of the future which was to fit every individual for some form of social service, to make of all trades and professions schools, and to last throughout life.

The next great step forward in the evolution of democracy [he wrote to Eltweed Pomeroy in 1897] is going to be the adoption of a system of selection by education instead of election by stump speeches and partisan editorials, "pull" and "push," and horse-stalled electors.

The re-organisation of the state on the basis of education, and education on the basis of life, revealed one of the pathways by which men were to achieve peace. This idea found expression only in letters and in the first draft of a book. He later briefly suggested it in his book on New Zealand in words heavy with warning.[1]

One of the greatest disasters the world has ever seen awaits the people who attempt to administer enterprise on socialistic principles, through present Parliamentary methods. It would break down as no other civilisation

[1] *Newest England*, pp. 295 and 296.

has broken down before. All that a co-operative society is, Parliamentary government is not in the administration of business. . . . Banks, railroads, mines, insurance, manufacturing, "state theatres," "municipal restaurants," cannot be run by mass meetings, stump speakers, caucuses, and ministerial pull—no more than private banks and business can be so run. What we know as "politics" and socialism are incompatible. Democracy itself will see that democratic industry must not be at the daily mercy of majorities of one and of "all-night" sessions, nor of officials appointed to please politicians.

Although he could not see clearly the escape from our troubles, he did not despair of democracy. "I have the greatest confidence in the wisdom of the people," he said, "if they are only left alone, they will find a way out."

He could not be too rigidly defined in the terms of one line of policy. "Ours is a dual world," he often said. Hence his philosophy combined the call for immediate radical reconstruction and the recognition of the continuous evolution of social forms. He said that only by winning new freedoms could we perfect those we possess. "As the republic consummates liberty of conscience by abolishing the state church, the commonwealth will make the republic complete by abolishing the economic entails, primogeniture, privileges, and rule of force in the distribution of the common product." "Liberties go in clusters, like the Pleiades." The capitalists looked upon him as a ranting ultra-radical, while many an impatient reconstructor thought him an advocate of half-way reforms. One of the latter said to him:

"You admit our social and industrial systems are corrupt and evil?"

"Yes, to a certain extent they are."

"Then, why not abolish them at once, and give the people a chance?"

"Because," he replied, "the people themselves are just as corrupt and evil."

"Then there is no hope for betterment?"

"Yes, there is. You can never have good government without good citizens, nor good citizens without good government. The real problem is how to make them both better."

When the journal of the single tax colony of Fairhope, Alabama, asked for a response to the query: "Please define the term 'Socialism' and particularly state whether or not, as understood by you, its ultimate aim is the complete—enforced if need be—communisation of all production and distribution, and the distinct prohibition of all individual competitive effort with private capital, for private gain," he wrote (1898):

I would not venture without a great deal of care to offer a definition of socialism.

I am not a sectarian socialist, never having joined any socialistic organisation. Whenever I meet them I always quarrel with my Socialist Labour party and Karl Marxian socialist friends, on their thesis that socialism necessarily implies the ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange by the working men.

I would say unhesitatingly in answer to your question that I do not believe the ultimate aim of socialism is the complete—enforced if need be—communisation of all production and distribution and the distinct prohibition of all individual competitive effort with private capital for private gain. I believe private ownership for private gain, and competitive and individual initiative, to be entirely consistent with public and private morality and welfare under certain conditions. Ours is a dual world in the

industrial as well as in every other quarter, and it is impossible to state any problem or any solution in the terms of a single force. A social régime must, of necessity, be related to economic development. It would have been, for instance, wholly absurd to have delayed the settlement of the whole North American continent until the people had reached that state of communal development which would have enabled it to be made with common ownership and common enjoyment. By that theory it would have even been wrong for the Anglo-Saxon people to go ahead until all the rest of the population of the world had reached the same level. The progress of the world does not move in that way, either in the realm of mind, or matter, or communities.

I do not believe, for instance, that socialism, as I understand it, would necessarily forbid the construction of railroads by private capital, for private profit. I think individual enterprise has an initiative which the community can never quite attain. I would leave the individual and his private methods free to initiate and pioneer, and when the right moment came I would then have the community step in and appropriate and administer. I do not believe the railway system of America could have been brought to anything approaching its present economic perfection if we had undertaken to do it through the agency of the state, and great as have been the evils which have come with the private régime, I do not believe that on the whole they amount to the good which has been done. I think, however, that now the time has manifestly come when the community should take possession of the railroad system, but even in doing so I would leave to individuals and communities the right to build lines themselves and enjoy the profits for a limited period, say twenty-five years. I think in that way we could get the benefits of both private enterprise and public policy.

To me socialism presents itself not so much as a new doctrine as the entrance of the doctrine of mercy, justice, and the common good, into the new fields of modern wealth.

Social evolution, as I look at it, is a continual struggle for equilibrium between the individual and society, between power and the people. The economic individual has now become greater than society; the power of money is overshadowing that of the community. Our task is to apply to this economic tyrant and this money power the same social restraints that in previous ages we have applied to the power of the Church and the power of the kings. But let us beware, lest in doing this we create a new power to oppress.

There will never be a time when there will not be individual ownership, administration, motive, initiative, and never a time when society will not be advancing to communalise the things prepared for it by the individual. This is the economic application of Emerson's fine saying that before every individual opens liberty, behind him closes organisation.

You ask for "the ultimate aim" of socialism. This is as near as I can get to an ultimate conception of it.

When a correspondent asked him to define his position he wrote (1898):

If we begin with definitions we are sure to end with schisms. Must we have an odium sociologicum now that the odium theologicum is dying out? Who carries the brand stencilled "out and out socialist" with which he is empowered to stamp the orthodox? As to what I am, I only know that I am doing the best I can to expose the evils under which we suffer and to make known all the facts that seem to come within my province that indicate the lines of evolution towards the remedy. I have never interested myself in any question of label or intricacies of creed. I no more believe it possible to cover the social situation by a name or a bunch of propositions, than to so cover the universe . . . as our theological friends have so vainly attempted to do. The last two chapters of *Wealth Against*

Commonwealth contain a pretty full statement of my general beliefs. Sometimes when I am asked to define myself, I say that I am a socialist-anarchist-communist-individualist-collectivist-co-operative-aristocratic-democrat, for, as I survey the world, the very complicated thing we call society is rolling forward along all these lines simultaneously.

In the philosophy of socialism he saw the avenue to the immediate programme needed—the abolition of monopoly and the emancipation of the working class.

To sum up, I care nothing for any system of economics that does not include co-operation and anti-monopoly. Call it socialism, if you like, I do not care. It is the only system that will bring ultimate and entire relief from the existing evils. The people of a community are as able to co-operate as the people of a corporation. . . . Co-operation is a positive idea; anti-monopoly is negative. With the institution of these will come a system of finance and of all other things that will go far toward making a paradise of this world of ours. The perpetual fear of poverty and panics is absurd—a delusion. The people will not submit to it long.

To programmes which fell short of this, he gave only a half-hearted support. Such was the single tax theory, which he never endorsed as a complete solution. He conceived a great respect for Henry George, "that great American," but he had no confidence that his programme would achieve the results desired; moreover, since unearned increments were taken from the community in many ways besides land, he did not see the logic of directing our attack against one way. His position on this and on free trade is stated in a letter to Dr. W. G. Eggleston in 1890:

After letting George's ideas lie "in soak" for a while, it

seemed clear to me that he saw neither the cause nor the cure of our social problem. The problem has hurried to its head at a time when land was more accessible to the people of the whole migratory world than ever before, and to-day an increasing proportion—as I understand the statistics—of the farmers who get land for nothing by inheritance cannot afford to live on it. As to the cure, the effect of putting all the taxes on land would be infallibly to shift its possession to those who had the money to pay the taxes. Free trade is all right, but the reasons for it seem to me to be all wrong. The free trade commonly clamoured for is simply a widening of the field for competition, and is the last act in a drama of trade run mad. Our civilisation is commerce crazy, and thinks that the collapses caused by drunken indulgence in buying cheap (so-called) and selling dear (so-called) would be cured by a larger dose of the same stimulant. Free trade that is free will be a trade where the barter is of articles that were freely made as well as freely traded, and "freely" means in obedience to true laws of honour, health, and beauty. Trade that exchanges the product of slave labour, whether of plantation or slum, cannot be free.

But our bourgeoisie do not care how or where things are made so long as by swapping them they may be free to become rich at the cost of poverty to others. Protection is provincial, worse, parochial, and in practice always rotten with corruption. The working men and their friends care nothing for this question of tariff so dear to the business men, but when they reign, will substitute for it a system of industry, internationally co-operative, a real free trade, because bottomed on a brotherhood which recognises that the common toil of mankind must, and can be, so directed as to give the necessities of life to all before it gives yachts and champagne to any. I should hasten free trade in our present system because it would internationalise more completely the operation of that system with all its horrors and would make the breakdown, so accelerated, take place

on the same field where the reconstruction must go on—the field of the internation. Given the theory of a right to devour the substance of your neighbour and his family, because you are stronger in trading than he is, and given the rights which follow from this cannibalism, of selfish and exclusive possession of the machinery, lands, highways, currency, buildings, etc., of the world by the strong, and the only possible result of the adoption of what is called free trade would be to develop in an intenser form on the cosmopolitan area all the evils the conscience of society now seeks to escape. England has free trade, all but absolute, but she has East London, Darkest England.

While he worked with the socialists and was one in belief, he was not ready at this time to affiliate formally with them. The only organisation, the Socialist Labor party, was governed by a group, popularly called "the New York Hierarchy," despotic in doctrine and discipline. It was impossible for Lloyd, as for many an American socialist in those days, to put himself under their yoke. In 1895 he had written to President Gates of Iowa University:

I have never identified myself with the socialists as an organisation. If I were in England I should certainly have affiliated with the Fabian Society. I have been revolted, here, by the hard tone of the German socialists, who are about all we have, and by the practical falsity of the doctrine they constantly reiterate, that this crisis must be met by a class struggle, and that the working people alone are to be trusted.

But whether we agree with them or not [he wrote admiringly], we always know that in the social battle there is a little group clear out on the advance line rallying around the Socialist Labor party flag.

In the *Progressive Review*, an English Fabian monthly started in September, 1896, by William Clarke and John A. Hobson, he wrote in 1897 as its American correspondent:

> There has been no more striking development in the evolution of public opinion anywhere of late years than the growth of socialism in the United States. But this socialism is unrepresented. It hoped to effectuate itself through the People's party, but the betrayal of that promising movement to the Democrats and free silver has put an end to those hopes. Our Socialist Labor party of German Marxians has never taken hold of the Americans, and never will, for the Americans, whatever their political mistakes, are not so stupid as to make a class movement of an agitation to abolish class. The most uncertain element in American political arithmetic to-day is in what form this unrepresented socialism of the United States will precipitate itself, and what channels it will make for itself when it begins to move.

His sum of the glories of the coming social order always included the equality of women. Toward them as to children his attitude was ever exquisite and reverential. He never missed a chance to plead for the overworked children, to indict our unchristian Christendom for robbing many of its children to enrich a few of its men. But with balance of judgment he suggested that a wise social economy might allow them in the course of their school training to contribute in happy and healthful ways to the support of the community. Of women's emancipation he was ever a staunch champion; the regenerative power released by their true freedom would, he foresaw, be a great factor in the social reconstruction. He said we needed "the

woman mind" to help us. Women were, he said, the first to feel the appeal of the new conscience.

> When we admit women to their rights and so get a step farther forward toward our own rights we will find that we have added a more constructive and conservative force than our own to the solution of the troublesome social question.

In their emancipation, he included full political rights; the case against woman suffrage was lost, he said, some thousands of years ago when it was first admitted that women had souls.

> The masses have reached the level at which the form of their consent is necessary for the validity of their claims upon their citizenship, industry, family life—except as to women in government. They are still subject, not citizen; conscripts, not volunteers; ruled by force, not by consent.

He felt that all the causes he was working for would be advanced if they had the vote. Their highest function, however, he held to be the bearing and rearing of children, for in that they were the creators of the race. It was women's subjection which complicated the vexed question of marriage. Because they were not yet free, he said, the contract between man and wife was not free. He did not leave the sex and the marriage problem out of his constructive speculation, but it was one he mentioned only rarely in intimate talk; he never treated the subject in public, saying that the American people would not yet tolerate its discussion. "Until industrial liberty is founded," he said, "this question can only be pecked at." His sympathy for the women's side was very marked and accorded

with his reverence for them, and with that loving imagination through which he could always perceive the troubles of a class not his own. Early in life, he said, he had determined that no woman should ever be the worse for his having lived. Whenever possible in his writings he exalted woman's position and brought to her even higher honour than to man. This was a subject on which he felt deeply. Among his favourite audiences were ministers and women's clubs. "We will all be women some day," he used to say half laughing, when we were trying our powers on sketching out the millennium. He himself had much of that finer side of human nature called feminine; was as brave as men ought to be, and yet tender as ideal womanhood.

Mr. Lloyd now, in 1896, made a decided change in the direction of his life-work. He felt that he had done his part in the work of exposure. With the revulsion of a wholesome nature, he turned away from the stifling air of selfish greed. "I am weary of shovelling filth," he said. "I shall do no more of that kind of work. I think I have done my share." He turned toward the light. There was needed, he said, a résumé of facts on the constructive side to show men how powerful love was even in the homicidal system of to-day, and to give them courage to throw aside their present industrial organisation based on hatred. The political and moral initiative which had formerly distinguished the Americans had given place to timidity. He wrote to President Gates:

> . . . The men who want to do something to save this country must get together soon. And soon or late we cannot save it by any amount of mere resistance to present

tendencies. We must initiate new tendencies toward the good.

He determined to help to inform and inspire on the constructive side of "the way out." "I want to begin laying a few blocks for a better social structure," he said. As the present has never been disconnected with the past, he reasoned, the future could be found in the present, had we the eyes to see.

What we need is not to attempt to strike out a complete scheme of social reconstruction, but by patient observation see whether the lines along which men have been moving are not the lines along which they are still moving, and whether they are not lines of hope and progress. If we find all this to be true, the gathering of the evidence and the discovery to the people, not out of the dreams of Utopia, but out of their own record, that they are moving forward, and how and by what law, can have no less effect on the science of society than the similar methods of physical investigations have had on the natural sciences.

Professor Vida Scudder of Wellesley College, journeying to him at this time for help in an episode of combat which was puzzling her, thus records her impression in a letter:

The causes with which Mr. Lloyd's name was most identified . . . were so to speak dead issues with him. He had done his duty, in exposing the Standard Oil trust for instance, with all the vigour, scholarship, and eloquence at his command. His work was done,—his book there, for the public to take or leave; he seemed to me not particularly interested in that issue any longer. This may be an exaggeration; but certainly I felt his personal attitude toward that trust to be humorous and impersonal. He was its dearest foe, but he was n't, at that time, thinking

very much about it. I remember when I broke out into indignant denunciation of its methods that he looked at me kindly but a bit impatiently and answered to the effect,—yes, yes, of course; but it was n't worth while to waste emotion over that sort of thing. Vast and profound changes were going on in the social order; denunciation in detail was a disagreeable duty which must be fulfilled and disposed of at times; but the really interesting work was the study of constructive forces and experiments. . . . My respect for him and confidence in him were much deepened when I realised that no campaign of attack and overthrow could be more than a necessary incident in the upward struggle, to this essentially large-souled and hopeful idealist.

He had now evidently thought out the main lines of his own work in this direction. The design of several books began to form in his mind, on the New Conscience, on the New Money, on the New Education, on the news of constructive programmes already in operation in various corners of the world, and he pressed eagerly forward.

END OF VOLUME I